SPECIAL COLLECTIONS ROOM

GLENDALE PUBLIC LIBRARY
GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

REFERENCE

R 979.4 S 1926-28 v.3-5
Society of California
Pioneers.
Quarterly of the Society of
California Pioneers
SPECIAL COLLECTIONS ROOM

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE LIBRARY

U-53

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_Y0-BTL-105

QUARTERLY
OF
THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS
Vol. III No. 1

Errata

Note—On Page 13, Jacob P. Leese erroneously reads Jacob D. Leese.

Note—On Page 22, 1846 erroneously reads 1864.

Note—On Page 27, Pablo erroneously reads Pable.

Note—On Page 29, Thomas H. Benton erroneously reads Thomas H. Benson.

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE
Editor

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Assistant Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
MARCH 31, 1926

R
979.4
S
v. 3-5
1926-
1928

MAR 6 1951

OFFICERS

OF THE

Society of California Pioneers

FROM JULY, 1925 TO JULY, 1926

President

CHARLES S. CUSHING

Vice-Presidents

Dr. Joseph A. Oliver ..... San Francisco
James K. Moffitt ..... San Francisco
R. R. Russ ..... San Francisco
William T. Hale ..... San Francisco
Jules Auradou ..... Healdsburg

Treasurer

CHARLES J. DEERING

Secretary and Historian

HENRY L. BYRNE

Marshal

J. H. P. GEDGE

Directors

JAMES P. TAYLOR
J. H. SKINNER
JOHN J. LERMEN
O. P. STIDGER
E. A. DOUTHITT*
E. G. GEARY
H. L. VAN WINKLE
DR. G. N. VAN ORDEN
F. de P. TELLER

*Vice W. I. Sterett, deceased.

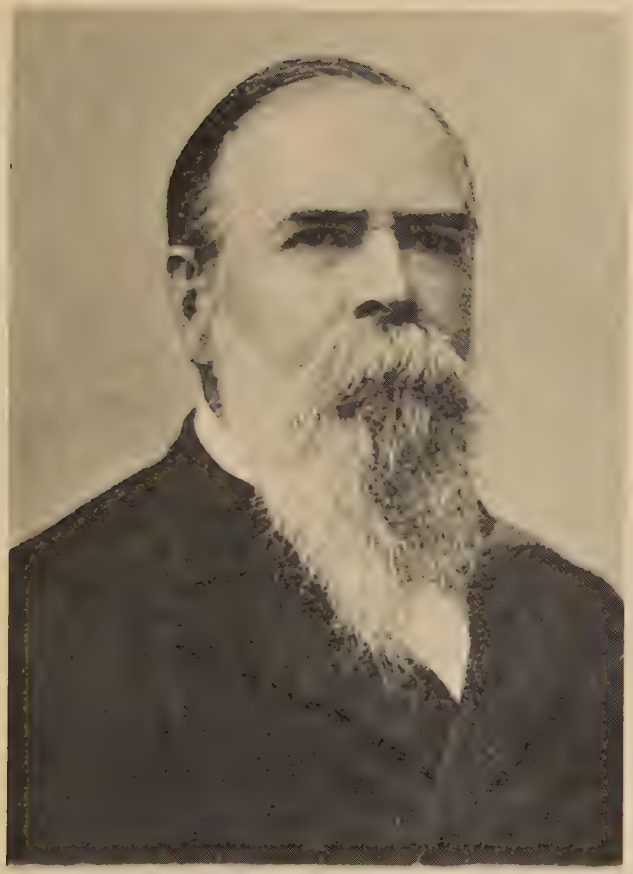
QUARTERLY

OF

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

CONTENTS

	Page
Address of John Bidwell	9
Biography of John Bidwell	30



John Bidwell

PRESIDENTS

FROM ORGANIZATION TO DATE

1	WILLIAM DAVIS MERRY HOWARD	*Mass.*	1850-3
2	SAMUEL BRANNAN	*Maine*	1853-4
3	JACOB RINK SNYDER	*Pennsylvania*	1854-5
4	STEPHEN RANDALL HARRIS	*New York*	1855-6
5	THOMAS OLIVER LARKIN	*Mass.*	1856-7
6	ALEXANDER GURDON ABELL	*New York*	1857-60
7	PHILIP AUGUSTIN ROACH	*Ireland*	1860-1
8	HENRY MARTIN GRAY	*New York*	1861-2
9	OWEN PAUL SUTTON	*New York*	1862-3
10	WILLARD BRIGHAM FARWELL	*Mass.*	1863-4
11	JOSEPH WEBB WINANS	*New York*	1864-5
12	PIERRE BARLOW CORNWALL	*New York*	1865-6
13	ROBERT JOYCE TIFFANY	*New York*	1866-7
14	WILLIAM RUFUS WHEATON	*New York*	1867-8
15	WILLIAM HENRY CLARK	*Maine*	1868-9
16	RICHARD CHENERY	*Mass.*	1869-70
17	CHARLES DANIEL CARTER	*New York*	1870-1
18	ALEXEY WALDEMAR VON SCHMIDT	*Russia*	1871-2
19	PETER DONAHUE	*Scotland*	1872-3
20	JAMES LICK	*Pennsylvania*	1873 to Oct., '76
21	WILLIAM TELL COLEMAN	*Kentucky*	Oct., '76, to July, '77
22	PETER DEAN	*England*	1877-8
23	SERRANUS CLINTON HASTINGS	*New York*	1878-9
24	HENRY LEE DODGE	*Vermont*	1879-80
25	JOSEPH GREEN EASTLAND	*Tennessee*	1880-2
26	WASHINGTON BARTLETT	*Georgia*	1882-3
27	NATHANIEL HOLLAND	*Pennsylvania*	1883-4
28	LOUIS SLOSS	*Germany*	1884-5
29	JOHN NIGHTINGALE	*New Jersey*	1885-6
30	GUSTAVE REIS	*Germany*	1886-7
31	ISAAC ELPHINSTONE DAVIS	*Mass.*	1887-8
32	ARTHUR MERCEIN EBBETS	*New York*	1888-9
33	EDWARD KRUSE	*Germany*	1889-90
34	ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY	*Ireland*	1890-1
35	LIVINGSTON L. BAKER	*Maine*	1891-2
36	C. V. S. GIBBS	*Rhode Island*	1892-4
37	CHRISTIAN REIS	*Germany*	1894-5
38	HEBER NUTTER TILDEN	*Vermont*	1895-6
39	ELLIOTT M. ROOT	*New York*	1896-7
40	JOHN H. JEWETT	*Connecticut*	1897-8
41	AYLETT RAINS COTTON	*Ohio*	1898-9
42	NILES SEARLS	*New York*	1899-1900
43	E. W. McKINSTRY	*Michigan*	1900-1901
44	WALTER VAN DYKE	*New York*	1901-2
45	HENRY BEAUCHAMP RUSS	*New York*	1902-3
46	JOHN JEFFERSON DEHAVEN	*Missouri*	1903-4
47	JOHN MAY BURNETT	*Missouri*	1904-5
48	WILLIAM WHITE HOBART	*Michigan*	1905-7
49	HENRY LOUIS BYRNE	*Louisiana*	1907-10
50	HART BOUTON	*New York*	1910-11
51	TITUS HALE	*Missouri*	1911-13
52	JOHN JACOB LERMEN	*California*	1913-14
53	JAMES PETER TAYLOR	*Australia*	1914-16
54	J. H. P. GEDGE	*Tasmania*	1916-17
55	FREDERICK RUSS	*New Jersey*	1917-18
56	M. STUART TAYLOR	*Washington, D. C.*	July, '18 to May, '19
57	W. H. WILLIAMS	*New Zealand*	May, '19, to Feb., '20
58	JOHN S. DRUM	*California*	1920-21
59	FRANK J. GEDGE	*Tasmania*	1921-Jan. 12, '23
60	H. L. VAN WINKLE	*New Jersey*	1923-25
61	CHARLES S. CUSHING	*California*	1925

FOREWORD

For more than half a century John Bidwell was one of California's foremost citizens, not by any accident of birth or happy business venture, but by sheer force of character and unremitting energy. In presenting this address and brief biography, we have striven to give an accurate picture of the life of this man who saw the Mexican Province molded into the State which was to weigh so powerfully in shaping the social and economic future of the Republic, for in the development of that State, Bidwell's voice and hand were potent factors.

ADDRESS OF JOHN BIDWELL

Delivered on November 1, 1897, to the Members of
The Society of California Pioneers

Mr. President:

I have been honored by the courtesy of your Society to appear before you on this occasion and give an account of my experiences and observations in California, of its inhabitants, their occupations, government and so forth. To cover so large a field would take perhaps a very long time, especially to do anything in that direction at all adequate to so important a question.

When I came to California in 1841 there were very few foreigners here. By foreigners I mean Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, etc. In other words, all not Californian or Mexican born, the people here called foreigners. I have seen published accounts in regard to the number of people here at different times, and I wish to assure you at the outset I am not here to criticise, even if I should happen to say, as I sometimes do, that such and such things are in my judgment not exactly correct. The Mexicans in California were mostly native-born. Their occupation was pastoral. There were practically no mechanics among them. Occasionally you would find one who was something of a tinker, not a blacksmith, and he might make a pair of spurs or a bridle bit. That was about all. I think I never saw a native Californian who was a carpenter. And yet everyone, even Indians, could make a California plow, which consisted of a crooked stick, a limb coming up for a handle, and on the point of the stick that went into the ground a little piece of flat iron about the size of a man's hand. That was the only plow the Californians had. They had no such thing as a harrow, but instead they used a brush after plowing in that fashion to cover the grain and smooth the ground.

The wheat fields had no fences around them. The way they guarded a field when sown was to put an old Indian at each corner of the field if it happened to be large. Many, in fact most of the fields were very small, say from five to twenty acres, in which case

one old Indian and his family would suffice to guard each field. For large fields, which seldom exceeded one hundred acres, an old Indian and his family were expected to keep the cattle away night and day, storm and sunshine, and if they failed to do so they were severely whipped. They were generally given a quarter of beef a week—enough perhaps for them to eat, but that would be about all they had to live on.

Where Indians had little gardens you might find a little corn, a few red peppers, or even some watermelons, which had been so long cultivated in this country that they had become almost tasteless so far as any sweetness was concerned. In fact I have seen watermelons that were even a little acid, so completely had they become run out. Like their sheep: when they were first brought here I have no doubt they were fine Spanish Merinos, but they had been bred in and in, and out and out until they had no wool on them except a little along the back. All the rest was hair, the same as on a deer. And then when animals of that kind run out they run to horns. It was very common to see sheep with three horns, and some with five, and some even with seven horns. After two the number was always odd, and the odd horn always grew out in front between those on either side.

The California horses were good, for the purposes they used them, and they used them a great deal for they did almost everything on horseback. If a man had a pile of bullock hides and wished to remove them, no matter how short a distance, he would get on horseback, catch his lasso onto one of the hides, pull it to the place, then disengage his lasso, return for another, and so on, till he had taken all the hides away—without once dismounting from his horse.

I spoke about the gardens. They were fenced sometimes, always by cutting the limbs off the trees and making a sort of brush fence two or three feet high. In the winter that fence was used for firewood, and in the spring it was built up again.

The California cart—I do not know whether you have ever seen one. The wheels were made out of the largest oak trees that could be found, not sawed off crosswise but hewed down to a great slab, about the size of an ordinary wagon fore-wheel, eight to ten inches thick on the periphery of the wheel and a little thicker in the center where the axle went through. The hole for the axle would, at the beginning, perhaps be large enough for a man to put his head through, but after the cart had been used for a while a small man might quite easily crawl through. They had

no such thing as oil to grease the wheels, but used instead soapsuds as thick as well could be. Then a boy would run along beside the cart and put in with a paddle the soapsuds to lubricate the huge axle, but in spite of that you would generally hear a California cart coming a half-mile, it would squeak so. They used these carts to travel in. They would have a sort of a rude frame on them, some uprights around, and stretch some calico over them to make a shade, and sometimes the families, that is, the richer families, would go off on journeys and travel thirty or forty miles in a day.

California oxen were yoked together—they always used oxen to draw these carts, and if one ox happened to be twice as large as the other it made no difference, the little one kept up with the other by force of necessity, for if they did not keep even, the yoke was so made that it would twist their heads off. And strange to say, they worked better and traveled faster than American oxen.

When I came to California there was no such thing as a wheeled vehicle in California. I take that back. There was one at the old Mission of San Jose, but it was in a state of ruin. It had been given as a present to the priest there. Some vessel that had come around Cape Horn from Boston had made the priest a present of it. It was about the size of a common ordinary two-horse wagon. The priest did not know what to do with it, so he let it stand until the tires dropped off, and the wheels fell to pieces. They could not use it and said it was good for nothing. And there was not a blacksmith in California that could set the tires.

It is true that the inhabitants and native Californians were the most hospitable people in the world, that is, that I have seen or heard of. It cost you nothing in those days to travel all over California. They never pretended to charge you anything. You had to carry your own bedding to sleep on. They might give you a dry bullock hide to sleep on, but you had to have your own blankets. At the Mission they would give you a bedstead, or kind of rough frame with a bullock hide stretched over it, but no blankets, and you were always glad to get it. You had to carry your knife with you, for they had no knives for guests. I will not say that the richer people did not have knives and forks. I think they did, but the common people did not have any, did not pretend to have any. And I very seldom saw a chair in the houses, sometimes a bench, but seldom a chair. But everybody expected to entertain strangers wherever night overtook them. And please

remember that there were no hotels in those days. Not a hotel in all California, from San Diego to the Oregon line. The Missions, to an extent, took the place of hotels and always entertained people, but made no charge.

If you wanted a horse it was no crime to catch one and ride him, provided you turned him out on the next ranch. Then you could get another, and if you turned him out thirty or forty miles away at the next place, it was all right. If you became hungry and killed a bullock, that was no crime, provided you hung the hide upon a tree so the owner could see and get it. Nothing was said. That was not stealing.

As to the foreign population in California when I came here, I think they have been over-estimated. I knew almost everybody. I could begin at one end of the State and tell you the names of almost all the foreigners. In the territory now embraced in San Diego County there were Capt. Henry D. Fitch, Capt. Snook, Capt. Stokes, John J. Warner, a Mr. Withington, Mr. Russell, Mr. Curley, Isaac Wall and a few others of less prominence. These were all, unless I mention Don Miguel Pedrorena, a native of Spain. He spoke English as well as any Englishman or American, was educated in London, I believe, and always seemed like a foreigner. He spoke English and Spanish with equal fluency, and at times when excited and enthused he would become oblivious as to which language he was using and spoke both at the same time, mingling and commingling English and Spanish most eloquently.

The next county was Los Angeles, and mentioning the most prominent first, there were Don Abel Stearnes, John Temple, Wm. Wolfskill, Mr. Carpenter, John Roland, Wm. Workman, Capt. Johnson (at San Pedro), Mr. Alexander and not more than three or four others, whose names I do not recall.

Now coming to Santa Barbara, the next county this way, there were but five or six foreigners all told, to wit: Capt. John Wilson, Capt. Scott, Mr. Sparks, Mr. Nibever, and Dr. Den.

In Ventura County there was not one. Then in the next county, San Luis Obispo, there were only three, Capt. Dana, Mr. Burton and Mr. Branch. Coming on to Monterey County, well, a dozen or so may number them, namely, Thomas O. Larkin, David Spence, W. E. P. Hartnell, Capt. John Cooper, James Watson, "Dr." Stokes, W. G. Chard, Job F. Dye and a few others. In Santa Cruz there were only three or four, Col. Isaac Graham, Mr. Majors, Henry Nail. In Santa Clara County there were Mr.

Gilroy (near the present town of Gilroy), Wm. Gulnac, Peter Davidson, Thos. S. Bowen, Harry Bee, Alexander Forbes (at Santa Clara).

In Alameda County there was only one, Robert Livermore of Livermore Valley. In Contra Costa County, only one, Dr. John Marsh. By-the-by, though these two counties, Alameda and Contra Costa, were both at first one and called Contra Costa County, all that was "Contra Costa" was cut off and transformed into Alameda County, leaving Contra Costa County without any "Contra Costa" in it.

In San Francisco County I was going to say I could almost count the foreigners on the fingers and thumb of one hand. There were, namely, Mr. Rae, Capt. Hinckley, Nathan Spears, Davis "the carpenter," John J. Vioget, Robt. T. Ridley and Daniel Sill, possibly one or two others.

I am speaking of those that were here when I arrived in California in 1841.

In Marin County about four or five, I think will number them, as follows: Capt. Richardson, James Read, Timothy Murphy, Col. Perry and John Martin.

Now we come to Sonoma County; a good many there, viz: Edw. McIntosh, Jim Black, Tom Butters, James Dawson, James Fleming, "Blind Tom," John Parker, Mark West, Burns, Cyrus Alexander, Mose Carson, Lindley Carson, Jacob D. Lease. In Napa County there were only two, George C. Yount and Dr. Bale.

The only other and last place to mention is Sacramento County and Sutter's Fort. There were Capt. John A. Sutter, John Sinclair, Wm. Daylor, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Finch, Jack Smith, "Old Nick," (Steward), also Kanakas: Harry, Jim Kalea, Tootooi, Makina, and Manoowitty (laundress) and one or two others.

I have thus given the entire foreign population, I think, but please note I do not pretend, like the Pope, to be infallible, and may have missed a few. Occasionally a fellow would run away from a vessel and get out on a ranch and keep in hiding until his vessel sailed.

The vessels offered a premium for the return of the men who ran away, and sometimes the Mexicans would catch and return them. I have mentioned perhaps one hundred names or so and to cover any possible under-estimate let me add fifty to that number, making, say, one hundred and fifty as the sum total of the foreign population that had come here prior to 1841. Of course,

I do not mention the Russians who lived out on the seacoast at Fort Ross and Bodega. They had sold out that very year to Sutter and had embarked to leave the country about the time we arrived at Sutter's new settlement. The Russian Governor, Don Alexander, came up to say good-bye to Sutter (when I just got sight of him) just as the Russians were about to sail for Sitka.

Sutter gave me my first employment in California, which was to look after his Russian possessions and the property there till the same could be removed to his settlement at Sacramento.

The Indians at Fort Ross and adjacent country spoke the Russian language, and the Russian Governor being gone, they called me Governor; but as you know, I never have been Governor. (*Laughter and applause.*) So the Indians then were not much worse than some of our own people are now who not unfrequently call me "Governor." In fact, I am sometimes written to as "Ex-Governor Bidwell of California."

In enumerating the foreign element which came here prior to 1841, I do not include, as I said, the Russians who at the very time of my arrival were taking final leave of the country. In regard to the number who came here in different immigration parties, I will, with your permission, give you my estimates according to my recollection, for I have no written data here or anywhere. Just before coming here tonight I made a few figures on the paper which I hold in my hand. Let me say, what I know, I know—at least I have the conviction that I do know. It is my aim to have my estimates as nearly correct as it is possible to make them. So when I say 150 for the foreign population here in 1841, the allowance is liberal and ample to include them all. Of this number I would say that about one hundred were Americans, the rest being mostly English, Scotch and Irish. I can name only two Frenchmen, and not a single German here in 1841.

I would say that the company I came in across the mountains to California and the company that came the same year by way of Santa Fe and reached the southern part of California would number sixty. I became acquainted with most of them, and of course I knew all of our own party of thirty-two. In 1842 there was no immigration to California from anywhere, but there was a large one into Oregon that year. In 1843 two small parties came across the Plains, one via Pitt River and the head of the Sacramento Valley. With that party came Major Reading, Major Hensley, Milton McGee and others. I knew them all. Another company crossed direct by way of Placerville, that is where Placerville now

is. Among that party was Col. J. B. Childs, who settled Childs Valley in Napa County.

There were two parties from Oregon that year, and among them were some rather extraordinary characters. One of them was L. W. Hastings, a wonderfully ambitious man. He came to California for the express purpose of spying out the land and then returning East to start a large emigration from the Atlantic side out here, establish a Republic, and make himself President.

Though I always esteemed Sutter for his many good traits, yet there was one peculiarity about him which I must mention. He never could keep a secret. Of course, Americans and others desired a change—something to take the place of the uncertain Mexican Government. Well, Hastings told his plans to Capt. Sutter as a great secret. Sutter took me aside and told me in the most solemn manner all that Hastings intended to do. "Now," said he, "my life is in your hands; tell this to no one for it would cost me my life." I promised that I would not, but it was not a week till I found Sutter had told everybody the same thing.

Well, Hastings did leave California—went through Mexico—went into Texas and conferred with the President of Texas. He went to Cincinnati and wrote a book of about two hundred or two hundred and fifty pages. It was, as intended, fascinating, superlatively rosy. One could scarcely read it without longing to descend into the Sacramento Valley and pluck the oranges and fruits of every kind, and there is no question that Hastings with his book started the immigration of 1846, which was designated as the "great immigration," numbering as it did something over six hundred.

I said there was no immigration to California in 1842, but there was a very large one into Oregon. And from there in subsequent years some of these found their way into California. In 1843 a company came from Oregon and with it there was a man by the name of Meek. He was said to be a born doctor. He had lived twenty-five or thirty years in the Rocky Mountains, where it was said if a man had a limb out of joint or broken, he could set it.

He had never studied medicine at all. When on the way from Oregon, Meek was heard to say, "Boys, when I get to California I am going to pass myself off for a doctor. I can make lots of money out of them Greasers." Then for fun, the boys all began to call him "Doctor." When he got into California the first case he had was a boy who happened to cut off his toe. Meek put it

on and fastened it in place with a mud poultice and the toe grew on. He next went to Monterey, which was the capital. The Governor was there with five hundred troops, and hearing that Meek was a doctor, he employed him as surgeon for the garrison. It got rumored about after a while that he was no doctor. There was a man named Green who took the part of Meek. Meek had a faculty of looking wise and being very reticent when matters beyond his depth arose. There was a man at Monterey known as Dr. Stokes. He was no doctor, but was so called because he had a small medicine chest and a pair of scales with which to weigh doses of medicines. Doctor Meek went to him and said he wanted some powders. Dr. Stokes got out his little medicine chest.

"What kind of powders, Dr. Meek?"

"Oh, just common powders, patient not very sick. I just want some common powders," said Dr. Meek.

"But, Dr. Meek, I have different kinds of powders. Please tell me what kind you want."

But poor Meek could not ask for anything but common powders. Well, it was soon rumored all over Monterey that Meek was no doctor. My friend was intelligent, but thought that perhaps Dr. Meek had written a prescription in technical terms which Dr. Stokes could not understand. But in time an American man-of-war arrived at Monterey. The officers, including the surgeon, all went up to the Consulate. Of course, Dr. Meek was there, and was soon introduced to the surgeon. Dr. Meek began at once to say, "I am going out of practice. Can't practice here. Can't get any medicines."

The surgeon said, "I'm sure, Dr. Meek, it must be very difficult for you to obtain medicines here and if you will give me a list of the kinds you most need, I shall be very glad to divide with you."

Poor Meek didn't know what to say. He couldn't tell the names of three medicines to save his life, but finally he said he wanted some drops.

I was going to say that when I first reached California there were no doctors here, but there was one, Dr. Marsh. He was not supposed to be a regular doctor, but I have since learned from good authority that he had gone through some medical college or institution before coming to this coast. They used to accuse him of charging very high fees—two or three hundred head of cattle when he had to go thirty or forty miles to make a visit. There was no money in California at that time. But still it was true that, practically, there was no doctor in California. There was no

drug store in California. There was no post-office in California —there was not a mail route in California. There was no road in California that had ever been worked that I know of, unless it was the drive or Alameda between San Jose and Santa Clara.

The occupations, as I have said, were pastoral. There were no mechanics. Some of the Mission Indians had been taught to make blankets, spin the wool, and weave a kind of very coarse blanket. That was, I think, about the only manufacture. Some people thought that those early days were grand, and so they were in some respects. But a man could never do business under such conditions. Once when I was traveling, I reached a place after dark and my horses were very tired. I staked them out to grass as best I could. That was the only way to do. No one in those days ever cut any hay. Not a particle of hay was ever cut in California till after the Mexican War, nor was even a pasture fenced. Well, I arrived at that place after dark, as I said, and stayed all night, and as my horses were much jaded I concluded to stay for breakfast. In the morning the men all mounted their horses and went off, and I noticed the women take their bullock hides to the east side of the house and go to knitting or sewing. Ten o'clock came and I saw no signs of breakfast. After some time one of the men came back with a steer, which he lassoed, threw down, dispatched with his butcher knife and commenced skinning. I heard the lady tell the Indian girl to put some beans on the fire to cook. Well, after the steer was killed and the meat cooked, to cut a long story short, it was one o'clock before I got my breakfast.

As to the government in California. There was in a very large sense no government at all. Alvarado was Governor at Monterey. General Vallejo was commander-in-chief of the military and lived at Sonoma. He kept there about thirty soldiers. I never saw more than that, though when we first encountered him at the Mission of San Jose he had about one hundred, and if there ever was a man who was arbitrary it was Vallejo.

The Czar of Russia could scarcely be more despotic. His word was law. No man could travel in those days without a passport from an Alcalde of the great commander. No one pretended to travel without a passport. The way I first came in contact with Vallejo was thus: when we arrived in California the first place we struck was the ranch of Dr. John Marsh, near the base of Mt. Diablo. There were thirty-two of us. I do not wish to say anything harsh of Dr. Marsh, because he is not living. He at first

treated us very kindly and killed for us two shoats. You should know how men, after living on poor meat and almost starving, long for something fat, in order to appreciate how we enjoyed that fat pork.

1841, the year we arrived here, was said to be the driest year ever known in California. No grain had been raised, and we soon learned that everybody, with scarcely an exception, was living on meat alone. There was no wheat. Dr. Marsh took some of his seed wheat and had his Indians grind it and make tortillas, and he brought them out to us under the trees where we were camped and gave us a cake apiece. You can scarcely imagine how grateful we felt. We made him presents. Some gave him one thing, some another. Some gave cartridges, others gave him powder or a knife, and one man gave him a case of surgical instruments. He told us that guns were better than money, and that there was, in fact, no such thing as money in the country.

We were camped under the spreading oak trees. I said Dr. Marsh was a strange sort of man. He was a most voluble talker. I think he had the best command of English of almost any man I had ever heard. That evening he told us about the country and its inhabitants. The next morning I went to see him, and asked him how large a place was on the Bay of San Francisco. Yerba Buena they called this place then. I asked him what business was carried on there. He said, "Charging up and down the hills and getting drunk." I could not, in fact, get from him any satisfactory answer, and then he made the remark that the company had already cost him over a hundred dollars, and God knew whether he would ever get a real of it or not. I went and told the boys what he had said. All at once agreed that they could not remain there and sponge on Dr. Marsh. Then about fifteen of our men went back to the San Joaquin River intending to kill game and live there during the winter. Some fifteen or sixteen others concluded to get directions from Dr. Marsh and go down to the Pueblo of San Jose (where the city of San Jose now is). They got only as far as the old Mission of San Jose when they met General Vallejo, who with about one hundred soldiers happened to be there. Vallejo at once threatened to arrest them, wanted to know why they had come, and demanded their passports. Dr. Marsh was sent for to explain this illegal invasion of Mexico by armed men. Of course our coming as we did without passports was illegal. There is no question about that. So all the early emigrations were illegal. We had no right to go into Mexico without the consent of the authorities.

But Dr. Marsh went down and explained that we were peaceable, and had come only to look at the country. Vallejo then gave, or intended to give us all passports. Though I had given a list of all our names, Dr. Marsh failed to bring a passport for me. When all had received theirs except myself, I said to Dr. Marsh, "Dr., have you no passport for me?"

He said, "No, you don't need any."

I asked, "Why, am I not a man? Don't I look like other people?"

Well the next morning it was raining hard, but I determined to get a passport for myself, and went down to where Vallejo was at the Mission of San Jose, thirty miles distant. They put me in the calaboose and kept me there three days without anything to eat. My companions there were Indians, who, I understood, had been stealing. The guard at the door was a Mexican soldier. Nobody there could speak a word of English. At last, however, I saw a tall man passing, and I got the guard to hail him. His name was Thomas S. Bowen of San Jose, and through him I got a passport and out of the calaboose. Somewhere at home I think I have that passport yet.

Now as to the government of California. The Alcaldes or Justices of the Peace were practically the only courts. Their word was law absolutely. No one ever presumed to dispute their authority. On one occasion at Monterey I wanted to see the laws of Mexico in relation to land matters in California. I could hear of no such law book in Monterey, though it was the Capital, and I doubt whether there was one in California. The Governor resided there and I was told that he had none. One little book, however, was found, but it was only the Constitution of Mexico, and they said there had been several alterations in it since it was made.

One of the first trials before an Alcalde which came under my notice was in Sonoma. A man by the name of Allen, an Englishman, was arrested and accused of slandering a woman, the wife of Jim Dawson, who had married a Mexican woman. There was not a scintilla of evidence against him, and yet the Alcalde (Justice of the Peace), General Vallejo's brother, told him he had slandered that woman. Allen denied it, but they said he had done it and it would go hard on him if he did not confess. But he stuck to it that he had not slandered the woman. The man I had with me when I went to take possession of the Russian property acted as interpreter at the trial. He told me that the Alcalde and he had advised Allen to confess and throw himself on the mercy of the

Court, but Allen refused until nearly night. But finally to end the matter, as he thought, he took the Alcalde's advice and confessed. They put him in the calaboose, and the next morning they sent two soldiers to cut laurel or hazel switches and they took Allen out, stripped him nearly naked and whipped him almost to death.

There was an officer called the Alcalde of the first instance. I think he was the highest civil authority, the Supreme Court you might say. But there was not much litigation in California. Just whatever the Alcalde said or did, that was law.

In reality California had little more than a mere semblance of organized government.

Among the prominent events of those early years I may mention the purchase by Sutter in 1841 of the Russian possessions and of all their personal property which they did not desire to remove. Also the transferring of that property from the Russian settlement on the coast at Ross and Bodega up to Sutter's settlement on the Sacramento.

The purchase included about two thousand head of cattle and horses, one little vessel of about twenty-five tons burden, forty or fifty old rusty cannon, and one or two hundred old flint-lock muskets, some of which Capt. Sutter recognized as French muskets, probably lost by Napoleon in 1812 on his way to Moscow. By the way, I once shot off one of those old muskets. On one occasion when out with two Indians our dogs treed a California lion. The lion stood one hundred and fifty feet above on two limbs looking down at us, till I sent for one of the old muskets and shot him. The recoil of that weapon nearly knocked me down, bruised my face, lamed my shoulder, and still lingers unfaded on the page of my memory.

The transferring of those cannon from the Russian settlement to the Sacramento was noticed by the California authorities, and they did not seem to relish it, and in a short time it became rumored about that a move was in contemplation against Sutter's settlement. This came to Sutter's ears just about the time that he heard of the coming of our party into California. We were perhaps not within a hundred miles of him when he heard we were coming. How do you suppose he heard? We had a fellow with us by the name of James St. John, who of all men, I think, was the most fearless. He was called "Jimmy John" for short. We were descending the Stanislaus River, but high above the canyon, when we came to a place where another deep rocky canyon con-

verging, stopped us at dark on a sharp, high promontory without water, grass, wood or anything but rocks on which for us and our jaded animals to pass a thirsty and supperless night. Two men were sent to see if we could get down the canyon, and two were sent back to see if a way could be found around. Jimmy and I were to go over the point into the canyon. We were not to fire a gun even if we saw game, unless we found the canyon way passable. As soon as I saw it was not so, I said to Jimmy, "We can't get down here."

Jimmy said, "Yes, we can," and at once drew his pistol and fired.

I returned in haste to tell the others not to come down. Jimmy, however, never came back. How he ever got down that canyon is hard to tell. The Captain and his men had started down the precipice before I could get back. I said, "You can't come down here."

He said, "Why did you fire a gun then?"

I said, "Jim fired it down among the rocks."

They said, "If Jimmy can go there, we can," and kept on.

The result was they could get no water nor grass for their animals, nor could they get back without greatest exertion and fatigue, four of them pulling and four pushing each mule singly up the steeps they had gone down, and then carrying up on their backs all their luggage, requiring two days and a night to retrace the steps they had made in less than half an hour. Jim was never seen after that until we found him at Sutter's Fort. He had a cayuse horse that would come as near climbing a tree as any horse I have ever seen. But how in the world he ever got over precipices and down that canyon no man can tell. However, he did and struck the Sacramento Valley and reached Sutter's Fort.

The moment Sutter heard of our company of thirty-two men coming, he wrote a letter which reached the authorities, stating that he had heard of their intention to break up his settlement, and giving them notice that he was not only able to defend himself, but was able to go and chastise them. That letter was sent to the City of Mexico, but it took two years before the slow Mexican Government started Don Manuel Micheltorena with five hundred troops to squelch Sutter's embryo fort and settlement, as well as to defend himself against the native Californians, because he well knew the native chiefs had been in the habit of expelling some of the previous Mexican Governors. The Mexican Government was proverbially slow, and did not get the Governor started until 1843, and my recollection is that he arrived at San Diego late in Decem-

ber. It was of course a foolish thing for Sutter to write that letter. He saw his mistake. So as soon as the new Governor reached California, Sutter wrote another letter in which he protested entire submission to the Mexican Government, and most friendly congratulations because of his arrival in California. That letter made the new Governor and Sutter fast friends, and through Sutter, Americans were treated with more consideration than they otherwise would have been. Anyone could approach the Governor if he had letters from Sutter. This Governor did not treat the Americans better than he did the natives, nor perhaps quite so well, as a general thing. Indeed, I think he intended to be just and treat all alike. But some of the natives, however, pretended to be jealous and said he treated the Americans better, that he was giving all the lands to Americans. That was not true, but served as a pretense. When Americans had been in the country long enough to entitle them to ask for lands under the colonization laws, he simply permitted them to do so as a matter of right.

The native Californians seemed to have an inborn distrust of Americans. While nothing openly hostile to Americans occurred, yet their coming here met with no cordial welcome. In fact, it was quite natural that Americans should be unpopular on account of the war that had been raging for so many years in Texas. General Vallejo, however, did not side with Castro or that element, if such there was who really desired Americans driven out of the country. Some really imagined that there was a very large element hostile to Americans. But if such there was, it never did, and never could materialize.

Vallejo said in 1842 that he believed some day California would belong to the United States. He was a man in some respects of great shrewdness and yet, you all know how quickly he went through all his property. When the war took place in 1864 he owned thirty or forty or fifty thousand head of cattle and as many as thirty or forty or fifty leagues of land, but he lost it all and died a poor man. His wife after him also died in poverty.

The events of 1842. The most important one I can call to mind was the arrival of an American man-of-war in the Bay of San Francisco, Capt. Stribling in command. I should have mentioned as a prominent event in 1841 the arrival of the United States exploring expedition under Lieutenant, afterwards Commodore Wilkes. The next important event in 1842 that I recall was the taking of Monterey by Commodore A. P. Gatesby Jones and the raising of the American flag there in the fall of that year.

He kept it up only a few days and then pulled it down. In 1843 the prominent events of the year would be the arrival of the immigrants across the plains. As I mentioned before, there were two companies that crossed the plains, and two from Oregon.

In 1844 the first wagons were brought into California, that is to say, they were brought to the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the next spring over into the Sacramento Valley, being the very first wagons which succeeded in coming all the way into California.

An important event of 1844 was the insurrection of Castro and Alvarado against the Mexican Governor, Micheltorena. They pretended to be jealous of the Governor because he was paying too much attention to the Americans. But the real cause, perhaps, was hunger to repossess the revenues. Castro was a natural born leader among the Californians. He marshaled his men and started the revolution of insurrection over in San Joaquin Valley. Sutter and I were the first to hear of it and we hastened to Monterey to tell the Governor. In a week or so the first blow was struck and all the Governor's horses taken in a single night, so that he had scarcely a horse on which to ride. Wherefore he started out on foot after Castro and Alvarado to retake his horses. I was in Monterey at the time, but soon started home. On the way I met the Governor and he took me aside and confided to me all his friendly plans that I might convey the same to Sutter and the Americans at Sacramento. Of course, the Americans knew of the native prejudice of Castro and his following against them. I do not know that they could be blamed for that. The Texas war was one great cause. Another was that certain lawless Americans (trappers from the Rocky Mountains) had been in the habit of making raids through the Mojave Desert into California and driving off bands of horses, sometimes defeating the pursuing owners and compelling them to return on foot through the desert. Trappers were not all bad men, but occasionally you would find some who were a disgrace to humanity.

In 1843 one of the companies from Oregon had two such men, who were shooting at Indians more or less all the way when they had a chance. When they got about to where Red Bluff now is, one of these fiends, seeing an Indian on the other side of the stream, swam over and started toward him. The Indian, seeing the man coming directly at him, started to run away but the brute first threw a rock and crippled him and then killed him with his knife. After they got about a mile further they saw an Indian

coming along behind on their trail and these men waylaid and shot him. This will suffice to show the character of the men who first applied to Indians the odious epithet of "diggers." So, ignorant people began to call all Indians "diggers." Surely no intelligent man should now call Indians "diggers." In the first place there is no such tribe as a "digger" tribe, and there never has been. It is reported that Major Powell said that no such tribe has ever been found. Prof. Henshaw suggested to me that the name "digger" may have started from some Indian word or name of similar sound. We never ought to call Indians "diggers" because the name is untrue, as well as unkind, and because it implies reproach or degradation. The Indians in California, many of them at least, are well behaved. Most of them can read and write and some are Christianized.

As I said before, an important event in California in 1844 was the beginning of that war against Governor Micheltorena which resulted in his expulsion. I was in that war from the beginning to its close. We were betrayed by, I might say, one of our own countrymen.

Permit me to mention another fact. People speak a good deal about the gold discoverer, Marshall. He came to California in 1845 with one of the parties from Oregon. Of course I knew him well. He was a man of exceeding eccentricity—a very curious fellow. Sutter's wants for lumber increased year by year, and it was his custom year by year to send men into the mountains to search for a place to build a sawmill on some tributary of the Sacramento or Feather Rivers. In 1846 he sent me. In 1847 he happened to send Marshall. Marshall the people usually called crazy. Certainly no sane man would have built a sawmill where Marshall did. It was an utter failure as a place to obtain lumber. Marshall was a sort of partner. Sutter was to furnish the means and Marshall was to superintend the work and run the mill and have for his pay a share of the lumber—a quarter I think it was. Marshall intended to raft his lumber partly down the American River and then to Sacramento to the Bay of San Francisco to sell it. That thing has never been done to this day. No man has ever attempted to raft lumber down even the Sacramento, much less the American River to the Bay.

It was pre-ordained that gold should be discovered in this way. So Marshall built his mill and started the water through the wheel, but the mill would not turn because the water wouldn't run up hill. This compelled him to dig a race through a gravel bank so as

to conduct the water on down below the wheel into the river. The water was shallow and clear as crystal, and the bed of the race was perhaps decayed granite of the very color to show gold on the bottom to best advantage. So Marshall saw and picked up the first piece of gold and became the famed gold discoverer. No one can rob him of that distinction. Three or four days after, he took the first piece found and a few others down to Capt. Sutter. Sutter, Marshall and everybody thought it was gold except McDowell, the gunsmith, who pronounced it brass. While there is no question of Marshall's discovery, the real credit of evolving the world-renowned event which so revolutionized the world belongs to Sutter. (Applause.) It was his money, it was his enterprise which set in motion Marshall himself and all the conspiring conditions which converged in and unfolded that great discovery, under the eye of a guiding Providence.

I can recall events in the years prior to 1846 which almost led to the discovery of gold. In fact, Baptiste Ruelle, a Canadian Frenchman, did actually discover gold in the hills about thirty miles north of San Fernando Mission in 1841. But the mines were so poor as to create no excitement whatever. Occasionally a piece that weighed half an ounce or so would be found, but twenty-five cents per day would be an average yield, it was said. I went to see those mines—to learn the manner of working them. Dr. Townsend went with me. The old New-Mexican there worked the mine in a very shiftless and discouraging manner. He had a basket and an old shovel, but I saw no pick, and he was digging into a hill or bank of gravel with a sort of scoop formed by a bullock's horn. The gravel was heaped on a sort of platform like a table covered with brown sheeting. On this was piled the gravel, on which water was dashed from a little pool nearby. The water would run off, of course, carrying with it the soil, but the stones and coarse gravel were picked off by hand, and after the pile was all washed only a few colors of gold were found sticking to the cloth. It was a slow and most tedious process.

I came very near discovering gold myself once or twice. When in charge of Sutter's stock farm I had a good many vaqueros breaking wild horses and with them a Mexican named Pablo Gutierrez. Pablo, Mexican fashion, had taken an Indian woman for a wife, and she ran away into the mountains whence he had obtained her. One day, without leave, he went to find her. When he came back I took occasion to express my disapproval. Said he, "I have made a valuable discovery. There is gold up on Bear

River where I have been." In a few days I said, "Pablo, I want you to go up and show me that place where you say there is gold." He showed me in the bed of a small dry channel that had been flush in winter some very coarse black sand. He said that was a sure sign of gold in Mexico, though when I wanted him to work it he said he couldn't because he had no wooden bowl. In Mexico they used wooden bowls instead of pans to pan out gold. It took time for Mexicans to learn the use of tin pans in mining. I said, "Can't you go down to Sinaloa and get one of these bowls? I will pay half of your expense if you will go." But then I thought if I let him go maybe he would not come back. So I said to him, "Pablo, if you save all you can earn, I will save all I can earn and we will go on a vessel to Boston. The Yankees can make wooden bowls and everything, but don't tell anybody. Keep this a secret." That was in the month of March, 1844. In the fall of that year Castro and Alvarado raised an insurrection against the Governor. Nearly every American was in favor of the Mexican Governor, because he had treated Americans with some consideration and justice. Pable was on his side. Pablo was faithful to Sutter, who sent him with dispatches to the Governor at Monterey. Once he went and returned. He was sent a second time to tell the Governor that Sutter and the Americans were on the march to join him. This time he only got as far as Gilroy when some of the Mexicans caught and hung him. That of course broke up our gold discovery.

Another incident. A man named Huber, a German, said he believed there was gold in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. In 1845 Sutter sent men down south of the Cosumne River to saw lumber with a whipsaw. I went out to see the camp and give them some directions about the lumber. I reached the place about one o'clock on a very hot day. The saw-pit was on the north side of the ridge, and I wanted to look a little for gold. So I started south down toward a deep ravine. The sun beamed down fiercely upon me. The little stream that I wanted to reach required me to go through very rough thickets. In those days we knew enough to avoid going into thickets without guns, and I had left my gun at the camp.

In 1849, after I had worked all the year 1848, that is to say, the summer and winter following, I joined a party to look at the mines further south and see how they compared with those on Feather River. Coming to a place called "Diggs," a small trading post near the mines south of the Cosumne River and not dis-

tant from the site of the saw-pit before mentioned, I met Thomas Fallon, whom I knew well. He had seen the old saw-pits without knowing what they meant. When I had explained and told him of the attempt I had made in the summer of 1845 to go down into the ravine south of the ridge where the saw-pits were to look for gold, he exclaimed, "That was the richest gulch in all the diggings here."

The discovery of gold in California may have a further and more important meaning perhaps than any of us or even the world has been able to realize. It led to the gold discovery in Australia. It was the prime cause of other gold discoveries. That first discovery in California was in the van of the causes which aroused a sleeping world to life and activity. Commerce at once began to unfurl her sails on every sea. Multitudinous inventions and enterprises seemed to leap into being and multiply. So that when the great rebellion came it found us in possession of the elements of a great and prosperous nation. The monthly output of gold during the war kept the wheels of business turning and prevented the utter collapse of the public credit.

When I was in New York in 1864, about the gloomiest time of the rebellion, the people told me in the banks and business houses that but for the five or six millions of gold that came from California every month, the bottom would drop out of everything. But for the discovery of gold, which had quickened commerce and business throughout the world, and enabled the United States to sell her bonds to clothe and feed her armies, instead of coming out of the war with four thousand millions of debt, we might have come out with a hundred billions and never been able to pay.

I think I have talked to you long enough. The history of California lies like a map before me. Somewhat confused it may be, but I have seen it all, and if I had been a writer, which I am not, I could have written history. I seldom see anything written in regard to early times in California that is not somewhat wrong. Why, you sent me the other day a pamphlet. I do not say this critically at all. Now I know Mr. Hittell is a truthful man. He is everything you said tonight, and more perhaps. General Chipman is learned and truthful, but in this pamphlet I find this statement:

"Mr. Theodore H. Hittell, the faithful historian of California, is a distinguished member of your society, to whose valuable book I am indebted for whatever of historic interest may be found in the sketch I have briefly drawn in your hearing. Mr. Hittell

tells us that in 1842 there were but three hundred and sixty Americans from the United States among the five thousand white population then in the country."

I have shown you that in 1841 the foreign population in California amounted to about one hundred and fifty, about one hundred of whom were Americans. My opportunities to know have been good. In my estimate I have been careful and hence I feel quite certain there could not have been more. Then, too, I knew them all. In 1842 there were no immigration parties, consequently the foreign population of California could not have increased that year. Of course, Mr. Hittell does not intend to misrepresent, but whoever furnished the figures simply made a mistake. Now the quotation which I have cited and the one I will add, go to show that in spite of men and angels errors do seem to creep into almost everything relating to early times in California.

So I quote in another place where he says, "I must pass over the admission of Texas into the Union, the Mexican War and its results as affecting California, of the coming of Fremont, the Pathfinder, in January, 1846, and the Bear Flag Revolution of that year, and so forth." As a matter of fact, Fremont did not come here in 1846. He first came in March, 1844, by way of Oregon, whither he had gone from his explorations in 1843 in the region of Salt Lake, intending, I suppose, to winter in Oregon. He crossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains seemingly in the very worst place he could find. Let me promise that while I have no written data, things that were impressed on my memory in those early days I feel that I know. Fremont returned to California the second time in October, 1845. I was at Sutter's Fort in charge of everything at the time, Sutter having gone to the Bay on business. Fremont did not again leave California until the summer of 1847, when he was taken across the plains a prisoner by General Kearny and court-martialed for disobedience of orders in the City of Washington. He was found guilty, but President Polk, influenced by Col. Thomas H. Benson, Fremont's father-in-law, who was the power behind the throne in Polk's administration, approved the verdict, but remitted the punishment.

Please do not understand me to delight in censure or criticism, as I aim to relate the cold facts of history as I remember them. But pardon me—I have said enough.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN BIDWELL.

Born in Chautauqua County, New York, on August 5, 1819, John Bidwell came from the sturdy New England stock that has made itself felt throughout the history of this continent and has always been in the van of progress. His father, Abraham Bidwell, was a native of Connecticut, a farmer of scant means, but thoroughgoing and energetic, traits that were still further developed in his son. The family moved to Erie County, Pennsylvania, when John was ten years old, and soon after to Ashtabula County, Ohio.

Educational opportunities were very limited in Ohio in those early days, but young Bidwell was determined to get an education, and when seventeen years of age entered Kingsville Academy in Ashtabula County. To get there he had to walk three hundred miles. The morning before he started snow lay fourteen inches deep on the ground. But neither that nor weeping relatives, nor yet the long and lonely journey turned him from his purpose.

Of course he was successful. By the time he was eighteen he was elected principal of Kingsville Academy, though much younger than any of his competitors.

1838 he spent teaching in the home of his parents, and the following year started alone and without means to seek his fortune in the Far West.

He writes: "In the spring of 1839 I conceived a desire to see the great prairies of the West, especially those in Illinois, Iowa and Missouri. Starting on foot to Cincinnati, ninety miles distant, I fortunately got a ride most of the way on a wagon loaded with farm produce. My outfit consisted of about seventy-five dollars, the clothes I wore, and a few more in a knapsack on my shoulders. Though travel was considered dangerous, I had no weapon more formidable than a pocket knife."

Reaching Platte County, Missouri, in June, 1839, without funds, he took the first work offered—teaching. He had planned to become a farmer and later wrote, "By the favor of certain men and by paying a small amount for a little piece of fence here and a small clearing there, I got a claim and proposed to make it my home."

During the summer, while it was too hot to work, he went to St. Louis for supplies. A fateful trip, for during his absence a man whom he had permitted to build a cabin on his claim "jumped" his land. The law required not only a certain residence,

but that the pre-emptor should be a man of legal age or a man of family, and as Bidwell was neither of these he could not take his case into court and was forced to go elsewhere with the coming of spring. Meanwhile he continued to teach.

The years of 1839-41 were, in this western frontier region beyond the Mississippi, years of hard times and discontent among the settlers. These folk were mostly emigrants by profession and continued movement westward was their normal condition. Overland communication by way of New Mexico and Oregon was not infrequent and from there came highly colored rumors of California's genial skies and fertile lands. Frontier newspapers with their reprinted articles from the eastern press, trapper visitors and occasional letters from California all bespoke wonderful tales of a "Farther West."

In Platte County, Missouri, interest in this new land ran high in the late summer of 1840. A chap named Robidoux, who had been to California with the Santa Fe Trappers, returned to picture the country an earthly paradise, not only in his conversations, but in his public meetings held to promote emigration on a large scale. "Robidoux," says Bidwell, "described it as a country of perennial spring and boundless fertility, and laid stress on the countless thousands of wild horses and cattle. Every conceivable question he answered favorably. Generally the first question a Missourian asks is whether there was any fever or ague. I remember his answer distinctly, for he said there was but one man in all California that had ever had a chill, and it was a matter of so much wonderment to the people of Monterey that they went eighteen miles into the country to see him shake."

Soon an organization was effected, committees appointed and signers pledged to dispose of their property, purchase suitable outfits for a trip across the plains and be ready to start from Sapling Grove, Kansas, in May, 1841.

It seemed the entire population was about to migrate en masse, for so great was the excitement that some five hundred pledged to go. But they hadn't reckoned on the merchants of Weston, who, not in the mood to go themselves, didn't take kindly to the threatened loss of business patronage, and who set themselves to defeat the movement by fair means or foul. Argument, denunciation, ridicule, and especially the publication in the local papers of all that was derogatory to California, soon put a quietus on the project. By spring only one man was ready to start.

John Bidwell, he was, now twenty-one years old.

To quote Bidwell again: "At the last moment before the time to start for the rendezvous at Sapling Grove –it seemed almost providential—along came a man named George Henshaw, an invalid from Illinois. He was pretty well dressed, was riding a fine black horse, and had ten or fifteen dollars. I persuaded him to let me trade his horse for a yoke of steers to pull the wagon (Bidwell had a wagon and no horse) and a sorry looking one-eyed mule for him to ride." Four or five other persons joined them the last minute, and nearly half the town followed them for several miles, showing the deep interest they still felt in the journey.

"When we reached Sapling Grove there was but one wagon ahead of us. For the next few days one or two wagons would come each day. We organized by electing as captain a man named Bartleson. He was not the best man for the position, but we were given to understand that if he was not elected he would not go and we didn't want to lose a single man. Everyone furnished his own supplies. The party consisted of sixty-nine, including men, women and children. I doubt whether there was one hundred dollars in the whole party, but all were enthusiastic and anxious to go."

Theirs was the first party organized to cross the Rocky Mountains, but except that California lay west, their ignorance was complete. So it was decided to wait for a party of missionaries, among whom was Father DeSmet, who with an experienced Indian guide were bound for the Flathead Indian Mission in Northern Idaho.

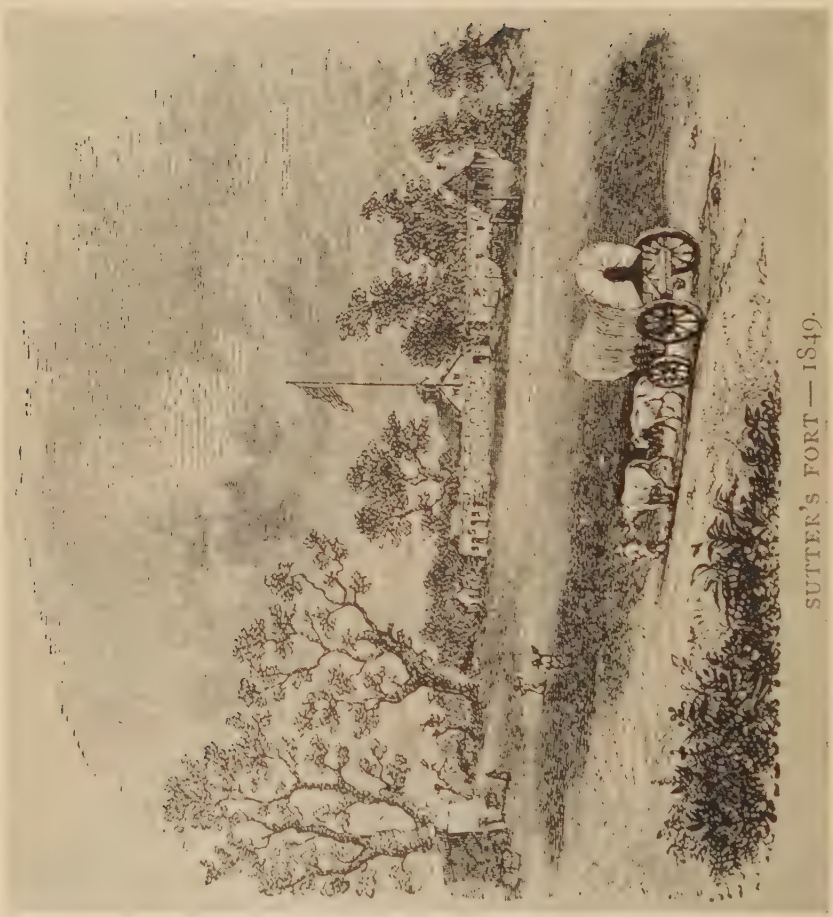
In a general way, starting from Westport, where Kansas City now is, their route was in a northwesterly direction over the prairies until they reached the Platte River. Following it and its South Fork, they crossed the latter and continued along the North Fork to Fort Laramie, then a trading post of the American Fur Company. Thence along the North Platte and its branches to the Green River. They crossed the Rocky Mountains at the South Pass over the divide between the Green and Bear Rivers. Along the Bear River they went to Soda Springs, where they parted company with the misisonaries. Then following along the Bear River, they came in sight of the Great Salt Lake in September.

Four months of constant exposure did serve to lessen the ardor of many of the party, one-half of whom elected to go with Father DeSmet rather than attempt to journey without guide over the unknown and trackless desert towards California. NOT BIDWELL.

The days were hot. The nights were cold. Water was hard to find, and provisions grew scarce. Finally it was necessary to abandon the wagons, for with them they felt they could not reach California before winter came on. Accordingly everything that could be dispensed with was thrown away, and again the party started with their oxen, mules and horses laden with supplies. But the art of packing animals is not easy for the uninitiated. Soon packs become loosened, horses were frightened, mules kicked, oxen jumped and bellowed, and articles were scattered in all directions. Frequently the animals strayed away, and once Bidwell after an all-night search returned to camp only to find that the party had gone on without him. For a day and a night he was alone in the desert, where death from starvation was probable, and where savage Indians were not uncommon. Fortunately two of his companions who were unwilling to abandon him returned in search and before long, thanks to them, he rejoined the party.

Still westward they continued, then southward, arriving finally at the Walker River at the eastern base of the Sierras. Crossing the range, they came out at the headwaters of the Stanislaus River. The last ox was killed as they passed over the mountains and they became dependent upon such despised game as the coyote. They had reached California but did not know it, for it seemed far from being the promised land. Their troubles, though, were nearly over. Almost doubting they had the strength, the nearly exhausted travelers paused for a rest and then pushed forward over the Coast Range. Game became abundant and wild grapes were plentiful. They had reached the San Joaquin Valley, and within a few days came to Dr. Marsh's ranch at the foot of Mount Diablo (November 4, 1841), the end of a long six months' journey.

There Bidwell learned of Sutter's colony in the Sacramento Valley and with three companions set forth to join it. "This unique establishment was more or less under military discipline. Cannon pointed in every direction through the walls and bastions, and the Indian soldiers, drilled by a white officer, marched to fife and drum, while regular bells called the large number of men to and from their occupations. Probably never before or since, was there such an establishment, or, for that matter, such a generous, helpful, big-minded 'Governor' as Sutter." Though it was only a short distance, it took them eight days to reach Sutter's Fort, or New Helvetia, as Sutter called it in honor of his Swiss parents. They were received with open arms, and Bidwell's first employment in California was in Sutter's service. In his own words, "He engaged



SUTTER'S FORT — 1849.

me to go to Bodega and Fort Ross and to stay there until he could finish removing the property which he had bought from the Russians. I remained there fourteen months until everything was removed; then came up into the Sacramento Valley and took charge of Sutter's Farm, remaining there for a little more than a year during 1843 and part of 1844."

During the spring of 1843, while pursuing some stolen cattle, he penetrated the upper Sacramento Valley as far as where Red Bluff now is and first saw the property which later became Rancho Chico. On his return he made a map of Sacramento Valley from observations taken on horseback, which was so accurate that it was adopted as the official map by the Mexican Governor. Thus Bidwell preceded Fremont's explorations of the wilderness of Northern California by two years, and by official authority he gave the names they now bear to the principal streams and counties of that region.

Governor Micheltorena was so liberal in granting land to emigrants from the United States that he excited the prejudice and distrust of many of the native Californians. Under the leadership of Jose Castro and Juan B. Alvarado, during the autumn of 1844, they organized a revolt against the Mexican Governor. Sutter and Bidwell, on their way to consult with Micheltorena, learned of the uprising, and immediately informed him of the conspiracy. Meanwhile the first blow was struck by the insurgents, who successfully stampeded all of the cavalry horses of the Mexicans, making pursuit impossible. Sutter returned to Sacramento, leaving Bidwell in Monterey while the Governor organized his infantry to march against the enemy.

On his way back Bidwell was entertained by Castro and Alvarado in San Jose, who sought to gain his friendship and support. However, it was unanimously agreed among the Americans who were rapidly assembling at Sutter's Fort, to organize and march to Monterey. This they did during December, 1844, meeting Micheltorena in Salinas Valley, where it was planned to pursue the insurgents to Los Angeles. On Washington's birthday, 1845, the opposing forces met at Cahuenga, near Los Angeles. Micheltorena capitulated and left the country, while Sutter and Bidwell were taken to Los Angeles as prisoners, though they were soon released and returned on horseback to Sutter's Fort.

The next year, shortly after the raising of the "Bear Flag," a committee consisting of John Bidwell, P. B. Reading and W. B. Ide, was formed to report a plan of organization, and Bidwell's

plan was adopted providing that "the undersigned agree to organize and to remain in service as long as necessary for the purpose of gaining and maintaining the independence of California."

The California Battalion, three companies of troops, was now formed. When war was declared between the United States and Mexico on the tenth of July, and Sloat had taken possession of Monterey, they raised the American flag over Sutter's Fort and marched south to Monterey. However, there was no fighting, for, as Bidwell, now a lieutenant, said, "We simply marched all over California from Sonoma to San Diego and raised the American flag without opposition or protest. We tried to find an enemy but could not."

In August, 1846, Bidwell was sent to take charge of the Mission of San Luis Rey, with commission as Alcalde or Magistrate over the larger portion of the country between Los Angeles and San Diego. He occupied this judicial position only a short time, for the Californians south of Monterey revolted against the Americans because, it is said, of the "intolerant and exasperating administration of affairs" by Lieut. A. H. Gilles in Los Angeles. Bidwell fled to San Diego, though when the American forces were reorganized under Commodore Stockton he was made quartermaster with the rank of Major. In December the little army fought the battles of San Gabriel and the Mesa, with which "Flores Revolt," as the insurrection was called, came to an end. From that time on California has been under the sovereign authority of the United States.

When the battalion was disbanded, early in 1847, Bidwell returned to Sutter's Fort. No easy trip, it would seem, for he relates how he had eleven horses which he had to swim, one at a time, across the Straits of Carquinez at Benicia.

For a time he continued as manager of Sutter's business, also acting as surveyor of all the Mexican land grants made by Micheltorena three years earlier. He had in the meantime taken up his residence on a portion of the Farwell grant, about three miles from the present site of Chico, and in which he had acquired an interest.

His splendid home, Rancho Chico, he bought in 1849 from William Dickey, who had received it five years before by a grant from the Mexican authorities. It was a magnificent estate, comprising some twenty thousand acres, which Bidwell increased by later purchases to twenty-five thousand acres. Extending from the foothills of the Sierras to the Sacramento River, over fifteen

miles, within its limits are some of the most fertile and beautiful lands in the world.

James W. Marshall discovered gold in the race of the sawmill he built for Sutter in 1848, but it was Bidwell who carried the news of the discovery to San Francisco. "Time does not permit me to relate," he recorded, "how the same year I discovered gold on the Feather River and worked it; how I made the first weights and scales to weigh the first gold for Sam Brannan; and how Brannan kept the secret as long as he could till the excitement burst out all at once like wildfire." To satisfy himself that all the gold was not at one place, Bidwell camped on the Feather River where the town of Hamilton afterward stood, three miles east of the present town of Biggs, and there washed a few pans of sand obtained from the margin of the stream. Immediately he fitted out an expedition composed of Indians. After prospecting at various places and finding gold everywhere, he located at a place known as Bidwell's Bar, an extensive sand-bar named for him. The bend of the stream was found to be fabulously rich in gold, and the quantities of the precious metal which he and his Indians took away, tradition estimates by the donkey-load.

An inherited love of the soil led him to abandon his mining interests and to settle on Rancho Chico, where he hoped to spend the rest of his life developing agricultural California. But that was not to be. "The years immediately following the discovery of gold were pregnant with vitality and development, both financial and political, and in most of these events he was an active participant."

He was chosen a member of the first Constitutional Convention that met at Monterey in 1849, but was unable to attend. The same year he was elected from the Sacramento District to the first Senate and helped to frame the laws under which California assumed the dignities of Statehood. A year later, Governor Burnett appointed him as one of the commissioners to convey to Washington City a block of gold bearing quartz, California's contribution to the Washington Monument. In 1854 he was one of the vice-presidents of the State Democratic Convention that met at Sacramento, and there he affiliated with the Anti-Broderick faction. He was also vice-president of the Democratic State Convention that met in Sacramento in February, 1860, and was sent by that body as a delegate to the National Convention that met in Charleston, South Carolina, where he voted with the Union Democrats for the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas for Presi-

dent. Three years later Governor Stanford appointed him to command the Fifth Brigade, California Militia, serving till the close of the Civil War. In 1864, as a delegate to the National Convention at Baltimore he helped renominate Abraham Lincoln. The same year he was himself nominated and elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, where his principal services were rendered as Chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture. In 1867 he declined a renomination to Congress to run for Governor of California, but was defeated. In 1875 he was nominated for Governor by the Non-Partisan Anti-Monopoly Party, but meeting with the violent opposition of the railroad forces he was again defeated. For many years he was pronounced in his views against monopolies.

In 1886 he was a delegate to the Anti-Chinese Convention held in Sacramento. He took an active part though he opposed all extreme measures calculated to do injustice to the rights of resident Chinese.

He was the Prohibitionist nominee for Governor in 1890, and two years later, against his protest, he was nominated in the National Prohibition Convention for the President of the United States. He made a dignified campaign, though in poor health, receiving the largest vote ever polled for that party up to that time.

Besides these many other honors and public responsibilities equally great were his. His political sentiments he once expressed:

"My politics are intensely Republican, in the sense of that term as used to bring that party into existence, and its mission to preserve the Union, but I am more than a Republican, I am a Prohibitionist, a Native American, and Anti-Chinese in the sense of wholesome restriction of all foreign immigration, and an Anti-monopolist in the truest sense of the term."

That he practiced prohibition as he preached it is attested by the following story. Some years before, he had set out to make pure wine for communion uses, and had employed an expert wine-maker. After an absence of two years in Washington, he returned home to find himself possessed of over a thousand gallons of the finest wine as well as great quantities of wine of inferior grades. But, too, he found that his wine-maker's circle of friends had considerably widened, and that they visited him frequently during business hours, usually leaving with unsteady steps. Indignant, he sent all of his best wine to a San Francisco hospital

for medicinal uses, converted the rest into vinegar, then dug up and burned all his wine grapes, washing his hands of the whole business.

A distinguished Californian and loyal Republican once said of Bidwell, "General Bidwell was essentially a Republican in politics, though long estranged from the party. There was no honor within the gift of the people which his real and true merit would not have brought him had he allowed himself to consult expediency rather than principle in his personal relations to the party. His devotion to principle and his honesty of purpose; his private life of stainless purity, and his noble example as a devotee to the highest ideals of religion and morality, as well as to the cause of temperance, became household words in many thousands of American homes."

Another friend wrote, "Bidwell was not a man to follow any political party blindly. No man and no party could silence his conscience or control his judgments. He was master of both and held himself responsible only to his God for the results to flow from his conclusions and actions."

Other principles for which the General stood were these: "The money of the country shall consist of gold, silver and paper to be issued by the Government only." "Combination to lock up capital with the view to raise the rate of interest, or reduce the price of labor or commodities should be made illegal, and, as far as possible, impossible." "Changes in our tariff system should of course be made in the light of all interests and our commercial relations with other nations." "Reciprocity can but enlarge and make most flourishing commercial relations." "An income tax can do no injustice, work no oppression." "Other governments have owned and run railroads—America can surely do as much—and even more." "No denominational or sectarian differences should be permitted to enter the American public school house." "Enthrone woman with the ballot."

To again quote his biographer, Marcus Benjamin, "He was a passionate lover of nature in all its varied forms. As early as 1847 he planted fruit trees and vines on his ranch, not hesitating to mount his horse and ride to the Mission of San Luis Rey and return, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles, in order to procure them. His was the first water-power flour mill in that section of the State; his was the first dairy, butter previously being brought by sea. He began the cultivation of wheat and other grains with his first year's ranching. He tested the virtue and

adaptability, through long years of experiment, of every kind and variety of cereal obtainable and freely gave to the public the benefit of his experience. These experiments were frequently made at a great financial cost, but he was ever ready to do his utmost for the public welfare, whether in experimenting with grains or testing agricultural machinery.

"It was not only the practical, but also the beautiful, that he cultivated, and early in the sixties rarest roses, as well as lilies, flowering shrubs, and trees, some of which he imported from China and Japan, were growing in such abundance in his gardens that visitors were allowed to carry away with them baskets full of blossoms of the only cultivated flowers in that section of the State. He also built hot-houses for the propagation of the more delicate varieties of plants, and for many years he had the largest fruit-tree nursery in California, which was so favorably known for its purity of stock as to be patronized by residents in all parts of the State."

Writing of Rancho Chico, Captain John Mullan, U. S. A., said, "By a day's drive we pass through the extensive and rich fields of Major Bidwell, where eleven thousand acres of grain were being thrashed, where his own mill stood ready to convert it into flour, where his own mammoth store furnished hundreds of his employees with all the wants of life; where his own energy was opening, with his own means, a wagon road from the Sacramento River to the Humboldt mines, and where his own purse has already paid out thirty-five thousand dollars and is backed by a willingness to pay as much more in order to open up a new market for the products of so rich a soil as he himself possesses. The center of his large estate is the beautiful village of Chico, where in rural wealth as well as in rural simplicity, live an educated and contented peasantry all more or less supported by the means of this bachelor millionaire, whose residence on the banks of the Sacramento is one of those architectural gems hid away amidst shrubs and trees. May Major Bidwell long live—though bachelor he be—to dispense his bounties to a people who respect him for the liberal and generous manner in which he shares his wealth with those not similarly blest."

For many years he was the chief patron of our State Agricultural Fairs. Many of his addresses on agricultural subjects were reprinted as official documents and clearly show that he was a pioneer in ideas now practiced by the most scientific and practical farmers. His very extensive exhibits were always promptly in

place, and many are the premiums his products have taken. For a long time, with characteristic generosity, he made it a practice to refuse medals and premiums. After his marriage, though, he accepted them for his wife, who had a splendid collection of gold and silver ones taken by Bidwell grain, cattle, fruits, and so on. One beautiful medal was won at the Paris International Exposition of 1878 for the best wheat in the world. But when Bidwell came to feel that the principal feature of these fairs was horse-racing with its concomitant evils, his high sense of morality made him withdraw his moral support and discontinue his exhibits.

His vast estate was divided into no less than twenty subdivisions and on each of these a separate industry was organized. Listed as follows they were: Vineyard Place, Williams Place, fruit orchards; Sulam Place, young orchard; Upper Dump Place, vineyard and orchard; Sheep Ranch; Manzanita Ranch, grain; East Field Ranch, grain and orchard; Dairy Ranch; Drake Ranch, grain and fruit; Bee Ranch, apiary; Nursery; Adobe Ranch, grain and alfalfa; River Ranch, stock, hay, and pasture; Hennery, fowls; Turkey Ranch, turkeys; Mill, flour and feed; Cannery and Packing House; Vinegar Factory; Meat Market; and the Mansion Grounds, including flower gardens, deer park, fruit orchards, and ornamental grounds.

Though shipments of produce were chiefly to local points, consignments were frequently sent as far East as Chicago.

Bidwell was the first white man to explore and one of the first settlers in Butte County to develop a great estate. One hundred and fifty men, on an average, were employed by him, and in the harvest season seven or eight hundred. His payroll amounted to one hundred thousand dollars while his volume of business easily reached seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually.

Until 1860, all the building improvements around Chico were made by General Bidwell. He selected the town site, owning at one time all the lots. He donated to the city the Plaza, the ground for the City Hall, sites for five churches, for the State Normal School, and for a United States Forestry Station. When he laid out the town he presented the ground for wide streets and land for public parks, which he planted with shade trees from his own nurseries. Generously he extended the use of his own magnificent grounds and drives to the public, and as the city grew, the wisdom of its founder was more apparent and appreciated till he was hailed as the "Father of Chico."

He was indeed a public-spirited man in more ways than these. In the early sixties when the policies of the Steam Navigation Company became oppressive, he contributed to the building and running of a steamer on the Sacramento River from Sacramento to Red Bluff. Later when it was necessary to secure one hundred thousand dollars as a subsidy to build a railroad from Colusa to Chico, he subscribed one-tenth of the amount to be raised by the two towns, and this at a time when it had been a hard year with him. Through no fault of his, though, the project was never consummated.

There was never a time when Bidwell considered himself wealthy. He had no passion for being rich. Had acquisitiveness been his ruling passion, he could have accumulated millions. Up to 1867 he incurred no financial obligations, but on going to Washington as a member of Congress he left his business affairs in the hands of other men, and through a combination of unfortunate expenditures and losses his debts began. The "hard times" of the '90s found him laboring under heavy financial obligations. Perhaps he was generous to a fault. Within a short time he had spent fifty thousand dollars on public roads, making and improving them. Besides his many gifts to the public, he helped scores of individuals, to his own financial detriment. It was a great grief to him in his later days that he could not open his purse as lavishly to the many worthy and appealing causes as in the days gone by.

Not until 1868, when he was nearly fifty years old, did he marry Miss Annie Kennedy of Washington, D. C., the daughter of Honorable J. C. G. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Census in 1850 and 1860. She was a woman of poise and charm, and with half an eye a guest of the house could discover the great depth of affection and esteem in which husband and wife held each other.

The "Mansion," the new home to which he brought his bride, occupied a site near the center of the ranch on Chico Creek. Nothing was missing in refinement and good taste to make it attractive, and to it came welcome guests from far and near, of low and high estate. President and Mrs. Hayes, General Sherman, Sir Joseph Hooker and Asa Gray, Joseph LeConte, John Muir, and David Starr Jordan were their close friends. But no less welcome were their protegees from the ranch. "Bidwell's respect for the rights of and his personal regard for the Indians whom he had found in naked savagery when he took possession of Rancho

BIDWELL'S HOME — THE MANSION, RANCHO CHICO

Chico prompted him to give them every care and protection. He removed them to his private grounds. He gave them employment in his orchards and mills, land on which to build their homes, and built their little church, where Mrs. Bidwell conducted devotional services every Sunday morning, leading them in song and prayer."

Marcus Benjamin says, "General Bidwell found the Indians as wild as deer, and left them in happy homes with their own gardens, a number of the older ones fairly well educated, and the children bright pupils in the public schools, some even in the Chico Normal School. Had the United States Government followed a similar policy forty years ago the Indian question would have been easily settled. 'A century of dishonor' would never have been written as a well-merited rebuke on the national treatment of those who preceded us in the occupancy of this country."

Bidwell was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Chico since 1868. He never was a stickler for dogma or creed, but stood on the broad platform of Protestant Christianity, broad-minded, modest, unassuming, humble and benevolent. For nearly twenty years he taught a young men's Bible class in Sunday School, giving much attention to the work, always memorizing carefully the entire lesson of the day. He believed profoundly in the rulings of an all-wise Providence in the affairs of man, and recognized its power and direction of his own life. His was a simple, sincere faith, with no suggestion of cant, deeply inwrought in his life, a most real part of himself.

All his life Bidwell had been a student. He usually spent an hour or two at night and the hours from four to six in the morning in study. He was especially fond of botany and astronomy and passionately interested in surveying. Though he had to abandon most of his possessions, he brought his Burritt's "Astronomy and Celestial Atlas" across the plains in 1841. His constant custom was to memorize the sayings of the wise and good.

An early member of the Society of California Pioneers, Bidwell was a Vice-President of that organization in 1854. The Old Settlers' Association honored him as their President, while the University of California, of which he was a Regent, conferred on him in 1865 the honorary degree of Master of Arts. His is the first name on the roll of their graduates. Until a short time before his death he was one of the Board of Trustees of the State Normal School.

Even in his old age the bearing of John Bidwell was that of a soldier. His carriage was erect and his manner commanding. He

stood full six feet in height and had wonderful endurance. His chief forms of exercise were riding and walking. At laying out and improving mountain roads he was an expert, and at this, his favorite occupation, death overtook him April 4, 1900.

Many tributes were paid him by individuals as well as local and national organizations. One of the loveliest was the memorial gift of Mrs. Bidwell to the city of Chico of nineteen hundred acres on Chico Creek. It has been described as "one of the grandest of California's natural parks, and the most magnificent natural park owned by any city in this State, if not in the United States."

And what could be more fitting than the act of the Board of Trustees of the city of Chico, who resolved that "as a perpetual monument to the memory of General John Bidwell, we recommend that the seal of this city be changed from its present form and design by inserting his portrait in the center thereof, together with his name, and making his name and portrait a part thereof, that thereby hereafter every official act of this city bearing its common seal shall be a reminder to us of our late departed founder and distinguished neighbor and friend."

Gold Medal Awarded General John Bidwell
at the Paris Exposition in 1878

Vol. III No. 2

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE
Editor

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Assistant Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
JUNE 30, 1926

OFFICERS

OF THE

Society of California Pioneers

FROM JULY, 1925 TO JULY, 1926

President

CHARLES S. CUSHING

Vice-Presidents

Dr. Joseph A. Oliver ..... San Francisco
James K. Moffitt ..... San Francisco
R. R. Russ ..... San Francisco
William T. Hale ..... San Francisco
Jules Auradou ..... Healdsburg

Treasurer

CHARLES J. DEERING

Secretary and Historian

HENRY L. BYRNE

Marshal

J. H. P. GEDGE

Directors

JAMES P. TAYLOR
J. H. SKINNER
JOHN J. LERMEN
O. P. STIDGER
E. A. DOUTHITT*
E. G. GEARY
H. L. VAN WINKLE
DR. G. N. VAN ORDEN
F. de P. TELLER

---

*Vice W. I. Sterett, deceased.

QUARTERLY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

CONTENTS

PAGE

The KING'S ORPHAN'S manuscript 56

Illustrations by the author.

FOREWORD

Several early Californians, Bidwell, Sutter, and others have mentioned the visit in 1842-3 of an educated Swedish gentleman known as Dr. Sandels (G. M. Waseurtz af Sandels), who lived in Brazil, lost a fortune in mining operations in Mexico, and who declared that there was gold in the region of New Helvetia. The recollection of his trip was vague, and but for the mention of gold would probably have been forgotten.

Sometime before the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, Sandels, evidently far gone in consumption, called on Col. T. B. Thorpe, a journalist in New Orleans, saying that he was, in his own country, one of the "King's Orphans". That is, he had been educated at a government institution, one of whose requirements was that the pupil, after receiving his education should travel in foreign lands, record his impressions and send the manuscript to the institution's archives. The manuscript, however, remained in the hands of Col. Thorpe, and later was given to the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California after being arranged in a scrap-book by Samuel C. Upham.

It is a narrative of the author's voyage from Acapulco to Monterey in September 1842, and of his observations while traveling in California. There is a strong element of fiction in the production, at least in some parts of it, intended apparently to enliven the story rather than to deceive the reader, the names and some of the incidents in his voyage on the "Sante Marie" with "Capt. Hatch" being fictitious. But this does not affect the value of the writer's observations on men and things in California, quaintly humorous observations which without containing anything especially new or important, bear the marks of intelligence and accuracy. In his letter to General Vallejo he described himself as "Physician, mining expert, and naturalist."

Of the chronology of his movements not much is known save that he was in Sonoma in February or March 1843, and in Santa Barbara in April. In September of that year he sailed on the Diamond for Honolulu.

This original manuscript with its delightful pencil and water color sketches, for Sandels was also an artist, is now in the possession of The Society of California Pioneers. A portion of it was published in the San Jose Pioneer in 1878-9, and another portion in a compilation in Upham's "Notes of a voyage to California." Such parts as we are giving here, however, are printed without change or correction, just as Sandels himself translated his story from the Swedish.

THE KING'S ORPHAN'S MANUSCRIPT

Translated from the Swedish by the author,
G. M. Waseurtz af Sandels.

Reccollections of passed events when attempted to communicate to the perception of others are very much like a pile of old paintings which you wish to show to some friends. Often you must assort them, klean them, and brush the dust off them before they can be seen clearly by your friends, although yourself may know all about what they represent at the first glance for having them yet fresh in memory. But with all this brushing over and shaking, my reccollections remain rather in their original rude state. So, my good reader, have you not as myself very good eysight, put on specks and look sharp at the scrawls before you for to see what in all kindness and well meaning is intended to be layed before your perusal. It is reccollections of Travells in California, 1842-3 and what the traveller learned about that country's history and geografic statistics during his travells. May it only and shortly be sayed that I who wrote down this reccollection am a man born near the Arctic Zone, brought up or reared in the cold, lived in the temperate, travelled in the hot, and now wish myself out of them all, being tired of travells and changes. I wish personally for a quiet home, which I doubt much exists anywhere except in the grave or in the other side of it.

[The next few paragraphs of the original manuscript are missing, but in Thorpe's copy of it we have the story of the start from Panama.]

On a pleasant morning in the latter part of July 1842, I found myself standing beside a lot of luggage and coops of poultry, deposited on the beach in the beautiful bay of Panama. I was attracted down to the water's edge by the appearance of a small boat that was plying between the shore and a Mexican brig that was laying in the roadstead at anchor. I knew by these signs that the vessel was about to leave the port and I endeavored to learn its destination. The crew of this little boat, four in number, represented at least as many nations. They were a vagabond looking set of men, the likenesses of real pirates. I asked one where his craft was bound. He uttered a sound which might have been the result of straining to lift a heavy hencoop, but the

pantomine very significantly informed me that he did not know, and his companions looked as if they did not care. Perfectly aware of the ignorance of Mexican sailors and their ill-will to foreigners, I took the liberty of blessing them for their ill manners, and being in no excellent humor myself, said some things, in a language they did not understand, about their nation which were far from complimentary. In the midst of my exclamation, I was interrupted by a voice in my rear, singing out:

"What are you abusing my men for?"

There was good sense and a familiar sound in the question, and I turned to reply to it. Before me stood a sun-burned, weather-beaten man of middling size, dressed in the white linen jacket and trousers of a sailor, while on his head he wore a broad brimmed Panama hat. Both from his question and his appearance, I recognized him as the master of the brig, and I answered his query on general principles, and over courteously. Placing his hands deeply in his side pockets and eying me rather closely, he said,

"My friend, under some circumstances your wind would blow up a small squall, but as you and I messed together when boys, we will shake hands and get better acquainted."

There was a twinkle in his eye that I recognized as familiar, and I need not say that my grasp of his hand extended to an embrace, as I recognized among entire strangers an old schoolmate, familiarly called by the boys, Tom Hatch.

It is unnecessary for me to describe how pleased I was to meet with a friend of my youth, or how rapidly our hearts were knit together by recurrence to early reminiscences and to troubles and adventures of maturer life. Suffice it to say I found Capt. Hatch the same wild and reckless character as a man that had distinguished him as a boy. He had turned his talents from blowing up the schoolmaster and interfering with the produce of well regulated orchards, into a trade which while it met with his highest commendation for its enterprise, continually struck me, as I heard of its particulars, as being very much like smuggling. For the time being, however, Capt. Hatch was in a legitimate trade. His little brig, the Sante Marie, a craft of some two hundred tons burthen, was bound to Upper California by way of Acapulco, and was chartered to take from this last mentioned place a number of soldiers and prisoners to Monterey, and return with an assorted cargo.

The complete failure of the enterprise that brought me to Panama, and some business inducements held out by Capt. Hatch, joined with the desire to see California, caused me without much further persuasion to accept of his generous invitation to take passage in his brig for that country.

The every day incidents of passing life are stranger than fiction. The career of the child of fortune is diversified by adventures that often rival the kaleidoscope in the unexpected character of the changes. I could scarcely realize, as I stood upon the deck of the Sante Marie, that my face was turned far away from my native land, and that my absence from friends and family and familiar scenes was to be continued indefinitely, my own wishes ungratified, my hopes disappointed. Yet, so it was, the hasty decision of a moment of despondency altering for years the whole course of my existence, introducing me to new and strange associations, and presenting scenes of life of which I had no previous conception. However the bustling sounds of getting under weigh enliven the heart of the passenger, who, let him be leaving what place he may, has some tendrils to be broken. But the "Yo, cheerily, men" and the eternal "Aye, Aye, Sir" from the sailors, joined with the constantly increasing motion of the craft have a cheering effect. Amid these sounds of life the past is forgotten and the future, all brightness, alone occupies the imagination.

In less than a fortnight after leaving Panama the Sante Marie was snugly anchored in the picturesque harbor of Acapulco. For my own part I had no curiosity to go ashore. I was satisfied to look at the town in the starlight, speculate upon the inmates of the homes where moving lights flickered from the windows, or people with my own fancies the pleasant homes I saw nestled among the trees.

At break of day there were signs that something unusual was about to take place on shore. Soon several boats came along side carrying luggage and military stores. All morning the boats were plying between the shore and our brig, and it was not until the whole of the stores were snugly on board that I saw winding down the hill from the fortress of Acapulco, Don Bustamenta and his tatterdemalions, about a dozen "volunteers" strongly guarded, to keep them from running away. They were preceded by a driver and a musician playing on a reed, a kind of music I had never heard before. This was certainly picturesque, but not very

military. The "volunteers" were forced into the boats amid the tears and lamentations of a number of ragged half breed Indian women who beat their breasts, and tore their hair in a most threatening manner. Arriving at the brig, the poor wretches with much difficulty clambered up the sides of the vessel, calling upon all Christian and heathen saints to protect them. When on board, they crouched about on the decks and in out-of-the-way places and bore the same animated expression of countenance that innocent men may be supposed to wear when sentenced to be hung without chance of reprieve. Soon after amid blows, kicks, and cuffs, five miserable wretches were driven into the boat. Prisoners they were, though only inferior to the "volunteers" in the badges they wore.

As they were tumbled over the side of the vessel, clothed in rags and loaded with chains, I was struck with the superior intelligence of their faces, in spite of their degraded condition, and was told by my captain that they were probably prisoners in consequence of crimes committed against the state. Driven like dumb beasts, the poor creatures huddled together forming a picture of wretchedness I had never seen equalled, and I repented the necessity that compelled me to witness such misery without the power of relieving it. Among them was one whom I particularly noticed, both from his melancholy expression and the singularly harsh treatment he had received.

[From here on we read in Sandels' own cramped but legible hand, the rest of the story of Linda, and of his Pacific coast travels.]

He was loaded with heavy chains both on hands and feet and an iron collar round his bare neck. His garment was torn in many places and half concealed wounds gastyly protruded from beneath the rags. A sabre cut crossed his fine high and open brow, which was knit in despair and sorrow. He gazed with deep intent toward the shore and all of a sudden started up rattling his load of iron as if it had been a holy day's dress, cryed out, "Linda, Linda, my soul, my heart, you came at last!"

We all turned to look in the direction he did, and soon saw a beautiful woman struggling on the beach between several men of the customs and coast gards, who would prevent her from embarking in the boat of the packet for joining him who possessed her heart, her existence, for whom she lived and seemed ready to dy. They turned her off twice, they treated her roughly. Then the poor prisoner shook his chained fists violently, threatening them with wanton words to take bloody revenge on any man who

touched his beloved. Said he, "Not yet are the blood stains washed off this ragged shirt, that yesterday ran in the cursed veins of one of you dastardly cowards who now dare to lift your hands against an unprotected woman. Come here, I'll sing you to the music of this iron harp, the death song which will ring in your ears forever."

I knew now the young man to be the unfortunate husband of the woman ashore. I and all the others tried all our persuasion to allow the unhappy but brave wife to come and join her husband, but her guardian was present on shore and seemed to have more to say with government officers even than the captain of the packet, whose noble heart did beat in compassion for the unfortunate outlaw. At last the girl seemed to be overpowered, and the boat left the shore without her.

O! the despair, the wild cry of grief the husband gave, answered by that of whom he loved. She stood as a most beautiful image of distress crossing her arms over her full heaving bosom, tears at last rolling over her transparent Indian skin like the most brilliant diamonds. She apparently seemed to be resigned and broken hearted, but not so. An instant after she snatched the carbine out of the hand of the next coast gard, and made a most tremendous leap toward a pointed rock standing apart out of the frothy surf. The sun as if in divine consent cast a heavenly beam between her and her pursuer, relieving her figure in a most magic light dazzling all who stood against it, and bore her image on the sight of all on board as some supernatural spirit. Several seconds did she balance her beautiful form to and fro as in recovering her position erect on the kliff, and then at last raising the carbine to her shoulders and aiming, declared in a firm and resolute voice, "Who so ever dare come on and prevent me from my purpouse, he will be a dead man."

A murmur of a thousand voices in admiration and wonder ran along the rocky beach of Lower Mazatlan, reechoing on the other shore and amongst our company aboard. Several of us volunteered to go in the boat and take her on board, but so soon as the boat was lowered a small culverine from the Redoute, or fort, on shore was pointed toward us. Rumors had got afloat that the prisoners had mutinied and were coming ashore. A custom house boat manned with eight oarsmen and ten soldiers laid themselfs between the surf and the kliff where the amazon woman stood. Her scarf and her long shawl floated on the eve-

ning breese which lifted the white crested waves higher and higher till but a few inches remained on the topp of the reef for her to rest on. They tried persuasion, threats, but all in vain. She stood there firm as the very rock she had fled to for support. Now silence prevailed. The boat neared more and more, borne high and low on the encroaching tide and surf. A man in the bow holding a small coil of rope in his right hand and leaning on a spare ankor, intent as to spring with the next wave on the kliff, but now his cowardly heart did prevent him, for he treacherously threw the lasso noose toward the poor woman as he would have towards a wild beast.

At the same instant we perceived a flash from the carbine of the girl. The sharp report soon reached our ears. The man fell back with a groan in the boat and with the next billow of the now furious sea, the boat whirled around, upset, and all its dastardly crew were engulfed in the agitated deep.

The sun set, the black clouds screened the heavens, and the last glimpse of light from its heavenly orb cast a kiss toward the courageous amazon. It became darkness on the water, and the land from time to time relieved but momentarily by those flashes of lightning which are not to be seen anywhere but in the tropics. The thunder rolled as in threatening murmur over this interesting scene. By one of our flashes we perceived the girl with her fluttering garments and loosened hair on the gloomy surface of the deep, two naked arms and a head stretching up from the waves. Next moment nothing could be seen. Again the lightning blew over the horizon. A man arose on the kliff and the girl with a shrill shriek was borne far out by the angry surf. The poor prisoner husband nearly threw himself overboard, only prevented by our men, when he cried with a most piercing voice, like the war whoop of an Indian, "O! my Linda, my Linda, the sharks, the sharks will kill her."

All the eys of everyone now were bent on the white foaming surf to see if no object was visible over its crest. But alas the next flash of lightning showed only the watery furrow and the crested billow. Night, silence, and sorrow between thunder and storms seemed only to walk arm in arm over the abyss below. All lanterns and lights which the vessel could muster were hung out, but they only reflected on the gastly faces round the railing. Few eys were dry, even the most hardened of Neptune's sons shed tears over the watery grave of the loving, the lamented brave

woman who so undeservingly seemed having perished under our eys.

For God nothing is impossible. His will be done in Heaven as on Earth. His Almighty arm governs the universe as the marines his bark. So spoke my inner faith, trust and hope to the Almighty. My eys still lingered on the darkness of night and storm to watch anxiously for every flash of lightning which threw over the black cloud sudden reccollections and started hope.

A sudden sound against the side of the vessel like a spar rocking against the plank started all to their feet. The fearful tiding flew round of the vessel striking on some old wreck. All sprang to the side, where by the lightning flash, we saw the poor girl supported by a long oar floating on the high threatening wave. Several ropes were now cast out for her relief, and as a most miraculous chance the only one she caught was that which was dropped by her husband from a belaying pin overboard. She struggled yet and was knocked severely against the vessel, but at last she was hauled close, and klimed as a squirrel up the side. There the loudest cheer I ever heard in my life started amongst us all, and a wide circle was formed around the interesting pair.

O! how precious was this moment's view of the released from peril and death. She reeled in her drooping garments which fell tight round her beautiful form and fell almost dead in her husband's arms, exhausted and faint. But this was only for a few moments. She recovered instantly and turned round and sought the Captain with her piercing black eys as if in quest of the spirit who had supported her and for a moment left her. So soon as her eys met those of the Captain she took two steps forward holding her husband with one hand and lifting the other on high, solemnly declared that only the assistance of God had saved her and restored her to him for whom the source of all love had destined her for life and death as a companion.

"Old Sir," she sayed to the Captain, "If you are a husband, or if you have a daughter at home, for the love you bear them, protect them as God have done. He have given you the example, and you have not the heart to deny me this boon."

A deep silence succeeded this beautiful and tender apeal, and at last the venerable captain uncovering his bald head drew a deep sigh as if drawing in breath for to utter his reply, his large blue eys full to the lashes with tears. "As God have protected you, and do so yet, you need not mine, but what stands in my power

to execute the will of God shall be done. Ho! there, all hands to the windlass! Heave away!"

After some very hard and cold weather, scarcity of provisions and water, we arrived in Monterey of California in the beginning of September. Having got quit of our troops and passengers, we proceeded to Santa Cruz, a day's sail from said port to take in lumber for the government. This place was formerly a very well regulated mission where considerable agricultural and cattle farming pursuits went on, but is now in ruins. Situated near a most splendid forest of Redwood, it has become of late years a productive place of lumber and timber. There is here a most violent surf which makes the access to the beach very unsafe some parts of the year. I made here several excursions, collected seeds and plants and inspected the geological formation of the adjacent country, which with exception of the fertile land near the sea is light and sandy, covered with bushes and trees, some very large. One I measured to be 313 feet high and 17 in diameter.

I took also several sketches of the shore and the ruined Mission and returned now to Monterey, the port of entry of this Colonial part of Mexico. I must say something about its situation. A fine but rather open bay runs like a basin in toward east northeast. Some rocks stretch themselfs out at the opening and break the southwest winds. This semicircular recess can harbor safely and at a good ankorage 300 yards from shore any vessels and a great number. A gentle rising ground falls back toward the roling hills some miles back, all clothed with evergreen pinewood. At the bottom of the bay lays the small town of Monterey, not yet grown out of its quilts. The streets are not very straight, neither well regulated, but neat and airy and present a very pretty appearance from the harbor. The custom house is the first house situated in a small cove and on a natural peer, very easy of access. Farther down lays a small redoute with a few cannon and a gardhouse. The town has a government house recently built and a few private, very neat buildings. The rest are huts of mud and spars. The climate is delightfully cool and refreshing with exception of some very annoying fogs and hazy weather, and is all the year round a very pleasant temperature. The inhabitants, both Creoles and foreigners, are a very kind, hospitable and merry sort of beings.

I was fortunate in securing a room that overlooked the harbor and the shipping. My landlady was a bustling little creature, and had a voice as musical as a nightingale and a step as light as her

gay heart could make it. My time passed pleasantly in observing the people of the town and visiting Capt. Hatch in his brig, he refusing all my entreaties to quarter with me while he delayed his departure from the Bay of Monterey.

The rumor got abroad that I was a Medico (my botanizing and mineralizing) and the calls made upon me were very numerous. I know as much about medicine as many regulars I have met with, yet did not feel much confidence in my skill and chemistry. I had studied the Materia Medica and chemistry by reading physicians prescriptions and digesting them in my stomach. I could look grave and wanted business, so I floated with the tide and became a doctor. I had layed down some broad principles of practice to start with. One was to charge well, and the other, never to prescribe anything that was not disagreeable to take. Herein were included the great leading principles of my practice. The horse I got was better suited for my patients than myself. He had a break neck and dislocated bone sort of look and manner truly apealing. But he was a proud creature and turned up his heels against better horses with a pertinacity truly professional. I carried a pair of saddle bags, and as I had no calomel, I occupied the places with a lancet, a piece of lead ore, some ochre, and other things. This equipment was surely of grandeur. I carried the hydropathic system into California. Priessnitz is indebted to me for carrying his practice to the Pacific.

My first patient was an interesting old man near seventy, with a flowing beard and venerable appearance. I must confess my heart failed me somewhat as I encountered the old sufferer's apeal to me with his sunken eyes and wasted hands. He was suffering with a fever, seemed restless and careworn. I prescribed boldly a cold water bath. How it happened I know not, but the good effects of the treatment were wonderful. It allayed the patient's restlessness, and he soon after fell asleep. A judicious administration of herb tea, and much faith in my power in the healing art, and rest, restored the old man from what was understood to be a serious sickness. I had the thanks of the venerable Padre Alviso, head of the Santa Clara Mission for my reward and a reputation established as a skillfull doctor.

My Signora was in ecstacies. She spent full half her time in visiting among the Creoles of the town, so proud was she of having me in her house, and of my growing reputation. A serious demand for medical skill became the fashion and I was sent for whether it was necessary or not. I continued my pre-

scription of cold or hot baths, administering a cold one when a hot one was preferred and doing all the things to make my simple remedies as disagreeable as possible to my patients. The rapid changes I produced on some children was truly astonishing. There was an excitement to this that seemed to occupy my mind, let me into the humors and habits of the people, and also the substantial gain of Mexican dollars, for I will do my patients the credit of being prompt in whatever they intended to pay me for my services.

Nor did I lack for excitement, the people of Monterey are a light-hearted set, and disposed to be continually celebrating some important event by fandangoes and other gatherings.

Upper California is a Colonial State belonging to the Mexican Republic. Situated west from the United States beyond the Rocky and other mountain ranges, bordered on the south by Sonora, the Gulf and the Lower California, on the north by Indian Territory and half of Oregon, on the west by the Pacific Ocean. The extent of the country is 600 miles from north to south, and 300 from east to west. The superfices are more or less 470 or 480,000 square miles, twice as large as Great Britain, or so large as 9 or 10 times the State of Ohio. Nature seems to have divided it in two great sections by the ranges of mountain chains. The California Mountains, the Cordilleras, and the Klamet Mountains constitute these boundaries. The California Mountains together with the Cordilleras are nearer the coast. The Cordilleras are of extraordinary altitude. Many elevated peaks are from 10 to 20,000 feet above the level of the sea and are seen at a very far distance.

The principal and most commanding ports in the large bays are those of San Francisco, most northern, Monterey, and that of San Diego in the south. The mouth of the Colorado River is also a port or accessible place.

The higher mountains are destitute of vegetation except some stunted trees and shrubs. The rolling hills and the valleys are endowed with the richest soil in the western section varying from a rich alluvial to a deep black vegetable loam on a strata of sand, gravel and clay and trap-rock. The hills are of more loose and gravelly soil. Some of the less elevated and intermediate mountains consist of Basalt, slate and marble. Gypsum and a white clay lime is generally also found on the second altitude of mountain ranges. In the plains is a deep brown vegetable earth with sub-strata of gravel, sand and clay. The minerals which exist

throughout the country are gold, silver, lead, oxide of iron, manganese and copper, the first three much more general.

Another division of California might be layed down and be named the more or less cultivated and cattle farmed country settled by emigrants from Spain, Mexico, United States and other countrys, and the Indian wild country. The first limits itself generally to the neighborhood of the Pacific sea coast and the plains, ravines behind and intermediate of the lower mountain ranges, and the latter farther back, part of which is called Tulares, a flat country intersected by lakes and swamps situated as a valley of 500 miles continuation from north to south. The climate is equal and healthy. The mean temperature is 61 fahrenheit, spring 66, summer 70, autumn 67, winter 61.

Productions are of a numerous variety from the most useful and handsome timber of the forest to the wild grown and cultivated products of the temperate zone. Wheat, rye, oats, barley, beans, peas, hemp, flax, tobacco, coffee, sugar cane, grapes. Vegetables of all description can be raised two or three times a year. Of fruit trees there are apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, oranges and more tropical fruits in the south section of the country. The cactus is there seen frequently. Wormwood and wild mustard abound as weeds. The oaks grow wild and the cultivated thrive to an enormous hight. Wheat crops I have seen sown in the fall and early next year yield 114 bushels to an acre. It is ascertained at the Mission St. Joseph that 120 bushel was the yield and the spontaneous crop the next year was 60. Clover and other grasses are extraordinarilly fine and productive. The Indian flax extends itself over a very vast part of the country. The wheat of Taos bears six distinct heads.

The principal part of the finest range of sea coast is used by its inhabitants for grazing horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Their ways of herding their stocks are very peculiar and always performed on horseback, mostly by Christian Indians, disbanded soldiers or emigrated Mexicans.

The first discoverers of California were the Spaniards who sent regular discovery vessels on the Pacific coast. The three principal ports they called San Diego, the second Monterey, and the most northern San Francisco. When some years afterward they revisited the coast they found all the other places but the beautiful Bay of Monterey they did not find owing to unaccountable mistakes in their directions, because the bay forms an open

half circle toward the sea with a great many prominent land marks.

At the head of the Missions in Northern California was Father Serra a most zealous, mild and persevering eclesiastic, a pattern of his Order for good qualitys and piety. He established several mission stations in the south section of the country, but his greatest wish seems to have been bent toward the north, San Francisco Bay and the yet not rediscovered Bay of Monterey. A superstitious awe was thrown over the mariners owing to some saying it was as a curse that the bay could not be found as the discoverer did not plant the holy symble of his faith there together with the flag of his country.

Father Serra dispatched a vessel with provisions and necessary stores for the Mission and himself with a small party travelled over land from San Diego. A beautiful season prompted his undertaking although himself wounded in one of his feet.

The mariners sought forward and backward for the described half circular bay, but either from the heavy fog or from false directions they did only discover rockbound coast and high mountainous country ashore without any harbor and very heavy swell and surf. A sudden wind rose up the same morning they were just going to leave the coast for to return to San Diego, when the dense fog suddenly arose, and to their astonishment and delight they found themselfs embraced in a semi-circular bay surrounded with beautiful timber and green hills, and on a small rising plain beautifully studded with shady trees they saw the Holy emblem of their religion. dressed in Holy day splendor radiating in the first beam of the morning sun. At its feet prostrated on his knees with outstretched arms in holy prayer was Father Serra surrounded with heathens and a few Christians. His words could be heard on board, so near was the vessel to the roling billows of the beach which seemed to sigh low on purpouse not to disturb the holy peace.

A Mission station and a small garrison were soon established here and prospered uncommonly and rapidly. The Missionarys brought a few cattle and horses with them and it is astonishing how rapidly they increased, because in a letter from the Mission only 30 or 40 years after their establishment it is mentioned of 10,000 head in certain districts.

Monterey became also a noted port of commerce with those products which could be raised in the country and exchanged with the Indians. Many years passed over Monterey and the country

of which this small town was considered the capital. The Mexicans frequently sent despots as governors and deprived the priests of the Missions, and the Indians dispersed.

In the autumn of 1843 on a fine November day I was taking my accustomary walk along the sea shore. In proceeding toward the beach near the custom house I perceived gathered a great concourse of people. They were all anxiously looking to the offing of the Bay and I was curious to know what could be the cause of their attention. I walked up to the crowd and casting at the same time my eyes toward the common view of interest, I saw in the distance a large vessel boarding another. I inquired of some bystanders what they thought could be the nature of the reason of the proceeding. Mr. Watson, an English merchant in the place said that a trading vessel had just left port for her intended voyage to Mexico and Peru and must have met with some accident, and some whale ship opportunely hove in sight which helped her out of her distress. It seemed more so confirmed when both vessels came in toward the port, the trading vessel in tow. But soon followed two other large vessels on the same track and on closer examination all turned out to be vessels of war, bearing the Star Spangled Banner. They came up the bay with a fresh breese most gallant and with seamanship worthy of the best fleet in the world. The scene was grand and beautiful. The people thought it might be a discovery squadron. All rounded handsomely, the boatswain's pipe and the officer's speaking trumpet sounded loud preparing for to dropp their ankor, but no salute nor any other sign of movement was perceived to the Frigate United States which was the Flagship. Of a sudden she took her station just opposite within gunshot distance from the fort, cleared all for action and a considerable force of armed Marines with their musquets bristling in the sun ready to the strife, as also the gunner with his lighted matches. As no force was within the small fort, no movement was perceived there for any resistance and after a few minutes a ship's boat well armed headed by Capt. Armstrong landed on the beach. He drew up his men of which instantly the greatest part took the direction of the fort under the command of Capt. Stribling.

Capt. Armstrong inquired then with a friendly salute of the crowd if any belonging to the local government was present. The Captain of the post, a smart young man stept forward and seems to have been the only one who acknowledged himself being of that cast, and also the administrator of the custom house, a Mexican

officer. The commander of the United States forces addressed a few words to them through an interpreter and gave them to understand that as the Mexican government had threatened with sudden attack of war on the United States, that without further declaration the United States Squadron of the Pacific had resolved to anticipate their intention by invading California, this part and all the country; and handing over Commodore Jones' Proclamation which was translated in Spanish explaining further all reasons for this act and gave the only conditions for the troops and inhabitants of Monterey and other places of immediate surrender or to stand the chance of being invaded by force of arms.

Some parley of short duration took place in which the present officer referred the Commander to treat with the Governor Alvarado and the higher officers of the local Government, but after some minutes none was found. All had quickly absconded surely reccollecting the acts and the outrage committed against foreigners in 1836, and thought better not to expose their carcases to any chance of shackles. In the meantime the commandant of the fort, a stout man very humbly and reluctantly with the Commissary General signed a temporary capitulation for to prevent any misfortune of hostilitys in the town, but before all this parley was concluded the eager sailors had already crawled over the ramparts of the fort. The Mexican half dozen soldiers scampered off except the old California militia man. He remained embracing the flagstaff and contrived to run up the flag line in a ketched noose so as to fasten it to the staff above, cut the line below, and stood sullen awaiting his and his country's faite. But so soon as the capitulation was signed, a nimble middy ran as a weasel up and unfastened the Mexican flag, rigged the line, and under a thundering salute and the national song from the brass band of the United States Ship of War, soon floated on the fresh breese, the Star Spangled Banner in all its glory over the California shores. The Americans established themselfs at the fort with due precautions, and only the next day took formal possession of the town.

The poor Californians and especially the fair sex did not submitt with the ease and will which was expected. They showed a sullen silence of despair and readiness for reaction, not brooking the insult having occurred to the lowering of their national banner. Their several outbursts of indignation and regret were both melancholy and pityfull to behold. Ladies tearing off their hair, men wringing their hands muttering and swearing, the priests

leading to the church processions for calling on the saints for intercession.

However their distress was not to be of long duration because soon communications through documents and official papers gave to know that the Mexican Government had retracted all their threats against the United States, and peace was established. This obliged Commander Jones to restore the Californians their flag and their country. I am aware that the act of invasion have been severely censured both by Mexicans and even by people of the United States, and that Commander Jones, the brave and humane upright naval leader of the United States forces who took all blame on himself, became suspended. But as an eywitness I must confess that I can but reccollect of this interesting act of just retribution as admirably conducted both as conqueror and of releaser of the order. The sparing of unnecessary bravado and the endeavor of reconciliation on the part of the United States Squadron rings in my memory as the echo of the most clear notes of the mountain bugle calling on the still evening to repose and enjoyment.

The day of departure being set for Capt. Hatch, I determined to give him a dinner ashore before his departure as a small compliment for his many attentions to me. I had a long conversation with my Signora about the matter, and she promised as a great favor to get up something in the American style for the occasion, which meant that the town of Monterey was to be honored with a piece of roast beef. I attended with great solicitude the butchery. Watched the lassoing of the steer, saw it shockingly murdered, having its throat bungingly cut, then skinned and cut up. It would seem a small affair at first sight to get a piece of beef of any size, but you will learn to the contrary if you will go to a Spanish or Mexican butcher. He knows nothing about side pieces, or plate pieces, or quarters. He goes for stripping the meat off of the bones just as he does the skin by cutting and tearing it into shreds and patches. I succeeded, however, in accomplishing my object to some extent and got a chunk. I shall never forget the Signora's expression as I brought it into the house and asked to have it roasted whole. The request to fricasee a live ox would not equal it. She promised faithfully to do it, rolling up her eys and apealing as an evidence of her sincerity to her patron saint. It was with no little pride I informed Capt. Hatch of the prospective roast beef, and what other trimmings were within reach. A little wine manufactured probably in or about Boston

costing a most enormous price was set aside for a desert. The soup came on first, and such soup! Pieces of fat and lean floating about in luke warm water, that was about as clear and limpid as when taken from the spring. In fact it was remarkably clean water all things considered. Hatch dabbled in the mess with a droll ey and said I might as well attempt to have codfish and potatoes in Monterey as real bonifide soup. Next came the beef. Alas for the roast! There it lay on the plate resembling more a pile of sausages! The cook had slashed it into strips behind his mistress' back, and Signora, grave with concern, begged pardon for the mishap, yet evidently not surprised. I was satisfied ever afterwards to eat frijoles and everything else California fashion. However the mistakes of the landlady, a great apetite to be assuaged, made the dinner pass off pleasantly. I shook hands with the Captain and long before I was up the next morning, he and the good brig Sante Marie were breasting the ocean waves toward San Diego.

I forgot to mention in my former sheet some reccollections on the state of education of children at Monterey. One of the few acts of real use and great benefit Mr. Castro effected was to have brought with him from Mexico two good school masters for teaching the elementary studies of young men and children. They established a nice national school. A Frenchman, Mr. Camburton, taught drawing and typografic, there being there a small printing press. The schollars had advanced considerably in the first year, but owing to the disarrangement in government finances, the masters' salary and school expenses had come out of sorts, and the young masters discouraged, and had not the lively interest as before in the establishment. Some of the foreigners and few Californians send their children to the Sandwich Islands to be educated. Amongst others was the son of my friend Capt. Cooper, John; David Spence and Watson Larkin. I knew all these little youngsters and shall presently speak more of them when speaking of the Sandwich Islands.

The country between Monterey and San Francisco offers a variety of level ground with distant ridge of mountains. The town of San Jose near the Mission of Santa Clara and eight leagues from that of San Jose, is very well situated on a small streamlet in the midst of a most fertile trade of the country, but peopled with a most lazy and dissipated race of men I have for a long time met with. A lady widow of Santa Clara owns a farm

between the Mission and San Francisco, the best I have seen both for soil and situation. It is called Los Pulgas.

On the farm in the vicinity of the Pueblo of San Jose are plenty of Oak and fresh water for tanning. Lime is somewhat distant, but of no real moment. There are several places between this place and Monterey which would answer very well. I do not contend that tanning and improved soap-boiling and candle making will be the most profitable business in California. They stand the best chance of all to do so. It would pay I am in no doubt. I have looked out for particular suitable places for this trade on a large scale.

Yerba Buena, the harbor now forming into a village on the southwest side of San Francisco Bay is well suited for the discharge of vessels of all description. This, as many other places near the sea of California, labors under one great defect which is want of fresh river water. The water of the wells is rather brackish so vessels generally go for watering on the northside on a small farm belonging to Mr. Richardson, called Sausalito. Was it not for the more immediate despatch overland to the more populated farming country toward the south, a better situation for a port village might be found on this side, and no doubt will be also one in time when farming and population have grown up enough for supporting it.

I proceeded now to San Gabriel which is an old Mission not far from the Bay and at present nearly destroyed. I passed Vallejo farm and Petaluma, beautifully situated on a commanding eminence with fertile land around. A kreek communicates with the bay a distance of three miles. I arrived at the military station and Missions of St. Solano or Sonoma. Vallejo, a colonel in the Mexican army and native of California, resides here as Commandant of the Indian frontier. At his command is a small cavalry militia which range the country all about for to keep the Indians in check. At my arrival the Commandant Vallejo was ill in bed and in need of my assistance.

He is fine looking, rather inclined to corpulency, but his martial interesting face prepossesses his visitor rather in his favor. He bears a caracter among foreigners of a very haughty man and lately not very punctual at his payments of effects he has taken on account for the army soldiers under his command. As for me I found him a very superior California Creole, both in sense and self education in manners and science and art. That he stands far beyond any of his own country men in different talents and

attainments and has raised himself from a seller of fish which he and his brother caught in Monterey Bay to support himself and a poor mother and family. He has massed a good deal of property during his stay on the frontier as commandant. They accuse him that he made free with the property of the Mission which during his government came under his management for the raising of troops for protecting this Indian frontier. That may be, but certainly he has accomplished to a great pitch this great object, because in all California there is not such an order, such a strict police and so good protection from the Indians.

The same day arrived an expedition on its return which was headed against the Indians by the Commandant's brother, Salvador. The proceedings of this expedition, as many previous, was stamped with cruelty and wanton bloodshed. A small tribe of inhabitants of a reduced island in one of the deeper bays at the north from Sonoma had been reported to threaten the settlers, to take some cattle away from them. The Californians looked with pleasure on this pretext for marching against them. With armed men, very brave when not finding any resistance save but from harmless women and decrepit men who remained alone home at their small peacable island. The male population were all absent for fishing and gathering roots for their subsistance. The Creoles fell on the defenseless and killed a great many young males and old men, taking prisoners the women. I saw them just arrived. They were one of the best set of Indian females I have yet seen. They had also some children with them. However we must not always take to one side about conclusions. As for the cruel expedition against the poor Indians, I am far from approving of or overseeing, but by my experience it is a matter, I am sorry to say, that often the settlers near the Indian country provoke hostilitys by wantonly exercising crueltys and pressing labor out of the Indians without paying them for it. They sometimes become hostile and retaliate. Their retaliation is viewed by the Creoles for aggression and they are then obliged to resort to the military authoritys who execute the order given upon reports of this deed of aggression. They must be quick in striking the first decisive blow, else they would be easily overpowered should time be allowed the Indians to gather in mass. The bad system of allowing the commander and officers to receive as remunerations for their expeditions, the prisoners who fall into their hands, and the want of manual labor at several farms, makes these gents kick

up expeditions on speculation, for the purpouse to get Indians at hand.

The Indians which I saw coming in from this expedition were for the most part females and children. Although naked, dejected and unhappy, they bore up with a kind of listless stoicism their bondage. The Indians who in a body had accompanied the expedition danced and sang in the evening celebrating their victories with number of savage enjoyments of their own fancy. The figures of their war dance is very few and little variated. They sing very monotonously, they paint very coarsely and there is very little grace in all their doings of this kind.

The Commandant has built a tolerable house for himself and a wing building of four storys high he wants for a study and a laboratory. It is out of proportion and not ready. Mr. Lees has built a large comfortable house there, also many others. They have planted vines here, but they seem to thrive badly. Wheat, beans, maiz, and fruit trees are agricultural articles which produce considerably, also live stock especially horses that are of a superior race. I visited the hot springs in the neighborhood. They consist of sulphate of iron and lime. The situation although very good, could, in my opinion, have been placed at more advantage on the higher rising ground near the kreek. Mr. Thomson has erected a water-mill for grinding flour there, but owing to an ignorant engineer the machinery, simple as it is, has not been brought to bear to the point.

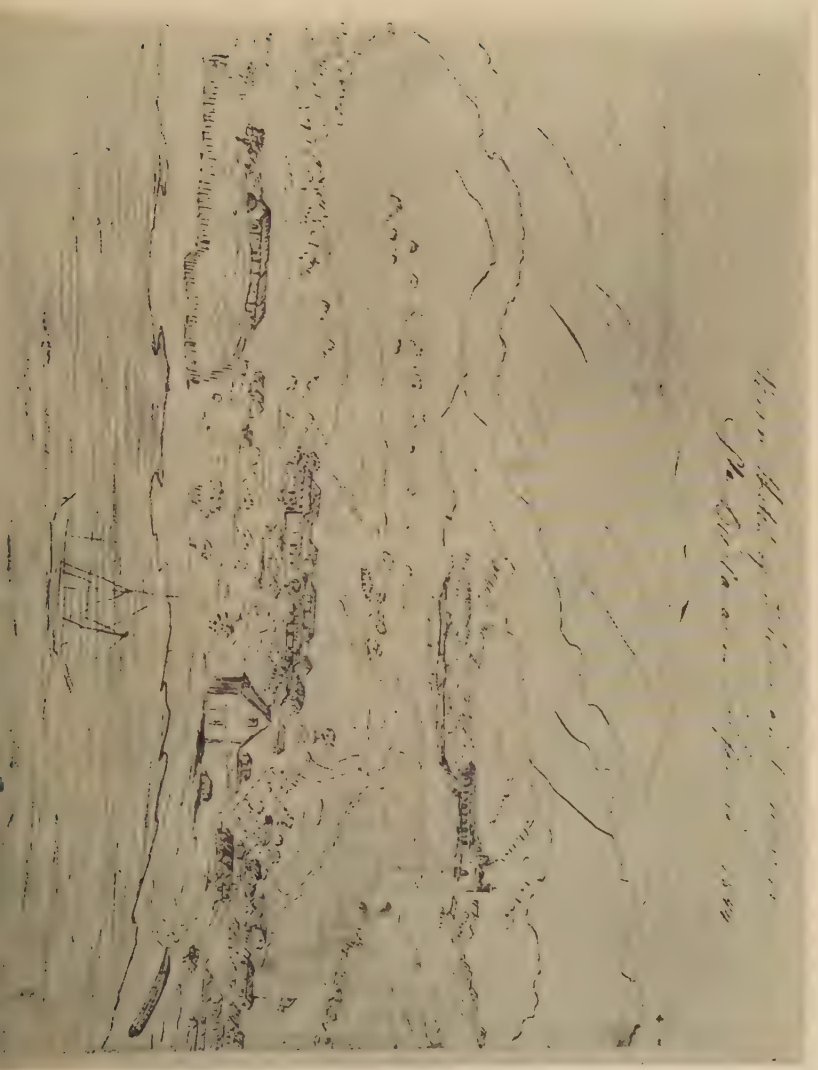
After some days visite the Commander got quite over his complaint and I started from Sonoma visiting some few parts of the splendid bay and embarked at Yerba Buena for Monterey in the Bark Clarita.

We had a fine breeze down to San Luis Obispo. All this coast is high and bold and approachable for landing places and farms are seen between Monterey and this place. There is Capt. Cooper's farm, El Sur, a most splendid place which I visited. The rolling hills at the base of a high mountain whose peak is covered with gypsum which gives a most fragrant fertility to the surrounding hills. Plenty of timber and fresh water and good pasture. I collected some few seeds here and a variety of specimens of minerals. Also I found some gold dust in the brooks. This gold dust or sand is detached from some of the quartz baked in the sun suddenly washed down by the current. It is here in too small quantitys for deserving any notice.

The old Mission of San Luis Obispo is as the most of the others in ruins, the gardens badly kept. Here are most splendid olive groves, and the crops for the season were rich and abundant. For only gathering of them barrels might have been got and salted. The whole ground was covered with them. Very few cattle seems to be left at this Mission. Some few poor New Mexican immigrants had found their way here by land and were waiting for employment.

So soon as we had finished to take in the rest of the hides we weighed ankor and went round to another roadstead at the small farm of Refugio, Mr. Daniel Hill's of whom the captain had to recover a few hides and tallow. This little farm is very romantically situated in a retired rather small place. The produce are cattle and few vegetables and some very good wine distilled from Sandwich Island sugar.

Low but fertile plains are now near the seaside and turning further down to south southeast, you get the naptha floating on the water. There is in this neighborhood a very abundant naptha spring and not long from the farm belonging now to Mr. Dean of Santa Barbara. We passed during the night this part of the coast and early in the morning we ankored off Santa Barbara roadstead. The town and the Mission make a very picturesque appearance from the vessels at ankor, the town being built on a sloping amphitheatrical plain and a cuple of miles behind is the Mission buildings, best in preservation of any of the establishments of the sort. A very pretty low green eminence with a farm house on it laying near the harbor makes a very neat appearance. The town is tolerably well built, but not very regular. You can't but remark the difference between the towns built up during the Monarchical government of Spain and those which have grown up during the Republic. The former are remarkable for regularity and straight streets. The society of private individuals is very good and the people in general very hospitable. I was known to a great many of the town people, and as Mr. Thompson was absent himself, Capt. Robins received me very well. I knew also Capt. Norriega and family, a very respectable man. His son Pablo I knew in Monterey. We payed a visite to the old Bishop, and having some business with some of the Missionarys I got known to the old excellent Father Duran, a venerable old man, and the two brothers Blaz and Jose. I was obliged to go out to St. Innes, the missionary there being dangerously ill with asthma



and pulmonary complaint. I arrived in time to relieve him so that he was able to perform the service of the Holy Week, though rather weak.

St. Innes is one of the Missions which yet remains with some live stock. I think 5,000 head of cattle, some horses, mares and sheep. The Indians remaining with the Missions do not pass 100 odd. The river of St. Innes presents a bed with high cut banks and shall in the rainy season be a very violent stream. An orchard lays beneath the Mission and in approaching gives a pleasant appearance. The houses are on a very domineering prominence of the bank, but the great want of shade and trees does not make it a pleasant residence. The winds are very troublesome. Having stopt a few days on medical duties at this place, I returned and examined the Naptha Springs in the neighborhood of the town. A sort of broken ground surrounded with marshes end in an abrupt bluff a mile from the sea. There it opens as an excavation in the bottom of which naptha is issued in a dark boiling mass not unlike molasses. The strong smell from the spring do not enable one to stopp long for to examine the whole process. This mass issues, hardens and is brought away and used for roofing houses with. These roofs are very uncomfortable both for the volcanic smell and the inconvenience of its dropping down by the least heat of the sun forming a pitchy sticky stuff round the house on which it is employed. It might be employed and cured in a better way for avoiding this inconvenience. The naptha floats out at sea and in so strong and heavy quantity that it partly settles the stormy waves.

The Mission of Santa Barbara have also escaped the ruins. It contains yet some thousands of cattle and good sheep, few Indians, not above 200. As there is no particular residence erected for the Bishop of California. He resides with his retinue at this Mission. It is situated on a fine commanding rising ground with the prospect or view over the roadstead and the town to the southeast. The steep mountains which separate the interior plain and the lakes, rise with their white and shady sides some 1000 feet over the surface of the sea surrounded with gardens watered with a very good and well supplyed aqueduct. I was particularly acquainted with the old respectable Duran whom I liked very much. I shall in another place give my reflections on the management of the different Missions which now dayly were expected to be returned into the management of the Missionarys through an

authentic act of the government of Mexico. What have astonish me is that in Santa Barbara there is no public or private school of any note. The great number of children in want of education is prominent. Some have sent their children to the Island of Sandwich, others to Monterey. During my stay in this place I dedicated the whole of Holy Week for assistance and advice gratis on a great number of sick persons. Constipation, pleuresis, asthmatic complaints are the most frequent. Here is no medicine man, but some gentleman, from asiduos observation and some reading in medical works does assist various sick persons.

The ship Barnstable was going toward San Pedro roadstead. I was to go by land to the Pueblo de la Angeles and on the way visite the gold placers or washing grounds about St. Francisquito. I got therefore some fine stout horses and set out for the Mission of St. Benaventura which lays 12 leagues from Santa Barbara. The road leads quite upon the beach of the sea lined with a very steep coast. At high water it is not passable and a person overtaken there by the tide would drown without help or prospect of escape. The side of the coast is perpendicular and smooth. The land road is very hilly and troublesome. The formation of the land and rocks is as everywhere in California of freestone porfyry conglomerate and some interspersed mica. After having quitted the seashore one turns up a mile or two over some sandy ground passed over by a number of shallow rivers, and arrives at St. Benaventura which is situated in a pleasant plain on the side of gentle rising ground. The orchard and vine plantations are yet kept up somewhat, the buildings are lately been repaired and whitewashed. The administrator being ill, required my assistance, and I remained there a night, also to wait for the Padre Blas who would make up a company with me, inviting me also on my road to visite the Mission of San Fernando. We traveled all next day over rather barren sandy land, few cattle farms, and very late in the night we arrived to the farm of St. Francisquito, partly on which ground is situated the gold washing place. I slept there and next day begun my investigation of the nature of the place and the actual produce. In 25 assays I got a rather favorable result.

The farther one approaches San Fernando the more the scenery emboldens and the hilly steep ridge which separates the gold plains from those of San Fernando are really romantic and sweet. Steep broken land rocks, green flower clothed hills tufted

with mountain oak, and brooks lined with salisper give a softness to the landscape which is very enchanting. The river at the gold placer is very shallow and not always plentifully suplyed with water, though in certain respects holds out encouragement as for to enable the gold washer to obtain the gold sand out of the gulches of the river by turning as they call it, that is leading off the stream to another channel. The willows and oaks are plentiful in this neighborhood and make a first rate place for tanning. The water is very adapted for the purpouse. Hides will be plenty in a few years. The government have invited 200 New Mexican familys for settling and working the place. The operations I am fraid will work slowly in want of funds which is a pitty.

Now I left this interesting plain to visite the Pueblo and the Governor General from Mexico, Micheltorena, born in my adopted country, who was held by my arrival at this place. This Mexican general has had the advantage of a superior education and is a good engineer, has worked very much in survey of the country. Yet in my time he was a junior officer in one of the frays of Oajaca where he had the misfortune to loose a redoubt owing to some casualty, but generally very badly commented upon. He is now, however, Governor of California and would do very well for the country had they not left him unprovided with funds for paying all those numerous soldiers and officers which they ordered up from Mexico. The Governor and his Lady received me kindly and we had many comfortable talks about Oajaca and our mutual friends.

At San Diego I directed my whole attention to the management of curing and salting hides for exportation. They first draw the hides having been well steeped in salt water two or three times in twenty-four hours; beat them well with sticks; and take them lastly out and drain them by hanging them over some sticks, and when well drained they stretch them over the sandy beach for to dry. When nearly so they dubble them as sheets of paper, press them down and pack them in the slide houses ready for embarkation. When they embark them they screw them hard together, and there are vessels that will take in 30 or 40,000 hides when going home. To San Diego the vessels resort every now and then where the hides are generally stored. The method of salting beef in California is not so well performed as in the South American Republics, but the beef is excellent for the table. It is shipped for the Russian and Peruvian markets, but not yet in quantity. The

demand for this article has only for a few years passed been anything worth attention. The great waste of beef by the way of killing bullocks in California has been and partly is now tremendous. At every farm in the killing season it smells about the yard and the houses worse than in the karnel house, but it is mending in proportion that cattle are getting scarcer and the demand for tallow, beef and hides getting dearer. The hides they now get for the market are miserably small because the herds have been exhausted of late.

The credit system which has been carried on for some years has given the opportunity for the inhabitants to run deeply in debt from which they hardly can ever extricate themselfs. Goods are sold to an enormous profit but taking in consideration the long time of perhaps two years of recovering the money, it is but fare. Seven larger and some smaller vessels are continually on the coast trading. The articles they bring for sale are mostly of very inferior quality so as to make up for the time and interest lost and also for bad debts. It is probable that ultimately the traders will gradually retire from the coast if returns go on becoming so scarce. The lumber trade of late is also fallen off a great deal.

[For several weeks Sandels, who had suffered a broken rib or two in an accident, was forced to stay quiet at San Diego.]

Having at last recovered from my hurt I returned up towards the north again. The San Pedro in some seasons of the year is a pretty good roadstead and smooth beach, but at other seasons almost impossible to approach. A splendid harbor might be constructed or formed by blocking up one place between a small island and the mainland and give the sea lead to dig itself a more ampel channel up toward a kreek deep enough for any vessel. This by military labor could be effected and it may be most advisable to employ those soldiers time to something so useful than let them spoil in idleness and in vice.

I visited now the mineral springs near Santa Barbara and found them principally to contain carbonic and chlorate of lime, some nitre and alum, but hardly any copper or iron. They have been frequently visited by sick persons especially laboring under rheumatic complaints and syphilis, but the lazy natives have not even erected a shanty to protect the poor invalids from the sun and inclemency of the weather. I highly recommended this for the sake of the benefit for the community, and I believe ultimately they have adopted my idea.

We did go now straight for Monterey where I thought to fall in with opportunity to go over to the Sandwich Islands. However it failed and after having remained some time ashore living at my friend's, Mr. Spencer, I made up my mind to go again to San Francisco and visit Mr. Sutter's establishment, under intention of trying the tanning systems and to visite the remoter Indians, unconquered tribes of the interior.

We touched at Santa Cruz for taking lumber and schingles. We were now ready to proceed on our trip to San Francisco which we performed in two days. The entrance to the harbor is very prominent. Some perforated sandstone rocks covered with bird dung lay on the left and near the shore like ruins of porticos and archways. The entrance which is a good half mile broad is garded with a steep rock and old fort in the south side and high and bold coast at the north side. In front of the entrance and some miles above the entrance to the Bay is situated various small islands or rocks of which the Birds' Island lays most admirably well situated in the center for erection of a lighthouse or fort.

I sailed now with a fair wind and beautiful weather for the Devil's Creek below the Mount of the Devil. The opposite shore toward east northeast of San Francisco Bay is low, and colonized by Californian Creoles. The soil very fruitful and well adapted for farming, both agricultural and cattle. Some very beautiful timber of oak and redwood adorn the inland hilly part and although few but sufficient, there flow some small rivulets from the hill that water the adjacent plains. A number of slues or creeks communicate in every direction with the farms so produces can always easily be transported by water to the port for sale or exportation. The familys which I know there are the Castros, the Escobars and so on, which are owners of a good many thousand head of cattle. We entered now in the Sonoma Bay between a strait of small islands. This bay is provided with deeper kreeks as that of Petaluma, Sonoma, Anapam. We ankored off Martinez farm, called Penole, well stocked with cattle. Fine rolling hills and some plain land with some timber.

After having sent a polite note for not visiting the farms this time, I weighed again for to proceed on my tour. A most excellent and good man, Mr. Dickey, accompanied me having been down on business to San Francisco. He have for some years employed himself with brewerys and distillerys partly in company with Capt. Sutter.

Having cruised the Sonoma Bay we arrived at the entrance of Anapam, a beautiful strait three or four miles long, half a mile broad with high and green borders like to have been cut out by artificial means for to communicate this bay with the flat bay which is very extensive. Also it have an island of very low land about middle way. The National farms are on the northwest side, and those of Monte Diablo on the southwest side. A farmer by the name of Bryones, having contracts with us to deliver us some lime went before us for to give a sign from ashore where to find the entrance to the Devil's kreek. Our Indians which navigated the schooner did not know the kreek, and could not perceive the horseman who had perched on a very high prominent hill in advance. He was seen by me although my age and exposure to so many changes of climate might render of an inferior eysight, but I think owing to constant exercise I have arrived almost to equal and some time to surpass the man of the wilds in the exercise of my sense of sight and hearing. Unfortunately all the country was on fire and a dense smoke clouded the atmosphere in some directions. We saw and heard of the most beautiful elks running away from the destructive flames, also deer and antelopes. The farmer came now aboard of the scooner for to act as pilot and brought us up a long winding but wide and beautiful kreek. The flames of the raging fire nearing fearfully our track over the low rush grown country made our passage picturesque and awfull till at last it even became dangerous. The flames actually reached the shore of the kreek and at one time enveloped us in dense volumes of smoke and flames, but a favorable wind hurried us through this gate of Hell. The kreek's name being the Devil's and the farm to which we were going Monte Diablo, this coming through fire and smoke was well appropriate to the occasion. It must have been a most extraordinary scene to see the little vessel under full sail disappear in the flames and some minutes after issue from there untouched. It must have looked as those imaginary visions built on superstitious fear and awe.

We ankored in a small bend of the kreek and went up to where the original Mt. Diablo was in search of fresh water. This place is a small eminence overgrown with beautiful willows and other trees. A small fresh water brook rills at its foot. The farm houses were built formerly on the romantic little hill, but the war like Indians destroyed them some years ago. It is sayed that when the party before mentioned came here who gave it its original name, they heard at night from the bush and the neighborhood

such an incongruous noise of lamentation and frightful groans that they gave it the name as it ever since have retained. Everybody was scared away from this part of the country on account of the superstitious account given of it. The family of Paccheco began to stock it with cattle and took up their abode there. Perhaps on purpouse to be left alone in possession of all the beautiful country they kept up the old storys. Certain it is the place at night exhibited to us the most awful aspect. The brush was reached by the fire and when in flames behind the green canopy of the willows and moving branches of other trees which stood on the side of the water, it made the appearance of a place as if occupied of myriads of moving figures. In the flames the wolves, the bears and other wild animals with their infernal howling made the place resound over and over again like a region described to exist at the infernal regions.

Next day I saddled my horse and went in search of the lime kilns and after having examined them, I went strolling about the country quite alone as customary, searching for minerals and looked at the formation of the hills. When I of a sudden saw approaching toward me a horseman with a rifle cross the bow of his saddle, I recognized him for an old acquaintance of mine, who came from a distant part of the country for to return home. His name is Gulnac, an American blacksmith, but as all of his countrymen generally turn their hands to anything and by general inquiry and asiduos study make themselfs generally useful, so has he. He has erected at the Pueblo San Jose a very good mill for grinding flour. He acts as surgeon when none is here to assist the unfortunate and ill. He is a good farmer, also a barber, but lately turned a trader and merchant in which he is not so likely to succeed. He had, as he told me, been out land hunting, which is to look for land adapted for farming. I offered him a dropp from my travelling consoler, and having accepted with a great deal of pleasure the invitation and helped himself, he accompanied me a little while, then went on his party which now came up with us.

I rode on and ascended partly the mountain which is called of the Californians and the Indians Mount de Barbones. They consist of nearly the same soft stones as the rest of the mountains at the coast, but rather more quartz and intermixed with limestone. The minerals were manganese, oxide of lime, some lead ore. Had it not been so smoky I should have been able to see what is called by the Canadian hunters, the Buttes and many other high moun-

tain ranges. This Mount de Barbones can be seen very far out to sea because although not more than 1600 feet above the level, it is situated on such level track as to show very far in the distance. The sun which just now disappeared amongst thick smoke tinged the summit of the distant kliffs and tufts of forest and formed the most singular appearance I ever witnessed. The volumes of condensed smoke rolling along the middle part of the heights seemed to move on in a magic dance with the wind. No hopes or prospect for getting a single produce from vegetable nature. Everything has been burned to the very roots. These fires are very destructive and really will in the run be the ruin of the country. The herbs which grow up on places which have undergrown this great scourge are very inferior than those destroyed and very often the ground gets so loose that the vegetable earth stuff blows away before the rain and leaves it altogether in a barren and sterile state.

The causes of these fires are different, some accidents, and some by neglect, and some for the sake of rooting out underwood insects, and also by the Indians for to place a barrier between themselfs and the white man. But all the country suffers very much and before the population becomes more dense it is impossible to make any stop to it. The Indians gather their grasshoppers by setting fire to the plains. They have a very singular and clever way of constructing their telegraphing fires or signal fires. They dig a hole wider at the bottom than at the top, fill the place with combustibles, almost close it at the orifice, and set fire to it through this means. The smoke rises to a considerable height and through this medium news is conducted from tribe to tribe in succession, as for instance the approach of the white men, armed or unarmed, numerous or in small bodys.

After a long and dry journey I returned to the scooner where the men were busily employed in skinning a calf the farmer brought for our victualing, and the tanner whom we brought with us went out and killed some game, a fine elk. The Indians having had for a day or two rather scarcity of meat begun to feast for making up for past fasting, and I saw something I never had seen before—people getting drunk by overeating themselfs. These Indians, they ate, layed down to sleep, rose up and ate again, repeating this gluttony till they actually lost their senses. Some fought, some cryed, some seemed entirely crazy. They did not get up before late the next morning, all sick as from a Saturday night carousing.

We landed now the lime and in two days put to sea again after having been obliged to tug or draw the scooner back through the slue for to come out in the bay. The fires were now almost extinguished and a fine breese drove us fast out of the mouth of the slue, and just as the sun set on the ruffled water of the emerald bound bay, we bounced over its rolling waves. Night soon set in. All of us were tired after the days toil, and except the lookout man and the Indian at the helm we dropped down to sleep. I did only wake with the first dawn, the rosy eastern colors hardly blushing through the veil of a beautiful morning. We just left the mouth of the San Joaquin River on the right side and glided with the golden rays of the rising sun in the entrance of the beautiful River of Sacramento. A rich canopy spread itself from the rich tufty trees on the border and a deep solemn shade invited the wanderer to enter this watery tempel of the Almighty. I was alone. I was devoutly enraptured and lifted my spirit to God. It was Sunday morning. O, such a delightful Sunday morning. Hardly did a leaf tremble in the golden hue of the morning sun. Hardly did the crystal dew drop leave its hold of the drooping leaf. The songsters of the forest apparently undecided whether to proceed on their morning hymn, uttered suspended like notes of their morning hymn to the Creator who had again let the queen of light unravel the space of the Universe passed under the veil of night. It appeared that all the animated creation took part in the solemnity of the scene, the stag with half turned head, the elk, the ox, the horse, the lamb seemed to have a quiet rest or enjoyment of liesure. Even the fishes swam quietly in their native river careless of the quietly moving scooner.

Although not very distant from the mouth of the river in straight line the settlement of Mr. Sutter, New Helvetia, can not be reached soon from the many turns of the river. After having passed up for dozens of miles straight course, we only arrived late in the evening to the Embarcadero having only seen one hut and some sheep pens on the right side of the river all the passage up. The Embarcadero or Post has only small huts situated on a very elevated locality under the shade of beautiful lofty sycamores and oaks.

Captain Sutter, the head settler and Justice of the Peace has several smaller vessels and boats laying at this place for communication and transport up and down the river. His head settlement, New Helvetia, lays two and a half miles from this landing place.

The road over a level and well timbered ground leads to a more rising ground clothed with timber and a deep pond or slew where the fort or habitations is located. Were it not for the necessity of having elected his neighborhood of water, the little elevated hill would have been much more preferable, both on account of health and prospect. A two story roomy and convenient building is placed in the center of an enclosure of unbaked bricks or adobe, layed very thick, I believe about ten feet, having a turret with its embrazures and loopholes for fire arms which are provided plentifully, Mr. Sutter having purchased all the Russian establishment arms. All round the inside of the walls are erected living and store houses, most of them thatched with straw, schingles having been too scarce yet for covering more than the principle houses. A constant watch is kept at the ponderous gates by an armed servant dressed as a militia soldier.

By the politeness of Capt. Sutter, a horse had been provided for me and I arrived very early in the morning just when the drum was beating for the people to assemble for labor. I alighted and proceeded immediately to pay my compliments to the chieftain, found him very busily employed in distributing orders for the day. He most hospitably received me and made me at home under his roof. Several hundred Indians now flocked in for getting their morning meal and to be led out to labor. They were reaping wheat. But I confess I could not reconcile my feelings to see fellow beings driven as it were to some narrow troughs out of which, crouched on their haunches, they fed more like beasts than human beings, using in their hurried manner their hands for conveighing their porage which was served out to them. Every one got their cycle and hook and filed off to the cornfield after having as I fancied half satisfied their physical wants. We now went to breakfast in a small building detached from the dwelling house under the same roof as the kitchen. Excellent beefsteaks, tea, butter with coarse bread, eggs, beans, and so forth afforded a substantial meal.

In the fort are several separate offices, a distillery which provides spirits from wheat, wild grapes and fruits, blacksmiths, carpenters, coopers and saddlers shops, granaries and living houses for mechanics and Indians.

Twenty-four cannons and other smaller artillery pieces all in good order are placed to defense of the place. Capt. Sutter is a Swiss gentleman formerly of the Royal Gards in France, and

come out for the purpouse of settling in California where he have selected for himself and received a grant from the Government of the extensive plains on the border of the River Sacramento. By making friends during his extensive travells in the Rocky Mountains, New Mexico, Sandwich Islands and the Northwest Russian Hunting grounds, he procured ample credits and with that means to start an undertaking of this sort on an extensive scale, he bought the existencys of the abandoned Russian Colony at Bodega and Ross to pay for with agricultural produces in five or six years and through perseverance he has subjected to some civilization several of the Indian tribes who for payment in beads, coarse clothing, blankets, and so forth, perform the greatest part of his agricultural labor.

Being by Mexican law deprived of the right as a foreigner to farm or establish on the immediate neighborhood of the coast, he transported the stock of cattle, horses, implements and arms to his own settlement, but a great and valuable part remained in buildings, fences and other improvements at that place.

The chief prospects of Capt. Sutter's farming operations lay certianly in raising wheat, corn, beans, rearing cattle and horses, and also in the production of salmon fisherys of the river and the extensive hunt for furs of beaver and otter, deer and antelopes; but his hopes were greatly blasted by the intrusion of the Hudson Bay Company's hunters who by special permission intruded on his hunting grounds. He complained to the government, but no satisfactory answer was given and instead some bussybody had accused him of having deserters and having revolutionary views in prospect when completely settled. The government having granted to him the extensive tract of land on condition to settle a certain number of European familys thereon, they having not yet arrived, he encouraged all the stray settlers to flock to his central position and those being principally unmarried and some lawless ramblers of the mountain, they formed a very Roman like bud of Independence. The suspicion of the government and the envy of greedy neighbors brought matters to extremitys and the government of Monterey actually sent threatening messages of investigation to Capt. Sutter. But as Capt. Sutter had already surrounded himself with warlike men and all the Russian armament, they did not venture to attack him in his stronghold, but annoyed him in every possible way until a real investigation legally gone through acquitted him entirely from the accused movement.

In the meantime Capt. Sutter had been to a great expense of building his fort, leaving no time for agricultural pursuits, and the Columbia River Hunters having carried away his beaver and otter skins, made the prospects of the new settlement fall back considerably. No remedy against the suspicious Californians was possible, but a firm and undaunted courage and vigilance; but for a retribution on the Hudson Bay Company's intrusion Capt. Sutter put up a large distillery of ardent spirits and actually purchased from the hunters of the country the principal produce of their tripps, or beat for an undervalue of what he might have procured through keeping up a larger hunting establishment than he had.

Next I prepared for my excursion amongst the Indians to see more of the interior of the country. I was accompanied by Mr. Dickey and an old Deutsch sailor who had turned farmer, by the name of Keyser. Both were going back about the plots of land they had taken in grant from the Government higher up on the borders of the river. After having crossed the first plain, we arrived to a small station of a cattle range belonging to Capt. Sutter and garded by an Englishman in his employ who received us kindly. We made there a meal, rested us in the shade awhile. This hut of the station is situated on the bank of the Feather River, so called by the settlers from the Indian tribes who there cover themselfs with beautiful feather cloaks. This river is tributary to the Sacramento and still richer in salmon than any other. We travelled again over some broken land and near the bank of the river shaded by firm bushy trees, we entered at last just when the sun shed her last rays. In the brambles and wild vines a narrow path led through its intricacys. It was very much like a large vineyard and the trees looked in clumps like a gentleman's park. A number of deer started amongst the brambles and the sly fox sneaked his way from close observation.

We struck now right for the river for the sake to take up our resting place near the water. Our horses and ourselfs were very much in want of the great natural refreshment. The locality of the place was now more high, and we fell in with an old deserted tolderia where we would not take up our camp at night for the sake of the numberless flees such places contain. In turning round and looking through the bushes, we observed on the other bank a large Indian village or tolderia. The dwellings were as all over the country round like bake ovens, but had square and high stone roofs made of canes and mud which made the appearance

very singular if not neat. Some Indians lounging about came down to the opposite shore and hailed us friendly. Even two young men with their flutes visited us and lastly one of the chiefs wrapped in a scarlet blanket. They were all friendly Indians and used to come to work at Capt. Sutter's. We, notwithstanding their invitation to come over the river, made our fire on this side and began preparing our beef and tea.

My companions were highly surprised how I always made me so well understood by the Indians not knowing the least of their language, but a long practice have so used me to the pantomine of Indians that hardly any tribe is so stupid not to fall in with the motions used. These tribes near the Feather River and the successive tributaries to the river are far from being stupid. They are much superior than those tribes farther down and are very jelous of their women. Although not to me, they were to my companions. A striking instance of this took place at this village. In the morning before setting out I bathed in the crystal river and after the bath, in a retired spot, sat down taking out of my pocket some papers on which I had sketched some females I had found the day before. Having much attention on my work, I did not observe a cuple of Indians and their wifes standing close to me leaning over their paddles and laughingly observing my doings. The women were carrying some of their baskets with water on their heads and smaller ones in their hands. I was thirsty and requested one of them to give me a little water which she most gracefully handed to me in one of those small baskets. I looked at the neat and beautiful little thing and was just handing it back when the girl made a significant look to her sire and by the most expressive signal ever performed gave me to understand she wanted to give me the basket. I answered in the same language of signs that I had nothing to give for it in exchange, and as a confirmation to her desire of making me a gift of it tendered me her small pretty shaped hand. I did hold out mine, and she gave it a light touch with her fingers and smiled. The other female made me a present of a small calabash and the men did not at all seem to be jelous. They invited me to their huts which were very clean and nice. They offered me some cakes and sort of gruel made of ground acorns. Very savory. I partook of their hospitality, and rising up for to go I recollected I had some shirt buttons with chains on and imitation brilliants.

I took them off and gave two to each of the women. They put them on immediately after a most content inspection in front of their crown of wound tresses, and turning with the most wild content ran out amongst the other women and with a loud applause made them see their new adornment. The men laughed tremendously and jumped about and followed me to where my companions were ready with horses and quite alarmed at my staying away amongst the true sons and daughters of nature.

[Sandels continued on his way, meeting and studying other Indian Tribes, all friendly, though everywhere seeing evidences of strife.]

We arrived late at night at the cattle range of Capt. Sutter newly established and managed by a young man by the name of Bignoll (Bidwell) and Sutter's old trusted servant Pablo. I received here from the Indians some baskets and nets in exchange for trifles which they valued and also Mr. Bignoll gave me some baskets of their manufacture. My catalogue of herbs and other produce of the natural history had its added items and three different sorts of, for me, unknown varitys of salmon were amongst the rest. Some farm servants, Indians of the Sonoma side, had been sent to this farm and they were desirous to perform their native dances, war songs, and so forth. They painted themselfs for the performance with clay of different colors, dressed their hair in the prettiest fashion and stuck feathers in amongst it. They then hid themselfs in amongst some bushes and rubbish and of a sudden started forward making a horrid yell, dancing in many turns and figures, acting mimick at the same time, but not uttering a single word. On the defensive four of them and then two others on the offensive threw themselfs down as dead, then rose up again. Lastly they began a monotonous song consisting of only a few monosylables and it would be necessary to know their history and mythology for to understand. As it was not understood by us, we soon grew tired of the sameness of the exhibition, but not so with the Indians who kept in audience even until midnight roaring sometimes with laughter and sometimes joining in the chorous with the brave singers and dancers. So all nations have their peculiar representations of bygone days in memory of their great and renowned. An old Indian who spoke some Spanish endeavored to explain some of it to me saying that the Peons of Sonoma told by their dance and song how their great great grandfathers had come over the great waters, hidden themselfs in the bushes and travelled far by land, had come to other people, had helped them to conquer a great enemy who had

a hundred heads which they cut off two a day and finally divided the body in ten parts. They then built ten large houses which afterward tumbled down and are now the same as the Butte rocks. They also sung about the great distressing flood which drowned thousands and the plague who destroyed nearly all their tribes. At last, he added here, "we are strangers in a foreign land working hard for our food and the blue shirt which the white chiefs give for our labor. In old times men did not work, only women, but misfortune have degraded the race."

[Shortly after, Sandels left Bidwell, who accompanied him to say farewell to the Indians, and he retraced his steps to Sutter's Fort in time to see an Indian surrender and treaty of peace.]

We arrived early in the afternoon at Sutter's Fort where hundreds of Indians had again resorted to work and to acknowledge the authority of the white chieftain. Only the chief of these Indians came armed with bows and arrows, all the others came unarmed and after having gone through their customary graceful movements in file, in square, in flank, and in body, the chief made a long speech which sounded very eloquent. He at last layed down his old bow and arrow at the feet of Capt. Sutter saying, "Take these and with them puncture this heart if I or my tribe betray the trust you now put in us and which we now solemnly promise to keep." To me and another gentleman present he gave a new bow and arrow saying, "Take this and like them remain always in your memory having witnessed the meeting for peace and subjection."

I had previously engaged to revisite some of my convalescent patients about San Jose Mission and the Pueblo, and a message hurried me to put myself en route for this purpouse, but at the solicitation of a young millwright to accompany him for the sake of surveying a piece of ground he would denounce and solicitate for possession of the Government, I complyed with his wish and travelled south from New Helvetia for to inspect and survey the ground. We took a cuple of days to this job and our quarters at night we generally took up with Master Peter Lawson, a Danish blacksmith who led a nomadic life moving his blacksmith shop and small stock of cattle, horses and mules about the rich prairys, himself always at work repairing arms for the hunters and agricultural implements for the farmers. He is a most extraordinary and industrious man, hospitable and kind to everybody, also the Indians who dote on him. When in the afternoon he leaves his blacksmith work, he saddles his horses, rides about with his rifle

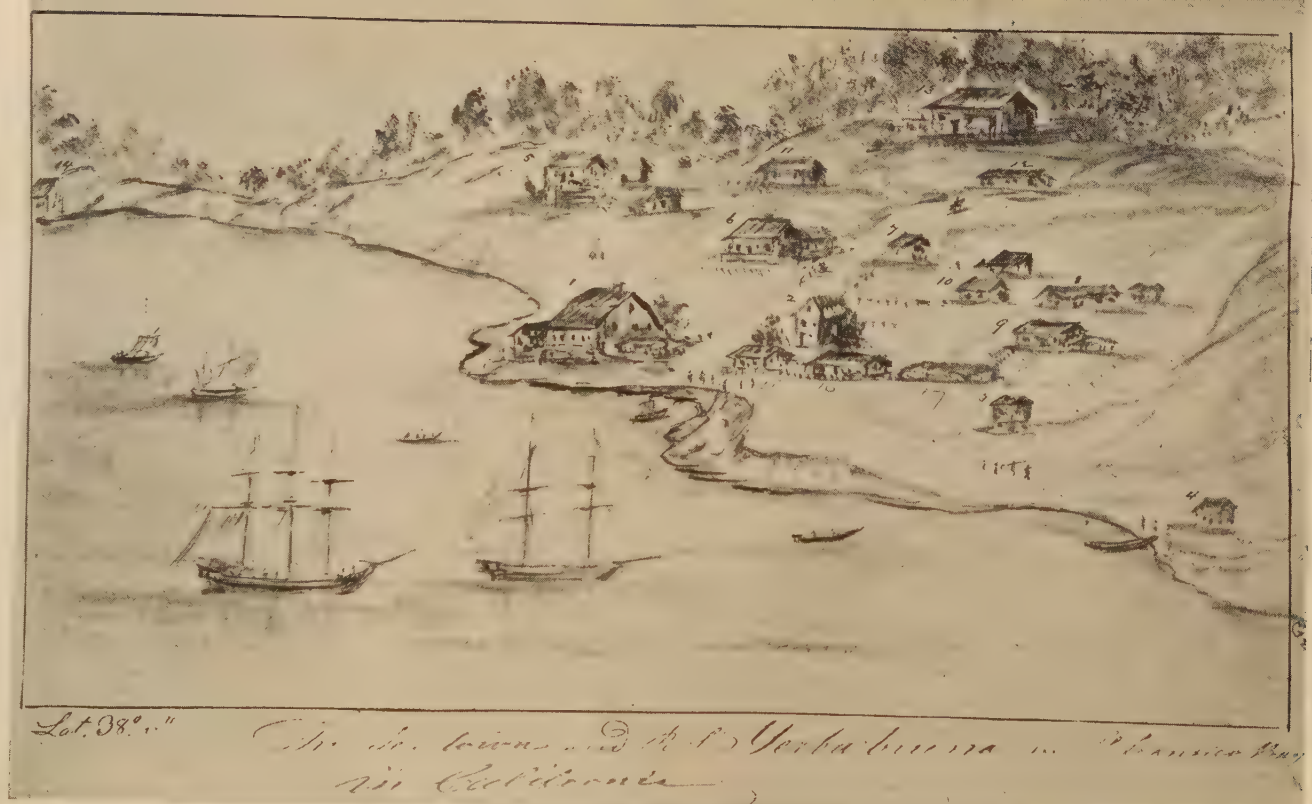
and kills some deer or antelope. Indians are always there on the lookout and receive for carrying home, the half of the flesh. The skins he drys for sale. His cattle are so tame that only by stroking his hammer on the small side of the anvil they will come up about the cottage or temporary shade as regular as soldiers called at orders. An old Hollander lives with him and makes butter, cheese and bread, so with the venison and milk, they live really comfortably. Both have their Indian squaws, but in the adjacent Indian camp and never reside with them.

The young man for whom I surveyed the camp was going direct on some business to Monterey and offered to escort me to San Jose. After several days I arrived there at the Mission just in time for dinner. They were anxiously expecting me for one of the Fryars was ill again with a chronic disease, and I had some months ago helped him. Especially a good dinner and a hearty welcome and a good night's rest let me forget all trouble and fatigue.

I kept about this part of the country for several weeks and had the pleasure to be of some service there in my profession. The Mission of San Jose is yet in a tolerable state of preservation. A cuple of hundred of Indians does yet belong to the Mission. The garden, the vineyard, the woolen manufactorys are all in tollerable state. The soil around this region is the most fruitful in California. Padre Zigas now has the management of the Mission.

[Next Sandels returned again to San Francisco where he met a friend he called Smith with whom he went to Bodegas to see the abandoned Russian fortress.]

I rode down by the water's edge to arrive at the deserted fort, inspected the tanning vats and the boat houses where there were some ornaments of the chapel and furniture placed for shipping to Sutter's establishment. I ascended at last through the ruins and found myself near the big gate. It was locked. We knocked hard but only the hollow echo answered our call, and as the bell was removed we had no other arbitant than to scale the walls or stockade. But some Indian squaws appeared and soon opened the gate where the empty sentry box stood formerly. I was soon shown to the governor's house which was left entire and, as by common consent, with all its most necessary rough furniture as it stood on the last eve of the family's departure, the children's chairs round the fireplace, and the lady's workbasket on the small round table, the gentlemen's highbacked Russian chair, some trunks of half burned wood at the hearth. All this awakened in



(1) The Hudson Bay Company Building; (2) Old Mill; (3) G. Reynold's Residence; (4) Capt. Antonio Ortega's Residence; (5) Wm. A. Leidesdorff Cottage; (6) City Hotel (Wm. A. Leidesdorff); (7) Capt. John Paty's Adobe Building; (8) Juan C. Davis' Residence; (9) Peter I. Sherback's Residence; (10) Sill's Blacksmith Shop; (11) Jesus Noe's Residence; (12) Old Adobe Custom House; (13) Juan N. Padilla Residence; (14) Leidesdorff Warehouse; (15) W. H. Davis' Store; (16) Capt. Wm. Hinchley's Residence; (17) Gen. M. G. Vallejo's Building.

me on my solitary visite the most indescribable sensation and thought about the variety and inconsistency of human affairs.

I slept at this place and the next morning put myself on the route again to visite the so-called Russian Indians. Who should I meet but my friends Capt. Smith, Vioget, Hinchley and retinue surveying the land. I would have willingly joined them to see what boundarys belong to the grant of Capt. Smith, but as I was told the ladies aboard the 'George and Henry' had desired my return for advice about some indisposition, I therefore continued my route and arrived in the afternoon finding Mr. Bell, the surgeon glorious and too well for serving others that were unwell! I had engaged to be back soon at Yerba Buena, owing to Hinchley's wife and others, so I was obliged to start the next day.

[On the way he called on Vallejo's widowed mother and on Capt. Vallejo himself, and after concluding his work in San Francisco, he embarked for the Sandwich Islands closing his journal thus.]

My collection of minerals and floral products, insects and so forth were all packed and remitted to go by way of Mexico and to proceed to Europe, and I hope will arrive safe. Letters which did reach me from Europe and Mexico all were favorable to account of my affairs there. My mind was now very easy and I looked on arriving to the Sandwich Islands as to a place of long hoped for repose and so I found it and more to my liking than I anticipated.

One year and some weeks I had dedicated to the exploration of California, and its healthy climate and fair country deserve more of scrutiny for knowledge of its farther interior waste and populated Indian territory.

Vol. III No. 3

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE
Editor

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Assistant Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
SEPTEMBER 30, 1926

OFFICERS

OF THE

Society of California Pioneers

FROM JULY, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

President

CHARLES S. CUSHING

Vice-Presidents

Dr. Joseph A. Oliver ..... San Francisco
James K. Moffitt ..... San Francisco
R. R. Russ ..... San Francisco
William T. Hale ..... San Francisco
Jules Auradou ..... Healdsburg

Treasurer

CHARLES J. DEERING

Secretary and Historian

HENRY L. BYRNE

Marshal

J. H. P. GEDGE

Directors

JAMES P. TAYLOR
JOHN J. LERMEN
O. P. STIDGER
J. H. SKINNER
E. A. DOUTHITT
H. L. VAN WINKLE
MILTON H. COOK
DR. G. N. VAN ORDEN
F. De P. TELLER

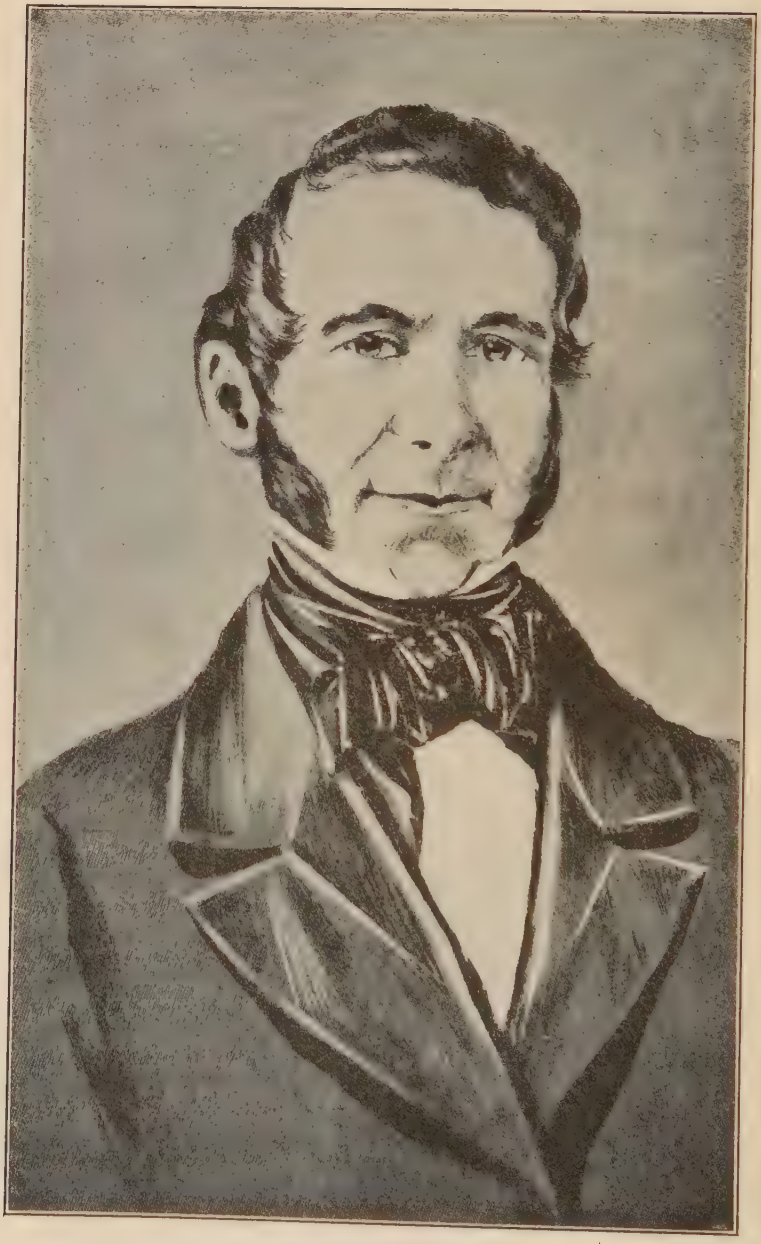
QUARTERLY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Early Journalism in California	108



WALTER COLTON

Early Journalism in California

California owes her newspaper plentitude to the sudden and great emergencies which, owing to her rapid growth, arose in her political and social life, requiring the instant establishment of organs of public communication.

E. C. Kemble in an article in the *Sacramento Union,* December 25, 1858, wrote, "Our cities have fairly broken out with newspapers. Every surge of popular opinion has been capped with a printed sheet. The aggregate number of newspapers and periodicals published in California prior to and including the year 1848 was three hundred and twenty-four. Probably no city in the world can boast of a newspaper press so great in its development, so singular in its character, so wonderful in its fortunes as San Francisco. In all one hundred and thirty-two distinct journals were started here in the same period, and the editors and reporters numbered over a thousand. They were printed in six languages and devoted themselves to religion and morals, literature, politics and law, medicine, commerce and agriculture, news and slander. As a matter of fact they preached eight different kinds of religion and were the organs of seven distinct political parties." Though the expenses of conducting a paper in those days were comparatively light, the publishing business must not have been very profitable for most of them expired within a year.

The old Ramage Press which did the first printing on the northwest shores of America and which gave to California her first newspaper was an exact counterpart of Benjamin Franklin's old press. The frame, platen, ribs, and part of the bed were of wood. The bed on which the type forms lay was of stone, and the screw, the mechanical principle by which the impression was taken, was of iron and large enough to raise a building. The main uprights that supported the press were timbers sufficiently thick for sills. About 1832 it was brought to Monterey with a small quantity of old bourgeois type, two meagre fonts of shaded title letters, and the necessary fixtures of a fourth-rate country printing

office by Thomas Shaw, a Boston merchant. Valued then at four hundred and sixty dollars, it was probably a good example of the cheapest material on the market.

The first samples of its work, done by Augustin V. Zamorano, Secretary to the Mexican Governor in 1834, show its types to be badly worn even then. His circulars were printed on half sheets of Spanish letter paper and literally translated, read:

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

"At the printing office of Citizen Augustin V. Zamorano & Company established in this Capital is offered to serve the Public with the greatest exactness and care, receiving all kinds of writing under the rules established by the laws for the liberty of the press, subjecting the loose impressions to the following rates, and agreeing at more equitable prices with gentlemen who may wish to establish any periodical."

Doubtless encouraged by General Vallejo, this printing office was moved to Sonoma within three years. There it stayed for only a short time before being packed back to Monterey to wait in seclusion until the invasion of the Americans and the establishment of the first Yankee newspaper in 1846.

For, just a few weeks after the flag was hoisted and the country declared subject to the United States laws, Walter Colton, Chaplain of the Frigate Congress, together with Robert Semple launched *The Californian*. "Measures, not men!" was their motto.

Joseph Dockrell, one of the crew, was given his discharge by Commodore Stockton to become their printer. Semple, the tall doctor, had also just arrived, coming overland with the Hastings Party. Of him Colton said, "My partner is an emigrant from Kentucky, who stands six feet four in his stockings. He is in a buckskin dress, a foxskin cap; is true with his rifle, ready with his pen and quick at the type case." He had marked ability and enterprise and was well esteemed by his friends. A Democrat in politics he took an active part in reconciling this country to a change of masters and opening its resources to settlement and cultivation. Colton, a man of varied and extensive acquirements earned distinction as a writer and as the first American Civil Magistrate and editor in this new country.

Their first edition came out August 15, 1846, a little sheet just eleven and three-quarters by ten and one-quarter inches in size, printed in two columns on coarse Spanish cigarette paper.

"The press," says Colton, "was old enough to be preserved as a curiosity; the mice had burrowed in the balls; there were no rules, no leads; and the types were rusty and all in pi. It was only by scouring that the letters could be made to show their faces. The font type being intended for the Spanish language there were no w's, so vv had to serve for w. A sheet or two of tin were procured, and these with a jack-knife were cut into rules and leads. Luckily we found with the press the greater part of a keg of ink, and now came the main scratch for paper. None could be found, except that used to envelope the tobacco of the cigar smoked here by the natives. A coaster had a small supply of this on board, which we procured. It was in sheets a little larger than the common sized foolscap on which most of the archives of the California and other Spanish American provinces are written, the thicker for writing, the thinner grades being preferred for cigarettes. A crowd was waiting when the first sheet was thrown from the press. It produced quite a little sensation. Never was a bank run upon harder; not, however, by people with paper to get specie, but exactly the reverse."

Under the title "Freshest Domestic Intelligence and Earliest Foreign News" they published the declaration of war with Mexico and Acts of Congress appropriating moneys for war. News just three months old!

Their first editorial suggestion was for the establishment of a mail route through the country, while the chief editorial was a plea for the establishment of a colonial government, calling for a convention of the citizens, adoption of a constitution and the election of a delegate "who should proceed at once to the Capitol of the United States, present his credentials to Congress at the next Session, claim a formal recognition of the Territory of California and a seat in that honorable body."

Their only advertisement was that of a translator and their first official advertisement from the Civil Magistrate's office was one prohibiting the sale of liquors in Monterey.

That the publishers labored under difficulties in gathering and presenting news may be inferred from the fact that a proclamation of Stockton's announcing American occupation and dated "Cuidad de los Angeles, August 17, 1846" was printed in an "extra" on September 5th following. Now when we can read tomorrow's paper tonight, and the "upstate" editions of our Sunday papers

CALIFORNIAN.

Vol. I MONTEREY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1846. No. I.

THE CALIFORNIAN—*Published every Saturday morning*
BY COLTON & SEMPLE.

Terms—SUBSCRIPTION, ONE YEAR $5.00
" " " SIX MONTHS 2.50

PROSPECTUS.

This is the first paper ever published in California, and though [illegible] it shall contain matter that will be read with interest. The principles which will govern us [illegible] can be set forth in a few words.

We shall maintain [illegible] forever [illegible]

We shall advocate an [illegible] every [illegible] of events [illegible] by any [illegible] previous resolutions.

We shall maintain [illegible] those great principles of religious [illegible] every man [illegible] own conscience.

We shall advocate such a system of [illegible] will bring the means of a good practical [illegible] child in California.

ment and that of the U. States. It is resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled that, with a view to provide the government of the U. States with the means of prosecuting the said war to a speedy and favorable termination. The President be authorized, as he is by these presents to employ the military and naval forces of the U. States, and to require and accept the services of any number of volunteers not exceeding 50,000 men who may offer, both Cavalry, Artillery and Riflemen, to serve 12 months from the time they shall have arrived at the place [illegible] or until the termination of the war, unless sooner [illegible] to the time for which they may [illegible] 000 of dollars of money [illegible] such as may be hereafter [illegible] for other objects, be appropriated [illegible] these presents to carry into effect the provisions of this Act.

Sec. 2. And it is further enacted, that the Militia, when [illegible] into the [illegible] of the United States, in virtue of the present Act [illegible] may, if in the opinion of the President the [illegible] of the public service require it,) be compelled to serve for a period not exceeding six months in any one year from the date of their arrival at the appoint-

have been sent within a radius of a hundred miles by about the time they are delivered at our doors, our sympathies are with those chaps in their need for a mail route between Monterey and San Francisco.

> "Mails:—It is most devoutly to be wished that, as peace has been restored to the country, that some one who has the power will use some means to open a communication through the country. It is a melancholy sight for a poor editor to look over the packages of eight weeks of his little paper and see no possible means of sending them to his subscribers, and as little encouragement to subscribers to be two months at a time without their papers."

They continued in Monterey till May 6, 1847, publishing official orders, current news, chiefly local; editorials and correspondence on the condition and prospects of the country; contributions from native Californians who favored the new order of things, and several historical articles on the Bear Flag Revolt and other past events. One section was in Spanish. Colton then dropped from the firm, and Semple took the paper to San Francisco. Not for some years, till 1855, did Monterey have another paper, *The Monterey Sentinel,* which lived only a year.

According to Kemble, the project of San Francisco's first newspaper was born in New York in December 1845 in the fertile imagination of Sam Brannan, a printer by trade, who had for some months been getting out a journal there. He had, it seems, even then chosen its name—*The California Star.* So along with the supplies and equipment for his band of emigrants, he brought on board the "Brooklyn" a printing press with all the materials pertaining to his paper. In September 1846 the press was set up in the second story of a little old grist mill on Clay Street and a job printing office was established to print official dispatches, naval authorities' proclamations, deeds and official forms of the Alcalde.

About November first, the first news sheet was issued carrying in full the official dispatches of General Taylor's report of the battles of the eighth and ninth of May, the news having just reached San Francisco by boat. The engraved head of the proposed *Star* was used at the top of the page and it was offered in the street as "an extra in advance of *The California Star*" and was sold for one real per copy. The regular issue of *The California Star* commenced January 9, 1847, announced to be published weekly by Samuel Brannan, and edited by E. P. Jones. The paper was four pages of print, six dollars per year.

From the note of the leading editorials of the *Star* for the first three or four numbers, it would seem there was a striking need of some medium of public opinion, for the little community of Americans at Yerba Buena were sorely tried by harsh municipal regulations and acts of petty despotism established by Commander Hull who put the whole town under martial law.

Of itself, on June 21st *The Star* says:

> "It is the only independent paper and the only paper of a respectable size and typographical appearance now established in the whole of the Pacific coast from the boundary of Mexico to the frozen regions of the north. We have the only office in California in which a decent looking paper can be published, and we intend to add to it as the country grows."

That there was decided enmity between the editors of *The Star* and *The Californian* is evidenced by the many spicy paragraphs each hurled at the other.

Editor Jones, a lawyer from Tennessee, was a grim spectacled person with fair ability who wrote his editorials with a lot of nervous energy, caring less for his reputation as a lawyer and editor, seemingly, than for his notoriety for sharpness. He was succeeded in the "editorial tripod" as he termed it, by a young printer who had come with Brannan—E. C. Kemble.

To the discovery of gold, the editors paid scant attention at first, appreciating neither its significance nor importance. Even so intelligent a man as Semple remarked, "I would give more for a good coal mine than for all the gold mines in the Universe."

On March 15, 1848, *The Californian* contained this brief paragraph: "Gold mine found. In the newly made raceway of the saw mill recently erected by Captain Sutter on the American Fork, gold has been found in considerable quantities. One person brought thirty dollars worth to New Helvetia, gathered there in a short time. California no doubt is rich in mineral wealth; great chances here for scientific capitalists. Gold has been found in every part of the country."

A week later *The Star* mentioned without editorial comment that gold had been found forty miles above Sutter's Fort. On the 28th of March *The Star* published, "A good move would be for all property owners in the place, who have no settled purpose of improving the town, and distant ideas of rare chances at speculation, to employ upon their unoccupied lands, some few of our

liquor-house idlers, and in the process of ploughing, harrowing, hoeing, and planting. It is not idle to believe some hidden treasure would be brought out. Some silver mines are wanted in this vicinity, could they be had without experiencing the ill effects following in the trail of their discovery. Monterey, our capital, rests on a bed of quicksilver, so say the cute and knowing. We say, if we can discover ourselves upon a bed of silver, we, for our single self, shall straightway throw up the pen and cry aloud with Hood, 'A pickaxe or a spade.'" On the same date he adds, "So great is the quantity of gold taken from the mine recently found at New Helvetia that it has become an article of traffic in that vicinity."

A month later a somewhat altered tone is noticed in according greater consideration to the gold discoveries. Fourgeaud, in a serial article on "The Prospects of California" writes in *The Star,* "We saw a few days ago, a beautiful specimen of gold from the mine newly discovered on the American Fork. From all accounts the mine is immensely rich, and already we learn that gold from it, collected at random and without trouble, has become an article of trade at the upper settlements. This precious metal abounds in this country. We have heard of several other newly discovered mines of gold, but as these reports are not yet authenticated, we shall pass over them. However it is well known that there is a placero of gold a few miles from the Ciudad de los Angeles, and another on the San Joaquin."

In another column of the same issue, we read that at the American River diggings the gold "is found at a depth of three feet below the surface, and in a strata of soft sand-rock. Explorations made southward to the distance of twelve miles and to the north five miles, report the continuance of this strata and the mineral equally abundant. The vein is from twelve to eighteen feet in thickness. Most advantageously to this new mine, a stream of water flows in its immediate neighborhood, and the washing will be attended with comparative ease."

These and the two items already mentioned in *The Star* are the only notices in this paper of the diggings before the 22nd of April, when they remark, "We have been informed, from unquestionable authority that another still more extensive and valuable gold mine has been discovered towards the head of the American Fork in the Sacramento Valley. We have seen several specimens

taken from it to the amount of eight or ten ounces of pure virgin gold."

The Californian said even less on the subject during the same period.

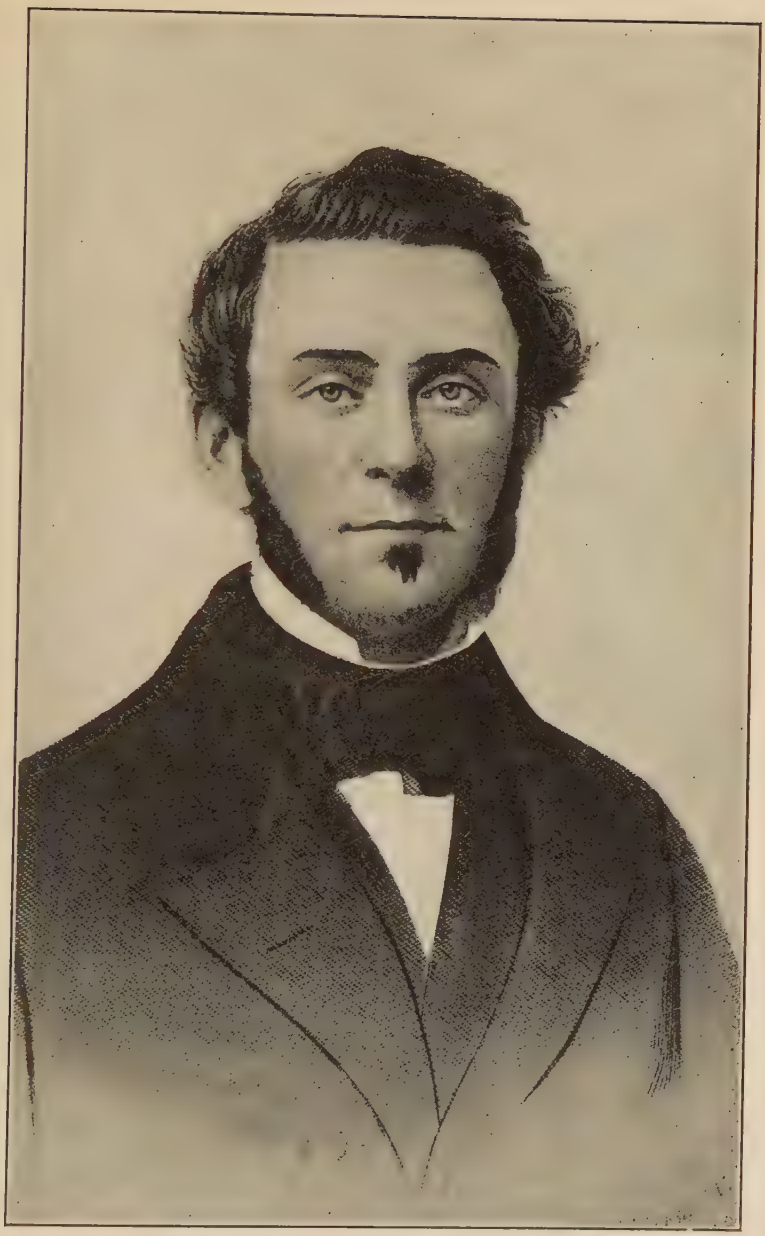
By the middle of April Editor Kemble visited the mines after stating his intention "to ruralize among the rustics of the country for a few weeks," and flippantly remarked on his return (May 6th issue) "Great country, fine climate; visit this valley, we would advise all who have not yet done so. See it now. Full-flowing streams, mighty timber, large crops, luxuriant clover, fragrant flowers, gold and silver."

However, as men hastened to arrange their affairs, dissolving partnerships, disposing of real estate and converting other effects into ready means for departure, Kemble pronounces the mines "all a sham, as superb a take-in as ever was got up to guzzle the gullible."

Through June the excitement continued, after which there were few left to be excited. Indeed by the middle of the month, the abandonment of San Francisco was complete. "But now," complains *The Star* of May 27th, "stores are closed, and places of business vacated, . . . nowhere the pleasant hum of industry salutes the ear of late; but as if a curse had arrested our onward course of enterprise, everything wears a desolate and sombre look, everywhere all is dull, monotonous, dead." But that same date they publish the first of this new kind of advertisement, "The highest market price will be paid for gold, either cash or merchandise, by Mellus & Howard, Montgomery Street." And by the same firm, goods were offered for sale "for cash, hides and tallow or placera gold." Of quite a different character was another notice: "Pay up before you go—everybody knows where," the editor cries. "Papers can be forwarded to Sutter's Fort with all regularity. But pay the printer, if you please, all you in arrears."

By May 24th *The Californian*, only just moved to San Francisco and now unable to retain their workmen, issued a fly-sheet announcing temporary suspension. As *The Star* put it: "Gone to ——. *The Californian* ceased issue with the annunciatory slip of Tuesday last. Verdict of inquest—fever."

Another slip came out of *The Californian* office on June second containing two columns of news on the treaty with Mexico, a few advertisements and the following editorial: "For the purpose of



SAMUEL BRANNAN

convincing what there is left of the 'public' that *The Californian* is NOT extinct, nor yet altogether used up, we, in our triple character of editor, printer and devil, have compiled, set up, worked off, and circulated this extra, which we hope will do our readers much good; for it will probably very much perplex his Satanic Majesty to tell at what precise period they will hear from us again."

By the fourteenth of June, *The Star,* like *The Californian,* had also fainted dead away. Said they, "In fewer words than are usually employed in the announcements of similar events, we appear before the remnant of a reading community with the material or immaterial information that we have stopped the paper—that its publication ceased with the last regular issue. On the approach of autumn we shall again appear to announce *The Star* revived. Should we renew earlier, due notice will be given. We have done. Let our word of parting be, Hasta luego," and with this lighthearted leavetaking, Kemble, too, set forth to the mines.

Thus was California temporarily without a newspaper!

The Californian's first resurrection was on July 15th, 1848, to record the news of March 17th, the revolution in France and Louis Philippe's abdication. By October business had in a measure revived and a new co-partnership was formed by three printers, H. L. Sheldon, B. F. Foster, and W. E. Weaver, who were determined "to establish now a lasting character for this journal, which shall render it in years to come, the standard paper of the Pacific Coast."

Soon after (November 18) Kemble bought Brannan's *Star* and materials for eight hundred dollars, and *The Californian* proprietors, whose paper was weighted down with debts, were persuaded to join him. However, almost immediately Kemble found himself alone, minus partners, with all the debts of both establishments on his hands. Out of this union, *The Star and Californian* was born, to plod along largely dependent on job printing for revenue. When, a few months later, it was renamed *The Alta California*—poor Kemble had been obliged to take in a partner, E. C. Gilbert, who for a half interest assumed half the debts—they wrote: "The unenviable position which this sheet at present occupies of being the only paper printed in California, renders it imperative, were there no higher considerations, that it should be independent and fair. The publishers are fully sensible that unless such

be its course, it can accomplish but little in any cause. It behooves them to guide its course above all time serving, expedient, available and personal considerations." And true to its independent convictions *The Alta California* (weekly) was emphatically the people's organ, entering earnestly both into the work of forming a Provincial Government and into matters of municipal reform.

The edition of April 10th came after a suspension of several weeks due to a paper shortage. That was the sailing day for the Steamer Panama, so this edition was announced as "*The Alta California* for the Steamer," thereby setting the custom for the fortnightly Steamer Edition. It consisted of a resume of the news of the previous fortnight of city and State, of the Northern Territories, the Sandwich Islands, and China, as well as the principal editorials and contributed articles that had appeared since the sailing of the last steamer. Also there were the usual fortnightly tables of the trade and commerce of the port, a complete Market Review, and the Prices Current corrected to the last date.

In January, 1850, hastened by the intended publication of the *Daily Journal of Commerce, The Alta California* changed to a daily.

Edward Connor was next admitted to the firm and given a sixth interest in return for his steam press, on which the *Alta* was thenceforth published. Kemble has said that at this time *The Alta California* was one of the most expensively managed and most profitable newspapers in America, with receipts of at least fifteen thousand dollars per month.

The Pacific News (tri-weekly) had been started in August, 1849, by Faulkner and Leland. Mr. Faulkner had moved his paper from Norwich, Connecticut, after the gold discoveries had been confirmed. It was the first Democratic organ in the State. Next was printed *Le Californien,* declaring its ambassadorship as an organ of French interests. An odd little paper in French, it was lithographed because it was impossible to get French accented type.

John Nugent was a bold and caustic writer, and he plunged his paper, *The Herald,* established in June 1850, heart and soul into all the political quarrels of the day. It was successful from the start, and six years later was at the height of its prosperity when

on May 14, 1856, San Francisco was thrown into an uproar of excitement over the assassination of James King of William.

King was editor of *The Evening Bulletin.* His previous connection with a San Francisco bank had given him an insight into practices he was now, as an editor, busily exposing in his paper. Honestly desirous of ridding the city of knaves and rogues, partly through spite and partly to build up his paper, he attacked questionable practices of well-known persons occupying high positions. *The Bulletin* had not been established long before it was evident that public iniquity or its editor must go. In six months the daily edition had the unprecedented circulation of seven thousand. When King's attack on James Casey, styled a professional ballot box stuffer, brought from Casey the bullet that ended King's life, the Vigilante Committee took possession of the city, and *The Bulletin,* becoming their organ, continued more prosperous than ever. Subsequently Thomas S. King became editor.

On the other hand, *The Herald* and *The Chronicle* took sides against the Committee and fell suddenly from popular grace. Their principal advertisers, the merchants and auctioneers, withdrew their support at once, transferring it to *The Alta* and *The Globe,* who were sorely in need of the business at the time. The next day *The Herald* was reduced thereby to a fourth of its former size. This loss of business roused Mr. Nugent to vengeance against the Vigilance Committee, which he now fought with all his energy, some of his ablest articles being contributed by eminent lawyers. Ultimately *The Herald* became an organ of the Democratic party, though it never regained its former patronage and influence.

1850 saw, too, the founding of the first evening newspaper on the Pacific, *The Evening Picayune,* whose career after the fire of 1851 was short, though it was soon reorganized to become *The Morning Post,* and became the only active opponent in the State of the Vigilante Committee of 1851. It carried several columns in French and in due time was re-established as the *Echo du Pacifique.* A Presbyterian weekly called *The Watchman* was the first avowedly religious paper here, while another "first of its kind" was a pictorial sheet, *The Pacific Illustrated Times,* printed at *The Alta* office. Its engravings were above the average in ordinary American pictorials of the time.

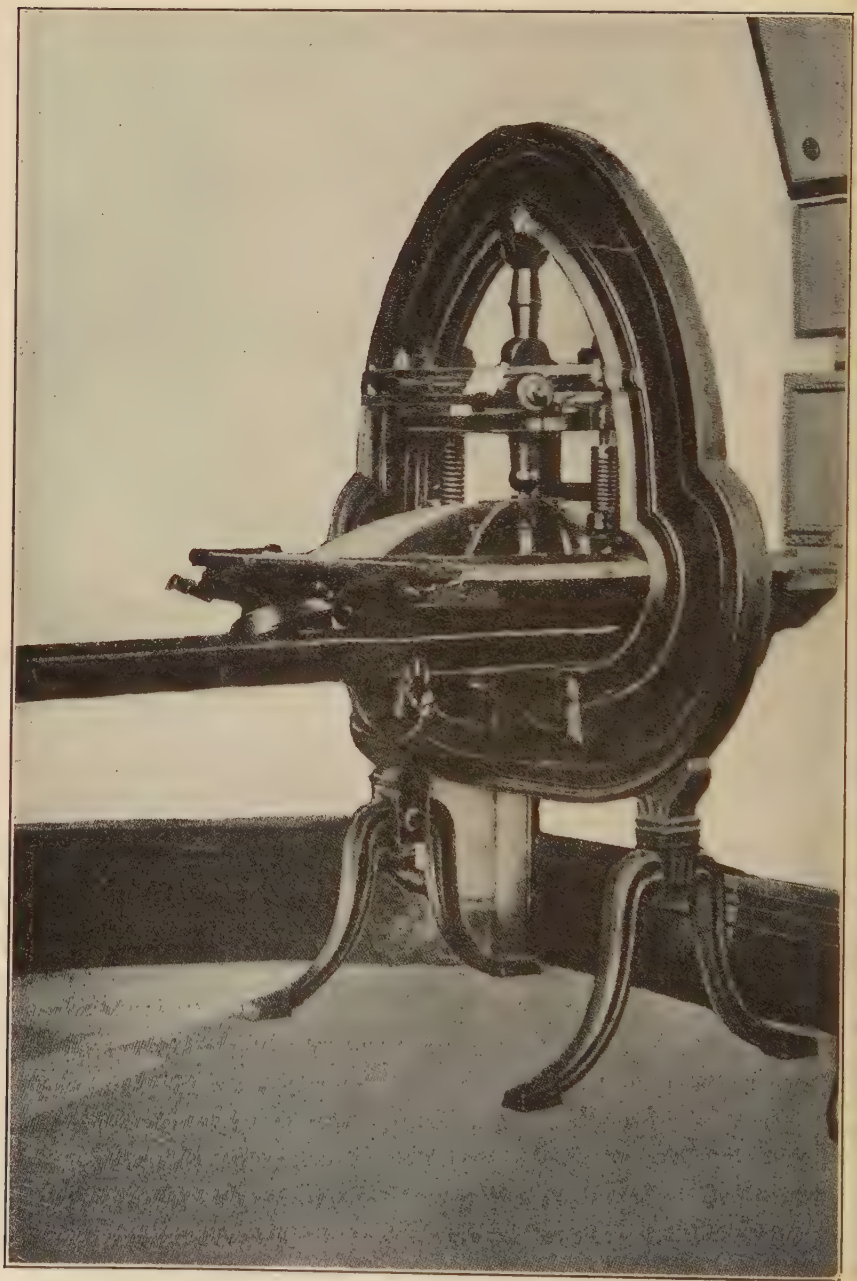
Faster and faster enthusiastic editors continued to start other

papers in San Francisco, in fact throughout the State. The publishing business could not, on the whole, have been very profitable in these early days, but on the other hand the expenses of conducting a daily before 1860 were comparatively light. The plant required to produce the small four-page sheets was of the simplest. An office equipped with eight hundred to a thousand pounds of type and a hand press was adequate to turn out a metropolitan journal of the period. Five or six men at the utmost were required to set the matter and print the paper.

Charles E. Pickett in 1852 tried his unsuccessful best to suit all tastes with *The Western American,* it being "a disciple of Epicurus in philosophy, of Jesus Christ in morals, and of Thomas Jefferson in politics." Among others starting that year were *The San Francisco Shipping List and Prices Current; The Evening Journal,* Whig and anti-slave in politics; *The Daily Whig,* Democratic and an organ of the Broderick faction, was edited by F. M. Pixley and L. R. Lull. As the Presidential campaign drew near still others sprang into being, *The Daily Staats Zeitung,* the first German paper; *The Times* and *Transcript* moved down from Sacramento; *The Bugle,* published by the State Central Committee. Several weekly literary papers also began operations, *The Golden Era* attaining the greatest popularity.

Frank Soule established the *Daily California Chronicle* in November, 1853. It was modeled after *The Alta* with which he had been associated formerly. Soule was distinguished as a prominent politician and political writer of the Whig party and characterized by a degree of personal independence for which few politicians are remarkable. He is well known as one of the authors of the "Annals of San Francisco." *The Chronicle* later became a Republican paper and diminished with the defeat of that party, breathing its last in 1858.

We first hear of a farm paper in 1854, *The California Farmer Weekly.* Then came *The Wide West,* a weekly Sunday literary paper lasting till 1858. *The Golden Hill News* was another lithographed paper in Chinese characters. Two little advertisng papers were distributed gratis, *The California Mail* and *The Pathfinder. The Daily Town Talk,* sprightly and successful, was the first at the low price of "one bit per week." Thirteen little French papers served news to the French population during 1854 and all the leading papers had French departments.



The Press on Which San Francisco's First Paper Was Printed

Publications with distinctly new purposes now began to appear, short-lived to be sure. 1855 saw one number of the first medical journal, and a few numbers of *The Weekly Law Journal. The Firemen's Journal* joined the ranks; there was a new Spanish paper, *Sud Americana;* two new ones in the German language and another Chinese and English religious paper, the *Oriental. The Daily Citizen* became the organ of the Know Nothing Party, while the *Weekly Cosmopolitan* were their opponents. *The Western Standard,* a Mormon publication, prospered from then till 1857. James Casey started *The Weekly Sunday Times,* which died with him. We have already mentioned *The Bulletin* and the sacrifice of James King of William. Fourteen more new papers started in 1856 with the usual prompt list of casualties. Among them were three papers for boys, *The Daily Evening Star, Weekly Young America,* and *Eagle of Freedom,* all Republican in policy. *Hutching's Illustrated California Magazine* was the outstanding publication of the year.

The News Letter (1857), published semi-monthly just before the departure of the Panama steamers, was a summary of the fortnight's news. It was at first printed only on one side of a sheet of blue letter paper, leaving the other side blank for folding, addressing, and mailing. Its founder succeeded in making his paper very popular not only here but in the East as well. For the colored population there was *The Weekly Mirror of the Times. The Weekly Spirit of the Times* was a sporting paper. There were others, probably the most important being *The District Court Reports.* 1858 ends the first ten years of newspaper publication in San Francisco. *The Pacific Medical Journal* began early in the spring; *The California Culturalist* came to devote itself to the encouragement of labor in the various branches of agriculture, horticulture and mechanism; and *The Hesperian,* the first periodical edited by women presented itself.

'By 1858," writes Kemble, "few if any of the first editors or proprietors were still in their old positions. Three had been assassinated, Gilbert, King and Dunn; four had been wounded in duels fought over articles written. Two had gone to the penitentiary. Hull had married Lola Montez. Many had taken political positions, others were traveling, and an unknown number were engaged in mining, trading and agriculture in California."

Sacramento was the second seat of newspaper activity in Cali-

fornia. With the ever increasing excitement in the gold regions, Sutter's Fort merchants began to feel the necessity for a news and advertising medium there, and soon set about to find an interested editor. Thus partially financed by them, the *Alta California* proprietors, themselves wanting a correspondent nearer the mines, packed up their weary old Ramage press and started it on its eight days' voyage up the river from San Francisco to Sacramento on the "Dice Me Nana." With oysters and champagne its arrival was celebrated and a little printing office was built of adobe to house it and its new child, *The Placer Times*, published first on April 28, 1849. Its head was carved from a piece of wood with a jack-knife. Likewise some of its type, C's being made from O's. The Q's transformed into G's were a ridiculous sight. *The Sacramento Transcript* started exactly a year later and shortly after combined with the *Times*, a voice of the Democrats. The name McClatchy, long prominent in California journalism, was first seen associated with *The Settlers' and Miners' Tribune*, founded to champion the Squatter Association of Sacramento. Followed then *The Sacramento Index* (December 1850), their first Whig paper. Four practical printers from the *Transcript* started *The Sacramento Union* in March 1851. It was published in daily, weekly and steamer editions and ultimately they issued a semi-annual pictorial edition.

Of *The Union* Ella S. Cummins says in "The Story of the Files," "Never has there been a journal that has so entered into the lives, feelings, sentiments and affections of a constituency, nor wielded greater power, making and unmaking Governors and Senators and swaying the balance upon the great questions of National as well as State importance. Because of the well-known honesty and incorruptibility and patriotism of its proprietors, James Anthony, Paul Morrill and Henry W. Larkin, who always shaped and directed its policy, it was believed in and trusted by the people of California.

"This is why, in several elections of vast importance to the State and to the Nation, the influence of the *Union* (well and happily named) was supreme. It was the character of these three men which made it a power in the land. They were not to be bought nor sold nor bribed nor tempted. And on that ground did they stand firm to the last."

In all forty newspapers were begun in Sacramento during

1848-58, of which only four were still active in 1858, *The Sacramento Daily Bee, The Union, The Morning Star,* and *The Baptist Circular.* There had been twenty-five dailies. And what is quite remarkable, of their approximately seventy-five editors, not one had ever been called upon to fight a duel or settle any of the personal altercations that usually mark the intercourse of editors in new states.

The Times, Stockton's first paper, was also established by *The Alta,* the third to be printed on the old wooden press. An Englishman, H. H. Radcliffe, bought it on the promise that he would resell it to *The Alta* when he could procure other machinery to take its place. Devoted to the advancement of the San Joaquin Valley, *The Times* became the prime medium of communication with the southern mines. Other papers established there soon after were: *The Stockton Journal,* 1850; *San Joaquin Republican,* 1851; *The Daily Evening Post,* 1854; *The Item,* 1855; *The Gazette,* 1856; *The Argus,* the *Pacific Methodist* and *The Weekly Stockton Democrat.*

Almost simultaneously in 1850 papers were announced from the two mining communities—Sonora and Marysville. *The Marysville Herald* began in August, but to Sonora belongs the honor of publishing the first paper in the mines of California, *The Sonora Herald,* on July fourth. It, too, was printed on the old Ramage press. The first seven numbers on foolscap sold for fifty cents each. This was the first paper in California to advocate title in fee simple to the mineral lands.

The next paper published on California's pioneer press was the *Columbia Star,* October 1851. Misfortune followed its editors, and soon the venerable press was attached for an unpaid debt and sold under execution for three hundred and ten dollars. Left standing out on the sidewalk overnight, it was destroyed before morning by a fire presumably started by vandals. Concerning which *The Sonora Herald* wrote: "We sent yesterday, for the charred and half consumed timber which constituted the frame and brought it to our office, in front of which it is now deposited for examination by all who feel interested in the relic. It shall be duly labeled and preserved, not only to show what it once was and in memory of its past services, but also to show to the better members of society, who are fast migrating to California, how different have been the characters of some of the settlers. The

appearance of the press alone, as it now stands, forms a chapter in the history of the State, and whenever a state museum may be established, it shall be placed in it."

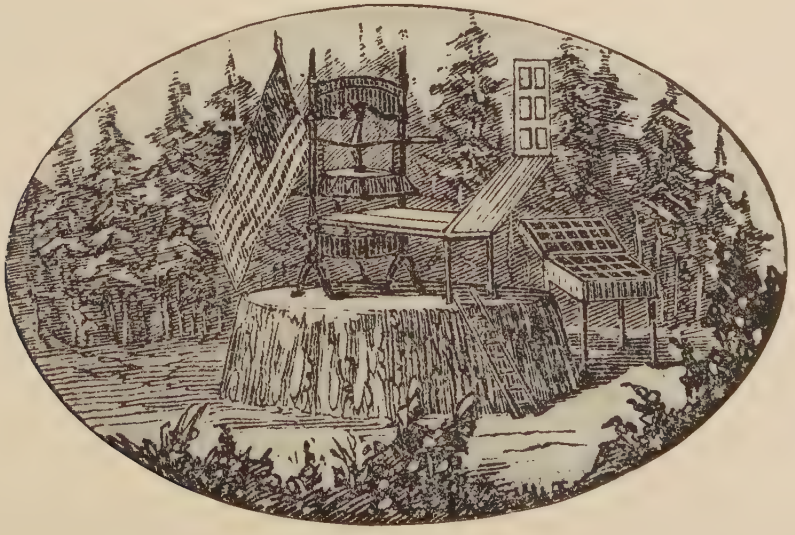
Lured on farther and farther with the spreading population, printing offices in ever increasing numbers were loaded on mule back and carried along with men and their packs of tools higher and higher into the mountains. Fifty cents a pound was paid for transporting the materials of the *Mountain Herald* up to Yreka in 1854. During our first decade Marysville had seven papers; Sonora, three; Columbia, five of importance. There were seven at Jackson, three each in Mariposa and San Andreas.

At Mammoth Tree Grove, a curious little paper called *The Big Tree Bulletin and Murphy's Advertiser* was printed twice weekly in the open air. To the Public the editor spoke, April 30, 1850: "Today for the first time in the period of the world's history we issue a paper, the office of which is established upon a stump. The Big Trees of Calaveras have already a world wide reputation and now, on the upright remains of its ample trunk, leveled and polished to the consistency of an elegant floor, we consecrate to literature and art, that which was formerly occupied in the support of "the giant of the forest."

"The principal column in this grandest of forest temples has fallen, leaving the wild and primitive forest of which it was the chief number still wildly and sublimely beautiful. If phoenix-like, we are unable to restore the brave old tree to its former greatness, erecting a new, out of the relics of the old, we will never-the-less perpetuate its memory, and foster at its very base, the plants of civilization to which it has already bowed.

"It will be an object of our little sheet to give detailed accounts of the country in and surrounding the locality of the Mammoth Tree Grove—to advocate the speedy completion of a National road running through Carson Valley, and thence on through California, by the way of the Big Tree route. To act as a thorough exponent of the interests of the citizens of Murphy's, Angels, Vallecito, etc., as well as to those of this portion of the country generally.

"Finally, without the fear of hatred, or hope of favor from political parties, we shall pursue the even tenor of our ways, believing that beneath the cool shade of our summer retreat, we shall find none who will dare molest or make us afraid.



Open Air Printing Office of *The Big Tree Bulletin*

"This may seem big talk for a little paper! We know, however, the foundation on which we stand, and feel sure nothing less than an earthquake can shake us."

For a motto, they chose, "Independent in all things, neutral in nothing."

Again addressing the Public: "If you wish us to publish a paper in your promising town, you will please make it manifest by giving us your assistance in the way of subscriptions and patronage."

Apparently business left something to wish for, and like many other early publishers they carried on persistently cheerful as far as they could go. Witness this in the May 14th issue: "There is a man up in our country who always pays for his paper in advance. He never has had a sick day in his life—never had any corns or toothache—his potatoes never rot—the weavil never eats his wheat—the frost never kills his corn or beans—his babies never cry in the night—and his wife never scolds and always wears moderate sized hoops. Reader, if you would witness like results on your own part, go thou and do likewise."

By June 25th things were looking still darker and the discouraged editor gave room to: "Valedictory.—With this number our brief and brilliant editorial career closes. With a sense of pain and a vision of innumerable cow-hides before me, I now make my bow to the readers of *The Bulletin,* and say au reservoir!" His hope revived, though as it happened, it was for only one more edition in which was this: "Editorial.—*The Bulletin* not meeting with the success it was lead to expect has changed its location from the STUMP to that of Murphy's where if we are encouraged will continue its publication. If not we will lay up the types, and take to the mines where we never have failed making a respectable living."

At Nevada in the northern mines district the first paper was the *Nevada Journal,* (April 1851) followed quickly by four short-lived comic papers. Downieville, Coloma, Placerville, Shasta and Auburn each became news centers, Placerville with ten publications in ten years. At Bidwell's Bar flourished the *Weekly Butte Record* in 1853. Grass Valley had four in 1856. Of these *The California Mining Journal* was the first distinctly mining publication on the Pacific Coast. There was later a magazine called *The*

Miner in 1866, which had a brief existence. *The Mining and Scientific Press* of San Francisco (1862) became the leading journal on all matters connected with mining.

These facts and figures are typical of newspaper development throughout the State, both in the interior and the coast counties. Efforts were made to start a paper in Southern California as early as 1850, and the notice of intention "to commence shortly the publication of a journal in Los Angeles" was printed in the San Francisco papers. After many encouraging references were made to it in the *Alta California,* it was announced very early in 1851 "that the arrangements were complete for the publication, but the proprietors had not been able to secure a press or materials!"

However John A. Lewis and John McElroy issued the first number of Los Angeles' pioneer paper May 17, 1851. It was named *La Estrella de Los Angeles* (*The Star of Los Angeles*). Consisting of four twelve by eighteen inch pages, two of which were printed in English and two in Spanish, it was an experiment hitherto not attempted in the state. Having no exchanges with papers in the Spanish language, they had to rely mainly on translations and such contributions as good friends sent the editor. He also had to depend chiefly on local news to make his paper interesting, for in San Francisco was the nearest newspaper, and mail between the two towns was uncertain, sometimes by sea, sometimes by land, and occupying in its transmission from two to six weeks, and once, Lewis says, fifty-two days. Three days after the founding of *The Star, The San Diego Herald* was started. *The Star's* first rival in Los Angeles was *The Southern Californian,* in 1854, followed by *El Clamor Publico* in 1855 and *The Southern Vineyard* in 1858.

While not strictly a California paper, the tiny *Panama Star* was published for and by prospective Californians. Their first announcement explains their purpose.

To Our American Friends in Panama.

"In order to relieve the tedium of our, perhaps protracted stay in this to us strange land, surrounded by the people, institutions and a language so dissimilar to our own—a few Americans have undertaken this publication. Having embarked in a common object, the emigration to what seems to promise to be the El Dorado of the world, our interests are identical; and we believe that whatever of news, information to future emigrants, or local matters we may find or place in our columns, must be alike interesting

to those already here, to those who may hereafter arrive, and to those especially whom we have left behind, anxiously expecting news of our position, comfort and welfare.

"We therefore embark in our agreeable undertaking, confident in your support, and desirous to afford to all, the means of temporary relief from the monotony of our situation—and for this purpose we shall be glad to receive any hints or information that may be considered of sufficient interest to either of the classes of persons named above, to warrant publication here.

"We congratulate our American Fellow Citizens on their progress thus far on their way to the 'promised land,' and we trust that much happiness and prosperity may be the lot of all, and as large a share of the good things of this world as may be desirable for them to possess consistently with a due sense of the value of wealth, as a means of good, rather than the mere gratification of the appetite or propensities of man.

"With these remarks we present ourselves to our friends, asking only that a fair allowance be made for the peculiarity of our position here, an excuse for any ommission that may occur in our first number."

The size of these earliest papers varied widely, depending on the supply of paper on hand from tiny little sheets of letter paper size to the huge twenty-three and a half by thirty-two inch four page editions of *The Alta California* of 1856, for instance.

One of the important functions of a newspaper, then as now, was the dissemination of information concerning the possibilities and resources of the region in which it was published, and this the early Californian papers did measurably well. A favored topic was the climate of California in articles apparently addressed to people in the "old home," and because of the well developed practice of mailing papers to friends in the East, it was splendid advertising. On the other hand, discussion of earthquakes was not tabooed then, but rather a subject provocative of merriment. Witness this from *The Hesperian,* December 1858.

"The city physician of Oroville has ordered a bell to be rung every day at noon, as a signal for all the inhabitants to commence chewing Peruvian bark. The ague has assumed a malignant form here; and an individual recently pronounced cured and dismissed from the hospital, attempted to modify his spasms by holding to the meeting house, and shook the steeple off."—*Trinity Journal.*

"We think a little of the same disease must have reached San Francisco for we shook so hard last week, that the good people in our vicinity thought they felt an earthquake."

In *Hutching's California Magazine,* February 1857 was.

"Here is another subject engaging the attention and to some extent the interests of the people of the coast cities of California. It is not every country that can get up an earthquake every year, just for the amusement of its people, for it seems to be for no other purpose.

"Since the issue of our January number, our coast, coast range of mountains, and country inland to the great valleys of the Sacramento and to the San Joaquin, and from Oregon on the north to the Gulf of California on the south, has been dancing its annual polka to the silent, quiet partner, the great inland or Sierra Nevada Range.

"It may be all pleasant enough to those at a distance, to hear of these annual vibrations of our ancient mother, but to us, with our four and six story brick and mortar proclivities, it does seem as though she was getting old enough to keep quiet, and as her children of the cities are annually decking her person with costly jewels, it certainly would be desirable that she should wear them meekly and gracefully, without any further attempt to shake them off. But as all conjectures in relation to a repetition of her antics are vain, we shall await her foolish foibles with a mind philosophically disposed."

Limited facilities for news gathering, rather than ignorance of the desirability of furnishing the latest news as promptly as possible explains the weakness on the news side and the small amount of space and attention given to it. Their principal news source was the files of the Eastern papers brought by the steamers. And if they gave vastly more space to reprinted Eastern news than to local happenings, it was partly because the towns were so small that under the circumstances it was well nigh impossible for a newspaper to print any intelligence of importance which was not already known to every one in the community before the account could be put into type, printed, and sent into circulation.

There was great rivalry between the editors during the period prior to the Pony Express and the Overland Stage Line, in presenting the news received from the Atlantic States by steamer. Though they differed in other policies, they all agreed that the news of happenings in the old home was of foremost interest,

and they resorted to all sorts of devices to get it into circulation with the greatest speed. The more enterprising publishers had carefully prepared batches of condensed news items from their Eastern correspondents all ready to be rushed from the docking steamer into type and onto the street where expectant readers eagerly waited. Then on the following day, the more important news items were dealt with at greater length, though there was never any conspicuous indulgence in detail, the modest amount of space at the command of the editor enforcing a brevity that would have delighted lovers of concise expression.

Some of the later students of early newspaper construction have been disposed to attribute this brevity to a keener appreciation of the merits of conciseness than was really possessed, for a great deal of space was consumed in the columns devoted to comment which neither went straight to the point or avoided unnecessary words. That details would have been enjoyed had they been presented is evidenced by the fact that the more extended descriptions of events printed in Eastern papers were eagerly read by those who subscribed for them, and by the tacit approval of the local editors in copying and reprinting accounts of occurrences on the Atlantic coast which would have been disposed of with a brief paragraph had they happened at home. Such an item as this leaves one's curiosity quite unsatisfied as to who the unfortunates might have been:

> "DEATHS ON SHIP BOARD.—Three Californians died on board the bark Clarissa on her passage from this port to Panama."

That the Eastern newspapers themselves were in great demand can be seen from this clipping from the *Alta* of October 1851:

> "NEWSPAPERS.—The arrival of the steamers from Panama is the signal for a general rising among the newspaper boys, who lie back during the whole previous fortnight in anticipating the rich haul they will make when the steamer comes in. It would somewhat astonish the easy-going publishers of the Atlantic States to see their papers which they are happy to get rid of at from three cents to a sixpence, selling here for twenty-five and fifty cents. California, however, with all her money making projects, still keeps up the American taste for newspaper literature."

Examine a specimen of a paper of 1850, *The Daily Alta California* of April 27th. At this time it was fifteen by twenty-two

inches in size; four pages of five columns each. It is marked by a complete absence of display headings. The entire first page is devoted to advertisements, all kinds, from shipping to dry goods, none more than a column wide or two inches deep. Curious little pictures of clocks and ships, houses, horses or hoop skirt frames, and a little hand with a pointing finger are inserted in the upper left hand corner of many of these tiny advertisements.

The second page is given over to a long review of a book on coins and bullion, editorial comment, the farewell address of Honorable E. K. Chamberlain, chairman pro tem. of the Senate; a little over half a column is spared for "LOCAL MATTERS" which, under the headings of "Quite a scene" and "Attempt to kill," cover the details of a family quarrel and an attempt at murder, the sort that would call for an "extra" today.

On page three is a sketch of Tuolumne City; a long and detailed account of a New York divorce case; and more advertisements. The back page contains the "Articles of an Act to incorporate the City of San Francisco" and three more columns of the same small classified "want ads."

A glance at some of these advertisements will be interesting side lights on early business activities. With a small ship illustration is:

GLIDDEN & WILLIAM'S LINE OF
Clipper ships from Boston to San Francisco.

Sailing once every month and oftener, as the trade may require. Among the ships already despatched in this line there are now loading, and to arrive, the famous clipper ships

STAFFORDSHIRE, 1800 tons
WITCH OF THE WAVE, 1500 tons

also the new clipper ships

BEVERLY — LADY FRANKLIN
HIPPOGRIFFE — POLYNESIA

and the fast-sailing ships

COHOTA — RADUGA

There are also being built for this line two magnificent clipper ships of 1250 tons each, with accommodations of the best style.

We would call attention of shippers and passengers to

the advantages of a regular line of ships sailing promptly on the day advertised.

Heretofore it has not been uncommon for ships to be two and three months loading up, to the great injury of those who have placed their goods on board.

Arrangements for freighter or passage may be made with

FLINT, PEABODY & CO.
head of Broadway Wharf.
Aug. 31, 1852

Quite typical of real estate advertising is this with its little house illustration:

"TO LET.—The brown house prominently situated on the east side of Stockton Street, between California and Pine. For particulars inquire of WAINWRIGHT, RANDALL & CO. 50 Front Street.

"EXTRA RICH tuscan straw bonnets, full trimmed, latest Paris fashions. A small invoice of the most expensive and recherche styles ever offered, just received via the ISTHMUS, for sale by
DEWITT & HARRISON, Sansome Street.

"WATCHES! WATCHES!! WATCHES!!!—Silver trumpets, gold goblets, gold snuff and tobacco boxes, and one hundred pieces of diamond work, just received, which must and will be sold cheap. T. F. Cooper's duplex watches for sale at $165. T. F. Cooper's lever watches, $150. The above goods were open for exhibition on Saturday morning, August 28th. A fine assortment of silver spoons to be disposed of. (Aug. 30)
J. W. TUCKER.

"SUPERFINE CLOTHING—Just received per steamer Unicorn—Consisting of black, blue, olive, mulberry, and dahlia cloth frock and sack coats; black and fancy pants and vests; fine beaver overcoats; Kossuth overcoats; and a fine assortment of black and fancy cravats, scarfs, stocks, ties, &c, &c. We invite our friends and the public to call and examine our extensive assortment and the quality of our clothing, which we can afford to sell (at wholesale and retail) cheaper than any other house. We are now manufacturing our own goods in New York, and every article is selected by our partner, S. C. KEYES, with the utmost care, especially our cloths, which we feel confident in recommending to our customers as the best in the mar-

ket. We can also make up garments here at the shortest notice, and cheaper than any other tailoring establishment in the city. Measures for garments will be taken and forwarded to our house in New York and returned in sixty or seventy days, and guarantied to fit. KEYES & CO. Brick Store, corner Clay and Kearny Street. (August 31, 1852.)

"MADAM ST. DENNIS—Late of Pennsylvania—can be consulted on matters of LOVE, LAW and BUSINESS, from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Residence: second brown cottage on Union Street between Stockton and Dupont. (1858)

"ALE and PORTER.—300 casks of Tennent's pale ale, in pints and quarts; 200 casks Tennent's strong ale, in pints and quarts; 100 casks Tennent's porter in pints and quarts; 50 casks Byass' ale, in quarts; 50 casks Byass' porter, in quarts; 50 casks Harvey's ale, in quarts. Landing from British barques, Hynderford and Flora McDonald, and for sale by OGDEN & HAYNES, corner of Front and Jackson Streets." (Aug. 27, 1852.)

"TO THE LADIES.—A. AUSTIN & CO. have reduced to Paris cost the remaining portion of their stock of plain and embroidered Paris made SILK MANTILLAS and VISITES, Sacramento Street, one door from Montgomery. (Aug. 31, 1852)

"LESSONS ON THE PIANO.—A young lady who has a great deal of time at her disposal, wishes to give lessons on the pianoforte. She offers to attend beginners at their own residences three times a week, at $5 per month."

Auction sale records frequently filled a whole page of the *Alta*, while column after column of City Ordinances had to be printed.

"ORDINANCE—Title—Making appropriations for the payment of George A. Worn.

The people of the city of San Francisco do ordain as follows:

Sec. 1. That the City Comptroller be and he is hereby instructed to draw his warrant upon the City Treasurer in favor of Geo. A. Worn, for the sum of $109 for supplies, out of the Fire Department Fund.

In the Board of Assistant Aldermen, June 28, 1856, passed. Ayes—Wilson, Tobin, Peckham, Bartlett, Vandewster, Beideman and Wells.

Raisins, even before the days of Sun Maid, they consumed in wholesale quantities.

"300 BXS NEW LAYER RAISINS
150 cases half gallon gherkins,
300 cases Tomato Catsup and Pepper Sauce,
125 cases Wendell's Pie Fruit,
For sale by HARROLD, RANDALL & CO.
California & Front Streets.

About as frequent as liquor were gun powder and sperm candle bargains, while this one appeared quite often, too:

SAUCELITO WATER

THE INHABITANTS of San Francisco, also the shipping of the Harbor, are respectfully informed the company have now completed the works and are prepared to furnish at all hours as much

SOFT SPRING WATER

as may be required. Our tank will be open to all those who may wish to avail themselves of the FINEST and PUREST WATER in the world.

Patent medicine manufacturers and quack doctors bought quantities of advertising space, promising most marvelous cures for their tonics and skill, advertisements that our modern papers wouldn't tolerate. Theirs are among the few which were printed with a feeble attempt at display type.

And last but not least in completeness were the theatre notices.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

Stage Manager ..... Mr. Hann
Acting Manager ..... Mr. Coad.

OPEN FOR THE SEASON

This (Monday) Evening, June 30, 1856
The performance commences with drama of

THE BOTTLE!

Rich Thornley ..... Hann
George Gray ..... Coad
Dognose ..... Wheatleigh
Houdlow ..... Wilder
Coddles ..... Glover
Bucks ..... Heyward
Ruth Thornley ..... Miss C. Chapman
Mrs. Wolf ..... Mrs. Hamilton

PRICES OF ADMISSION

Dress Circle $1.00
Lower Circle and Parquett ..... .50
Second and Third Tier ..... .25
Orchestra Boxes 2.00
Private Boxes—$6.00 to $15.00

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performance will begin precisely at 8 o'clock. Seats and tickets can be secured from half past 9 o'clock, A.M. to 4 o'clock P.M.

These were the days when the composition room had more to do with the make up of a paper than it has at present. More often than not the printer imposed his ideas upon the editor. Even the advertiser was prone to accept without challenge his judgment that big display type was a blemish! Hence little or no attention was given to making the paper look attractive. It was quite the practice, as we have seen, to cover the front page with want advertisements, while some such news as the following would be relegated to a place in the center column of the back page.

TERRIFIC DISASTER.

Thirty to fifty lives lost.

Steamer Sagamore destroyed.

About five o'clock yesterday afternoon, our citizens were stricken with terror and grief at the report of the terrible explosion of the boilers of the Steamer Sagamore.

She was leaving her berth on Central wharf, bound for Stockton and full of passengers, when her boilers burst with a tremendous explosion, and she instantly became a perfect wreck. It is impossible to conceive a more perfect mass of finely splintered ruins than she presented at the time of our visit. The loss of life must have been frightful. Fragments of mangled human remains were seen by spectators, thrown high into the air and scattered around over the surrounding waters. Darkness had closed over the scene before a very careful examination of the ill-fated wreck could be made. We learn that she had a large number of passengers on board, and among them several females."

And tucked away among the editorials was

"By a telegraphic dispatch to the *Morning Call,* we learn that the town of Mariposa was destroyed by fire, which was occasioned by the carelessness of Chinese."

On the whole what news and reading matter as was printed was presented in such a haphazard fashion that it seemed as though the editor regarded it as of minor consequence. Certainly the relative position of important or unimportant news meant little. The execution of Jenkins by the Vigilance Committee in 1851 was even reported on an inside page under the caption "GREAT POPULAR OUTBREAK."

The editor printed such facts as he could conveniently and readily gather and when an unappreciative public ceased to buy it, his publication simply stopped. Not that he didn't publish much that was interesting. Plainly he didn't realize it was possible to stimulate the desire to read, and failing in this, he catered only to those who were in search of solid information in the shape of news and comment on politics and current happenings. To be sure, occasional verse and fiction, along with many jokes were scattered throughout the pages, but there was no evidence of any studied attempt at presenting matter to attract all classes of the reading community. Usually the apologetic head of "Miscellaneous" was placed over these bits of poetry or short stories, as if the editor were not quite sure that they deserved admission to the columns under his control.

Many of these early editors were college men, and they took their work seriously. While they mainly devoted their efforts to the study of political problems, they sometimes broke away from the self imposed gravity thought fitting for the editorial column, and dropped into verse. It was not at all unusual to give a graceful turn to an idea by rounding out a paragraph with a line or two of poetry. Frank Soule was as much admired for his poetry while editor of the *California Chronicle* as for his vigorous discussions of political subjects. John P. Young of the San Francisco *Chronicle* wrote, "It is decidedly noticeable that a love of literature was constantly seeking an outlet for itself in the daily press, and it is surprising that it never became assertive enough to induce the publishers of the days before the Civil War to anticipate the later development of many sidedness which has become so conspicuous a feature of modern journalism. There was certainly talent enough in San Francisco."

Dramatic criticism occupied a prominent place in the newspapers, as would be expected at a time when so much attention was paid to the drama by an amusement loving public. The early press boasted that the great artists who visited the country were unanimous in expressing the opinion that the critics of San Francisco showed rare discrimination. It is quite likely that the sentiment of hospitality deterred these critics from any harsh comments about the performances of artists who had come so far to entertain them. Thus many criticisms were discussions of the plays rather than estimates of the actors interpreting them. Often merely a passing allusion to the performance of the actor under

discussion sufficed, while most of the article would be an enthusiastic description of the work of some other artist, though when the artist was for herself approved, praise was unstinted.

> "ADELPHI THEATRE—Mrs. Wilmarth Waller made her debut last evening at the Adelphi, in the comediette of 'Perfection', sustaining the character of Kate O'Brien admirably. We seldom have the pleasure of hearing at the theatre her style of singing, so free from all affectation, that one seems to forget the presence of any one else beside the presence of the fair cantatrice. Mrs. Waller possesses rare qualities of voice, so flexible, and under such control, that its purity and power are only excelled by her graceful execution. Her acting was agreeable, and happy, and we doubt not she will become a great favorite with our play-going public, who admire and appreciate the fair representation of 'Perfection.'"

Very little mention was made of crime. In 1849 there were only about six constables in San Francisco, and being so in the minority they did not attempt to interfere seriously with those supposedly under their supervision. No particular anxiety was shown because of the smallness of the force, an indifference which was partly responsible for the necessity of the citizen's organization, the Vigilance Committee, to assume the administration of justice as they did in 1851 and again in 1856. This partly explains the scarcity of detail concerning crimes recorded in the first papers. When mention of a murder would be made, often no attempt would be made to ascertain the name of the victim, or conjecture as to the cause of the crime or who was the perpetrator. But while crimes of this sort were passed over lightly, bar room brawls would be described minutely, especially if the participants were well known.

There was one feature of this period's press that made for its popularity. Municipal affairs were grossly mismanaged during several years. The City Council often put through questionable measures; the courts were notoriously negligent and corrupt. Such a condition invited censure, and the editor whose pen was most caustic was eagerly hailed. This was the day of "personal journalism." Signed articles were rare, but every word in a scathing article generally proclaimed its authorship. The writer mentioned names with frankness, plainly calling a spade a spade.

Consequently personal encounters were frequent. Gentlemen were accustomed to demand "satisfaction" in the fifties, so often

the editor was called out to settle such a dispute in a duel. "Affairs of Honor" they were called, and they came to be reported in almost as stereotyped a form as a death notice. For example,

August 15, 1851, *The Alta.*

> "AFFAIRS OF HONOR.—An affair of honor between Captain Folsom and A. C. Russell, Esq. took place yesterday afternoon, and after an interchange of shots, in which neither party was injured, the affair was amicably arranged."

E. C. Gilbert, the senior editor of the *Alta,* in a duel with J. W. Denver, was killed in this way. Quoting Kemble again, "Gilbert fell, a victim to the miserably false sense of honor which in the state of public sentiment then existing, placed the resorter to the dueling code between two fatal extremes of opinion; one requiring the adjustment of personal differences on the field, and the other ridiculing the practice chiefly on account of its usually bloodless termination.

"Gilbert was seduced into the duel through convictions and a temperament which forbade his shrinking from responsibilities which the first imposed, and he lost his life from the sensibility to the ridicule to which the second and equally vicious class of opinion exposed him. The offense which started the affair was a little paragraph lampooning Gov. Bigler, and his tricks of office. It is only necessary to say that Gilbert's independence as an editor, and the obnoxious course of his journal to the party of which Bigler was head, joined to his mistaken views of personal honor and duty as a man and citizen, cost the State a valuable life. In the light of the higher principle involved, his death was a sacrifice to the liberty of speech of the press, unmixed with license and untainted by base or immoral motive. His was a severe loss to the *Alta.*"

Lots of space was used for "arrivals and departures" as well as for descriptions of the tribulations and expense of travel from the east. Here is a typical monthly summary of "arrivals" taken from the *Alta.*

THE GOLDEN IMMIGRATION

"Annexed is a list of the arrivals for the month, August 29, 1849, of males and females, at this port, by sea:

	Males	Females
From New York	1160	21
" Boston	363	3
" Baltimore	87	.....
" Philadelphia	87	.....
" Warren, R. I.	105	.....
" Mystic	56	2
" New Bedford	64	.....
" New London	3	.....
" Panama	864	6
" Mazatlan	227	26
" Valparaiso	311	16
" Hong Kong	66	.....
" Sandwich Islands	49	7
" Callao	171	3
" Liverpool	71	2
" Singapore	6	.....
" Sydney, N. S. W.	20	1
" Rio de Janerio	13	.....
" Greenport	80	.....
" Manila	31	.....
	3806	87

Of Which, Males 3342 are Americans
do Females 42 do do
Married Females, 6 Unmarried, 81.

So much has been written about the political influence of the early papers, which in many instances was the reason for their very being, that we will not touch on that phase of their usefulness here, but talk a bit about California's first magazines.

Owing to the unsettled conditions of society purely literary papers did not receive sufficient support at first. Later the greater variety and superior character of the eastern periodicals attracted public attention, so that humorous, satirical and critical journals alone succeeded in the west. Bancroft in his "Essays and Miscellany" says that the best early paper of this latter class was the *Bon-ton Critic,* issued in March 1854. Nevertheless there were repeated attempts to establish literary publications in California. The first, *The Golden Era,* dated from December 1852. This paper soon commenced to work its way into the mines, and to find a place in the hearts of the miners. Its weekly arrival was eagerly awaited in every camp in the mines. Its editors, R. M. Daggett and J. M. Ford, were very young men. One had come "round the Horn", the other, across the plains, and they wrote bright little

sketches of their experiences that appealed greatly to the wanderers. The principal characteristic of the *Golden Era* which made it different from others that followed it, and which perhaps caused it to outlive those of greater force and brilliancy, was its peculiar human sympathy. It met its readers half way. In fact it was more a chronicler of people than events, human nature rather than the face of nature; thoughts and feelings rather than lakes and mountains, making its files a sort of book of fate in which we read of the beginning of the careers of many of our California celebrities before they had dreamed of greatness. Its continued existence for thirty-three years is surely due to this human element. One of its chief attractions was its dramatic department, the first in the State. Its contributors throughout the years include Starr King, Bret Harte, who was at one time their compositor, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, and many others of fame.

The first monthly issue of a more serious order was the *Pioneer,* 1854-55, edited and managed by Ferdinand Ewer, a man of considerable power and a central figure in the literature of the time. Graduating from Harvard, he came to California in 1848 and at once became identified with journalism, founding several short-lived papers before the *Pioneer.* He was later prominent in the east as a high-church Episcopalian clergyman. The articles consisted chiefly of semi-historical and descriptive pieces, interspersed with more poems than tales or novelettes, and closing with a review of events, society, arts, and sciences, somewhat too staid, perhaps, for the period. Its "Introductory" reads as follows:

> "If we mistake not, no attempt has heretofore been made to establish in California a periodical of purely literary character. Whether the proprietors of the *Pioneer* have undertaken such an enterprise prematurely remains to be decided. They believe, however, not only that many will be gratified at the appearance of a medium through which our domestic talent may manifest itself, but that the public at large will look kindly at their attempt, and will cheerfully extend a sustaining hand, provided the work is conducted with due regard to dignity, and its energies are sincerely directed toward sustaining an elevated standard of taste. . . . The *Pioneer* will be issued monthly. It is hoped by the projectors, that it will be supported entirely by California talent. It will contain about sixty pages and will be published and conducted as nearly as possible after the style of the *'Knickerbocker.'* . . . It will afford ample space for free dis-

cussion of the most important political and scientific subjects of the day. It will consequently, in that respect possess an advantage over the daily papers, whose columns cannot often afford room for the proper consideration of many important questions which almost daily come before the public. . . . It is hoped that it will possess some value as a book of reference and be worthy of preservation. No effort will be spared on the part of the publishers to make it worthy of the noble State in which it had its origin, and whose literature it is expected in a measure to embody."

Hoping to please the public taste better with his *California Magazine* (1856) James M. Hutchings included more material of lighter vein, and gave special attention to humorous sketches. Hutchings was an Englishman and had made and lost several fortunes in the fever of gold mining, when one day he accidentally took the step that led him back to journalism, his original profession. Hoping to bring about the peaceful Sabbath of the eastern cities, he penned a little tract called "The Miner's Ten Commandments". It is said that ninety-seven thousand copies were sold. At any rate after this he founded his magazine which continued until 1861 recording much of California's history and biography, though he complained of the singular difficulty in all his efforts to get writers for his early magazine to write with purely local coloring, for the very good reason that the hearts of most of them remained in the east. He himself retired to the Yosemite, about which he had written and lectured so widely, to write "The Heart of the Sierras". Of his aims he clearly wrote in "Our Introductory."

"Kind reader, this is the first of our greeting and acquaintance. We hope with your approval, to spend many pleasant hours in company with each other. It is our hope, as it will be our aim, to make our monthly visit to your fireside as welcome as the cheerful countenance and social converse of some dear old friend who just drops in, in a friendly way, to spend the evening.

"We wish to picture California, and California life; to portray its beautiful scenery and curiosities; to speak of its mineral and agricultural products; to tell of its wonderful resources and commercial advantages; and to give utterance to the inner life and experience of its people in their aspirations, hopes, disappointments and successes, lights and shadows, of daily life."

With this announcement, May 1, 1858, *The Hesperian* made its debut. "To the women of California. An enterprise is under-

taken, that, in its nature calls for the talent and genius, latent and active, which the women of California possess. It is nothing less than the establishment of a literary paper upon a firm and respectable basis. It is useless to say that of late the public have been imposed upon by a disguised adventurer, an unprincipled stranger (referring to the *Athenaeum*). In bold contrast to that, the present undertaking is in the hands of ladies, and will be conducted by our own citizens; those with whom we have toiled day by day for years past, those who have stood by California through her many vicissitudes, and who are willing to give all their time, and bring their energies to bear in establishing a literary paper which will be a credit to the State. . . . . Be aroused, ladies, themes are clustering thick around us. What can you wish more startling, more fresh than the events which have transpired since our glorious stars and stripes first waved over this sunny land? Come freely forward then, and assist us with song and story as well as subscription. Let the WILL be as well defined as the WAY, and the future of the *Hesperian* is reduced to a pleasant certainty. There may be a few benighted individuals who think that women are incapable of sustaining a literary paper by the productions of their intellects. To such croakers, allow me modestly

". . . . to vindicate her claim
to talent, virtue, and undying fame."

"The benefit to the social circle would be incalculable; instead of the attention of the ladies being occupied with the last new fashions—the distingue appearance of Mrs. So-and-So's turn out, or what is worse, the scandalous remarks about some 'unprotected', the whole tone of society would become more elevated, and the too well deserved epithet of gossip as applied to women would soon be altogether a misnomer."

Mrs. F. H. Day and Mrs. A. M. Shultz were its "editresses". Mrs. Day soon took sole charge conducting a most pleasant little magazine. She established a juvenile department, and published everything from thoughts about Milton to the best method of making muffins, and used excellent illustrations. In 1863 it become the *Pacific Monthly* and stopped publication soon afterward.

A contemporary, the *California Magazine,* with its novels and fashions appealed particularly to women. The *California Mountaineer* in Tuolumne later (1861) copied some of the features of the *Hesperian,* and a number of less important ones sprang up at in-

tervals, namely, the *San Francisco Pictorial Magazine* (1857), the *Weekly California*, where Bret Harte first began; the *Golden Gate* at Sacramento (1864); *Every Day Life* and the *Howard Quarterly* (1867); *Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine* (1869) and so on. In 1868 under the editorship of Bret Harte appeared the *Overland Monthly*.

By these journals a mass of slumbering talent was awakened, the best of the contributions being the instructive and descriptive articles about the coast to which they devoted a great deal of space. Their influence in directing public taste, over which the newspapers and eastern periodicals exercised an even greater control, was marked, and they rendered a wonderful service in fostering local talent and bringing new writers into notice, even beyond their borders.

Vol. III No. 4

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE
Editor

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Assistant Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
DECEMBER 31, 1926

OFFICERS

OF THE

Society of California Pioneers

FROM JULY, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

President

CHARLES S. CUSHING

Vice-Presidents

Dr. Joseph A. Oliver ..... San Francisco
James K. Moffitt ..... San Francisco
R. R. Russ ..... San Francisco
William T. Hale ..... San Francisco
Jules Auradou ..... Healdsburg

Treasurer

CHARLES J. DEERING

Secretary and Historian

HENRY L. BYRNE

Marshal

J. H. P. GEDGE

Directors

JAMES P. TAYLOR
JOHN J. LERMEN
O. P. STIDGER
J. H. SKINNER
F. De P. TELLER
E. A. DOUTHITT
H. L. VAN WINKLE
MILTON H. COOK
Deceased Nov. 16, 1926
FRED G. RUSS
Vice Milton H. Cook, deceased
DR. G. N. VAN ORDEN

QUARTERLY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

CONTENTS

PAGE

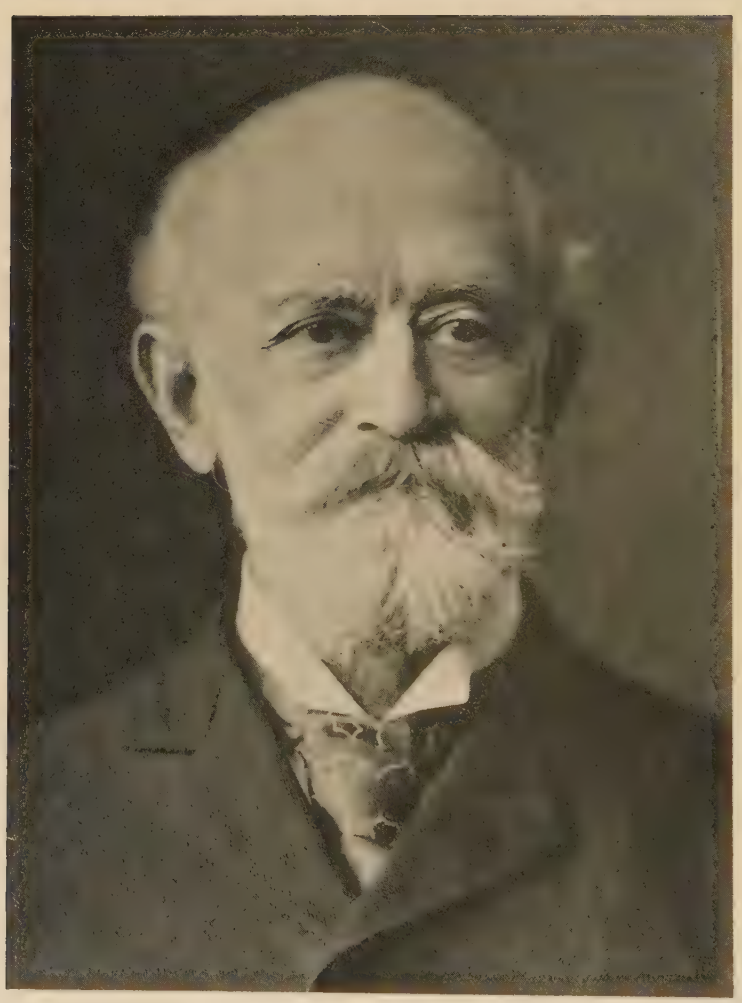
Memoirs of Andrew Smith Church 154

FOREWORD

"In response to your request for an account of my early observations and experiences in this State," wrote Andrew Smith Church to the Secretary of the Society of California Pioneers in July 1901, "I take pleasure in jotting down from memoranda, supplemented by recollections, some facts that may be of interest to friends still living and to strangers who will follow me."

Mr. Church was a slender, wiry individual, with unbounded energy and endurance. His kindly but positive disposition and his lively sense of humor won many friends. Always active in business, first as a merchant, then as a manufacturer of fireworks and later in insurance, he took keen interest in public affairs though he never held a public office.

In November 1873 he married Louise Belcher Clark at Chicago, returning to live in San Francisco, where their three children were born. Suffering heavy losses in the earthquake and fire in 1906, he moved to Tacoma, Washington, but later came back to San Francisco where he died April 9, 1912.



A. S. Church

Memoirs of Andrew S. Church

I was born in New York City July 26, 1827, of healthy Puritan stock that traced its ancestry directly back to John Alden. Naturally the inheritance of adventure stirred within me when Marshall's discovery of gold encouraged those who were struggling in the grip of hard times in the Eastern States to believe there would be brighter, happier days for them in far away California.

The "fever," as it was then called, caught me while I was engaged as Cashier in a Shipping and Commission House in Boston. On being offered the Supercargo's berth on the Bark Vernon (Captain John McKay, and owned by W. and F. A. Delano of New York) about to load an owners' account for San Francisco, I at once accepted and proceeded to New York.

The vessel was loaded full to the hatches by the last day of February with a miscellaneous cargo supposed to be suitable for the migrating thousands. On March 4, 1849, we bade goodbye to the pilot off Sandy Hook, with five passengers including the Captain's wife and child, bound for the Golden Land. After a tedious voyage of two hundred and nineteen days, touching only at Valparaiso for wood and water, we sailed through the Golden Gate with a fair breeze on October 9, 1849. There we were hailed by a native waving what appeared to be a red flag as he stood upon the crumbling battlements of an old adobe fortification. Shortening sail as we rounded Clark's Point, we dropped anchor at about the present intersection of Front and Clay Streets.

A government war vessel was anchored between us and Goat Island, on board of which we soon learned there was to be an execution by hanging at the yardarm. Two sailors had overpowered and thrown overboard a young officer as they were returning from the city front. They had hoped to escape to the mines, but were observed from the ship, pursued, overtaken, tried and condemned. A day or two afterward, we saw the murderers swung swiftly up to the foreyard, one at each end.

From the water the city presented the appearance of an encampment, especially that portion then known as Happy Valley,

now the space between Mission and Howard Streets. No wharves had been built and merchandise was landed in boats and lighters at a higher price than the freight thereon had cost via Cape Horn. A brick house, said to be the first brick structure in San Francisco, was being erected and now stands at the corner of Washington and Powell Streets. The work, which we could plainly see through the Barque's spy-glass, was a source of interest to all new comers.

The side-wheel Steamer Senator arrived from New York about the last of October and came near running us down, being caught in the strong ebb tide in rounding Clark's Point. Grazing our counter, she ran hard and fast ashore in the mud at the present corner of California and Battery Streets, but was floated off uninjured at the next flood tide.

Dennison's Exchange and the Parker House, December 1849

A small pier had been built at Clark's Point, now Broadway and Battery Streets. The Barque's steward landed me there one foggy afternoon and I realized for the first time the peculiar and exciting condition of things that existed. Everyone was on the move. Nowhere could a quiet seat be had. At the Parker House on Portsmouth Square there was a surging, restless crowd circling around the Monte and Roulette tables, only the bettors and the

game keepers being stationary. It was the same at all the brightly lighted, wide open gambling houses the entire length of the Kearny Street side of the Plaza, and there was not much more quiet at the Adobe City Hotel on the northwest corner of Commercial and Kearny Streets. In fact there was no place to make a business appointment except at a gambling house, for all the hotels and saloons were gambling houses.

The people seemed to have dropped their tents anywhere they found a vacant space, without regard to streets or regularity, and only in the immediate vicinity of the Plaza were there any indications of city formation. After wandering around among the tents and sand dunes until dark, I returned to the little pier and hailed the Barque, but could get no response as a heavy Norther had set in. So, giving up the idea of getting a return hail until the wind abated, I returned to the lighter part of the town again in search of supper, and soon found a restaurant sign indicating that meals were served at all hours. On entering a canvas structure some twenty by thirty feet in extent, with a sand floor and long pine boards across rough uprights for tables (no tablecloths) I obtained a very fair meal of fried beefsteak and flapjacks, and good coffee without milk for one dollar. It was served by Chinamen.

Thus fortified, I took another stroll among the gamblers, there being no other resorts. The evening crowd was denser though not more agreeably flavored than the earlier visitors. I made another attempt to get on ship board, failing again. The chilly gale cut through one's clothing as though it were made of cheese cloth, and being unable to find an unoccupied bed or berth in the city, towards midnight I crawled half-way up an enclosed stairway leading to rooms over a butcher's stall on Clark's Point, and caught a few cat-naps. The wind kept up such a blast that toward daylight I started for the pier nearby, and to my surprise found the stairway below was packed with homeless wayfarers like myself who had sought shelter there. That was my first night on land in California. As daylight revealed the Vernon's outlines, I signaled the watch, and soon was snug in my stateroom.

Toward the end of November, Samuel Barstow, of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, whose acquaintance I had made just before leaving New York, came on board. After a cordial greeting he said he had been told 'there was a fine chance for young and enterprising men somewhere in the hills back of Sausalito where

vessels watered. Lieutenant Revere of the U. S. Navy had located there getting out timber for the Government and offered employment at higher pay than could be obtained in the mines.'

I agreed to join him and the day before Thanksgiving (1849), we engaged a Whitehall boatman to row us over the Bay to Corte Madera. We narrowly escaped being carried out to sea by the strong ebb tide, but being young and strong, when the boatman told us we might have a hard pull for our lives, we knuckled down to vigorous work at the oars, and about midnight reached the crooked entrance to Corte Madera Creek. Along towards morning we saw the smoke rising from the camp at the head of the creek where some twenty men were engaged getting out shingles among the great redwoods that grew upon the point right down to the water of the Bay. Though strangers, their hospitality was unbounded. After breakfasting on rather rough fare, pork, beans, flapjacks, and bean coffee, we made our destination known.

A fine young fellow offered to show us the trail as he was bound in that direction. We started inland about six A. M., and as we mounted upward, the view of the hills far ahead where we would have to tramp rather unsettled us for a while, as our sea-legs were too soft for extended up and down hill work. We strove hard, and kept up with our tough-legged and experienced guide until noon. Then Barstow declared he was unable to go further. I seconded the motion, and although the guide pointed to a high peak saying, "Its only about six miles beyond that hill," we concluded to remain right there and rest. In fact there was no other alternative. Neither of us could have walked further, and if I remember correctly, we both fell by the wayside completely worn out.

Late in the afternoon we attempted to retrace our steps, but lost the way. After hours of fruitless wandering, the moonlight disclosed to us a faint trail which led to a deserted ranch house. The outhouses were in a dilapidated condition, giving the elements easy access. We unfastened the door and crawled under some damp hides that strewed the dirt floor. Though famished, we were so utterly exhausted that we fell asleep on touching Mother Earth, and scarcely moved until daylight streamed through the cracked roof. Then I was aroused by Barstow saying, "Good Lord, I am starving!" I aroused at once, feeling very sore in every joint, and started outside. Nearby we found a

little brook, the water in places being frozen over with a window-glass sheet of ice. While having a wash, Barstow whispered, "Look down in that little pond. I think they are ducks."

Sure enough he was correct. There was food if we could get it.

I crawled quietly back to the hut and got the single barrelled shotgun that my father had given me on leaving home with his blessing. At the first discharge I killed a fine pair of fat teal. Then came the query as to how a fire could be obtained, for our matches had become thoroughly soaked from the wet hides while we slept. Our wits soon devised a method. I put a light charge of powder in the gun, tore off a portion of shirt-flap, rammed it down easily and the next moment we had as fine a piece of ignited tinder as one could wish for. Soon after we stood before a blazing fire which yielded glowing coals enough to broil our feast which we gladly ate without pepper or salt.

By sun up we started on the trail towards the Bay and traveled until noon without meeting man or beast. Then we heard the creaking of wheels and saw a wood wagon approaching over a road crossing the trail. It was hauled by oxen, whose horns were lashed to a beam in place of a yoke, indicating that they were being driven by Mexican or native Californians, which proved to be the case. Fortunately I understood sufficient Spanish to make our wants known, and we were supplied with cold flapjacks and bacon by the two woodchoppers. They would accept no pay, and kindly directed us to the Mission San Rafael some nine miles distant over the hills, where we arrived at sunset footsore, weary and famished.

For one dollar the Fathers provided us with a meal consisting of salt mackerel, potatoes, tortillas, and coffee, which was thoroughly enjoyed and the low price appreciated. After we had regaled ourselves, the Padre who waited upon the table and spoke English fluently, said we would find it comfortable up on the upper veranda. As we ascended the outer stairs it was evident that an angry discussion was under way, as a female voice pitched to a shrieking treble would not be silenced at the command of one we took to be an Englishman. We walked to the further end of the piazza passing the couple and saw a very handsome dark-eyed and black haired, well dressed young woman of about

twenty years, who was weeping and pleading "to go back home" while the man was swinging his arms and explaining excitedly, "My God, it is impossible, it cannot be."

Soon the lady rushed out of the modern rocking-chair in which she had been performing antics worthy of a circus, and ran into the adobe building where we heard a door slam and a bolt snap. Then the man noticed us, saying, "How do you do, Gentlemen, are you from the city?"

We replied in the affirmative, and he said, "Well I want to get back there as soon as possible."

I replied, "You can't get there tonight."

"Oh! yes I can," he answered, "If you will join me, for the flood tide swerves about eight o'clock, and we can obtain Indians from the Mission to pull us out. We have nearly a full moon, and we will get out of the creek and over the bay nicely."

We agreed to the proposition, as all ideas of prosecuting our search for Lieutenant Revere's Ranch had been knocked out of us by the rough, if brief, experience of the past twenty-four hours, and our party of four were ready at the embarcadero in time to take full benefit of the tide. The young lady not being introduced to us by her surly companion said, "We are to be fellow passengers and should know each other. I am Mrs. Rosa Sawkins of Nassau, New Providence, and this is my husband, John Sawkins."

We gave our names and hoped we would have a pleasant trip over. A quantity of trunks, valises, hat boxes and bundles were piled up in the middle of what looked like a ship's long boat, and four Indians plied the boat forward. At first little was said. Sawkins appeared little inclined to allow any comradeship with his wife, whom I sat next and near to.

As we passed out into the Bay, a light breeze sprang up with a northern chill in it. I noticed she had no outer wrap, so I threw my overcoat around her shoulders, to which her husband objected. But as she insisted it would be impossible to get any covering from among the baggage, and I asserted that I would not use the coat, he reluctantly consented for it to remain. Noticing a guitar among the baggage, I said, "With this glorious moonlight, a little breeze, and steady dipping of the oars, it would be charming to have music as we crossed the tideway."

That aroused the old man—for he was fifty to all appearances —and he loudly protested against singing in the night air. She appealed to, then upbraided him, and finally requested me to get the guitar, which I did. So from Angel Island to the Point of rocks where we landed at Clark's Point after midnight, a stream of melody floated over San Francisco Bay that would have captured all the tonsured Padres on the coast as it did the two young adventurers, who thought they were surely being entertained by one akin to an angel. We assisted the pair in carrying their light articles up the bank to the near-by hotel, which still stands in a dilapidated condition near the corner of Battery and Broadway. It then boasted a sign that could be seen a long distance and bearing the words, "Fremont's Family Boarding House."

The following year a famous Court Martial was held on board a Government vessel in the harbor, at which the names of Lieutenant Revere and Rosa Sawkins were very important.

Soon after returning to the Vernon, I consigned the cargo remaining on board to McCondray and Company and, on orders from New York, fitted the vessel with what stores were required to supply the Captain, his wife, one mate, the cook and six seamen. The latter shipped at sixty dollars a month, until they reached Hong Kong.

On December 12, 1849, the Barque being ready to sail, and about to drop over to Sausalito for water, I bade Captain McKay good-bye, after receiving forty-two dollars and fifty cents for performing First Mate Perley's duties from Valparaiso, where he had left the vessel on account of a disagreement with the Captain. As I went over the side, Captain McKay said, "Your cousin, Mr. Delano, told me you were posted for a position with Russell and Company, Hong Kong."

"Yes," I replied, "I was, but you have not spoken to me since I ordered the ship's carpenter, your brother-in-law, away from the weather side of the quarter deck during my night watch—the time he refused and found himself flat in the lee scuppers. I don't think one vessel would hold us comfortably, so I will try my luck right here in California."

Then the rough old fellow wilted and so did I, and we parted with mutual good wishes for each other's health and prosperity.

The steward set me ashore at a new wharf just commenced at the foot of Commercial Street, and I found a boarding place in a new structure built of clapboards and canvas with three berths in each room. It was located on Sacramento Street about midway between Montgomery and Kearny Streets and was known as the Sacramento Hotel. For a dollar a night they furnished a berth with a straw mattress without a pillow. You furnished your own blanket. Meals were one dollar each and very poor at that.

December 14th I obtained a contract to fit a scow with sloop-rigging, and employed two men at twelve dollars a day to haul it up on the beach at high tide, to the present site of the Bank of California. At the close of the third day the job was completed except splicing in the bobstay, which I finished after dark with the aid of a lantern, at full tide, waist deep in very cold water. Was paid five hundred and sixty dollars for the work, and went up to the Sacramento Hotel feeling very sore and what was most unusual—had no appetite for food. I retired early, but the next morning could hardly stir. Had a racking headache, high fever and nausea, with aching bones and a terrible feeling at the pit of my stomach.

A man named Carpenter, whom I had known as a butcher in Poughkeepsie, New York, had, on arrival here set up a tent on the beach at Mission and First Streets. At the side of his tent entrance passers-by noticed a small tin sign indicating that "Dr. Carpenter" was on hand. The species of "doctor" was not designated, but he certainly had never studied the healing art before venturing in California unless it may have been on cattle.

However I asked an acquaintance to wade through the sand in quest of "Dr. Carpenter" who soon returned with him. Fortunately, perhaps, for me, I heard a familiar voice in the adjoining sitting room, and on inquiry found it was my good friend Dr. Elliot, who had studied medicine in Boston with Dr. Snow, our family relative. He at once diagnosed my case as a severe gastric fever, and took full charge of me for five days, during which time I was very low. Dr. Elliot said if I could possibly summon up sufficient strength for a trip by steamboat to Benicia I might pull through. I would not only be away from the bad weather then prevailing in the city, but he had heard that my uncle had taken his vessel, the William and Henry of New Bedford, Massachusetts, there. That last was a complete surprise

to me, as no intelligence had reached New York when I left there, that Captain John Church, who owned an interest in the old whaler, had any intention of sending her out to the new El Dorado.

Assisted down to Long Wharf and on board by sympathetic acquaintances, I took passage for Benicia December 28th on a small paddle-wheel steamer named the "General Sutter" (if I remember correctly.)

After a rather rough trip I was dumped at midnight on a hulk moored alongside the bank in Carquinez Straits, in front of what was called Benicia, a coming rival to San Francisco, and consisting of one adobe house owned by General Vallejo, two small frame buildings, and eight tents of various shapes and sizes. No wharf or landing other than that provided by nature graced the front of this embryo city with the great pretentions and meagre advantages.

After the steamer's lines had been cast off by a half awake, rough looking specimen of humanity, he stumbled over me as I lay exhausted on the deck, and exclaimed, "What in H—— is this?"

I made him understand I wanted to get a bed.

"Oh, there's no bed here," he answered, "But you can spread your blankets "atween" decks for a dollar."

"Very good," I said, and he helped me down the companion way, helped me to spread my blankets, and said, "So long, I sleep in my tent ashore and will see you in the morning."

No doubt the memory of that six or seven hours experience until daybreak will last through my life. A gale of wind swept through the open hawse holes forward and out aft at the transom windows, while an army of huge Norway rats waged battle over and around my blankets throughout the dark night. Daylight was at last welcomed with a sick boy's prayers that he might never again be placed in such a horrible plight.

About sunrise a cheerful voice hailed the hulk with, "Hullo, aboard the hulk! Is Andrew Church aboard?"

Soon after, my uncle came down the companion-way and greeted me with "My dear boy, I am glad I have found you! The hulk-keeper sent word where I could pick you up."

So, soon I was stowed snugly away in a comfortable cabin

berth on board the good ship "William and Henry," with a competent physician in attendance. There I lay sixty days before my attenuated limbs would support the light weight of one hundred and fifteen pounds. From that time on I steadily increased in health and strength until the first of May, when I turned the scales at one hundred and fifty-eight pounds good, solid, young flesh and bone. While gaining strength I had assisted Henry Richmond, one of the Company who chartered and fitted out the ship from Fairhaven, Massachusetts. He had packed up the drugs in the store he had been keeping there, and shipped them on the Company's vessel. Then instead of opening up in San Francisco, he was persuaded by some land sharks that Benicia would become the great central market for everything salable. So he concluded to put up a small twenty by twenty-five foot store building he had brought out already framed, in this great rival of San Francisco. He bought a lot way out towards Suisun Bay, and we all helped him to build his store. Many hands making light work, it was up, with a fine coat of white paint on it, inside of a week. Solitary and alone, it looked from the town like a Government beacon.

I acted as clerk for a few days after the goods had all been received from the vessel and arranged in neat druggist style upon the shelves, but no customers came. Benicia never enjoyed a land boom, and in one short month the owner found he had made a great mistake, closed his store, sold his entire outfit, and returned to the United States believing there would never be a remunerative business for him in California. So it was with many young men who became disheartened when not successful at the first attempt they made here. Many such could be found in "Frisco," who stated "The mines were all worked out." They "knew" because they "had been there."

One afternoon in March, several members of the company manned one of the whale-boats that hung at the aft davits and pulled with the ebb tide down to Mare Island. About nine o'clock, at flood tide, they returned with two fine bucks and a large elk they had killed there. The same party made another trip later and got two fine elk, but saw no deer.

April third Captain Church and Captain Taber, two others and myself, started on the starboard gig for Mare Island early in the morning. On rounding the point where Vallejo now is, we saw

hundreds of acres covered with old honkers feeding on the wild oats. Quietly we moved on shore, beached the boat, crawled along a ravine up to the bluff, and killed more than we could carry to the boat in one load. From a position under the bluff, I shot twenty-eight honkers, seventeen brant, twelve curlew, and a number of grey ducks and teal as they were flying over. Just before sunset we started on our return to the ship, but the ebb tide was too strong for us to make headway, so we concluded to anchor and wait for the flood. The boat was cat-rigged with a good sized mainsail. I unshipped my oar, went forward and grasped the halyards to balance my weight, swung the anchor over-board and the belaying cleat giving away, I went with it. But having firm hold of the halyards, I was wet only to the waist, and was pulled aboard a wetter and wiser boy, not likely to trust in cleats thereafter.

On May 20th Captain Church received letters from members of the Company who had gone to the Northern Mines on the branches of the Feather River, stating that shovels were selling for two ounces each. There being some twenty dozen long handled, round pointed shovels on board belonging to the Association, I suggested that he could get a high price for them at the new town of Marysville, and that with a couple of men I could make that point in a whale boat. The next morning a consultation was held between the remaining officers of the Company on board, and soon after, I was instructed to proceed up the Sacramento River to dispose of a whale boat load of shovels, flour, beef and pork. With the flood-tide at noon and a stiff breeze blowing up the Straits, we cast off, set the sprit sails and by sundown made the slough, where we camped. While getting supper one of the men heard a queer hooting nearby, and ran to the boat scared out of his wits. On being told it was an owl instead of a bear, he cursed himself for a fool, and afterwards, in real danger, proved as fearless as the best of us.

The next night we camped at Sutterville, and in making the boat fast along side the bank, one of the men fell into the river. He caught a rope I threw over to him as the current swept him down, and was hauled ashore. Soon a fire was built, and he stripped off his clothing to dry. He stood near the fire but in a moment the mosquitoes covered his body so thickly that we could scarcely distinguish his color, and he was only too glad to get into his clothes again and dry them on. I had heard some

tough stories in the "Tule districts," but had no idea what a crop of mosquitoes a winter's overflow could produce until I attempted to draw a bead on a brace of Mallards that were flying across the river. On raising the gun to my shoulder the delightful little buzzing machines roosted on the barrel so thick that the sight was obscured and I shot wild. No affidavit is necessary, for any "forty-niner" will corroborate that statement, especially if he hailed from Sacramento City that year.

The third night we camped at a town named Nicolaus on the Feather River about half way between Marysville and Sacramento. This town consisted of one two-story hotel painted white with green blinds, the sight of which, as we rounded a point in the river, brought New England villages to our minds and thoughts of "Home Sweet Home."

The fourth day about noon we ran the boats nose high up on the Marysville bank, and were immediately surrounded by eager buyers. Before nightfall we had sold shovels at twenty dollars each, and the pork at thirty cents a pound. The two barrels of beef had no buyers for dust, but we traded them off for coffee at one dollar a pound and other stores needed for our return at proportionately high figures. One trader offered us two hundred and fifty dollars for the whale boat, but as I had no authority to sell it, we started back that evening, fearing to remain among the rough looking characters we met on the levee, with so much dust in our possession.

We arrived at Sacramento the next day, and the following one were welcomed back on board the ship and paid a good bonus for our very successful venture.

Dr. Semple, who stood six feet four inches high, and was a member of the Convention that drafted the State Constitution at Monterey, and a Mr. Curry, had built at Benicia a hull of two inch pine plank. It was about one hundred feet long, some thirty feet beam, and about four and one half feet depth of hold, without a knee or diagonal brace between decks. The enormous amount of money paid into the treasury of San Francisco steamers induced them to think they could compete at a less price than twenty-five dollars for a deck passage from the Bay to Sacramento, where for that fee, crowds were daily landed by the Steamer Senator and the old propeller, McKim.

They according obtained a saw-mill engine with long con-

necting beam bound with iron which they placed on the port side of the hull and joined direct to a paddle-wheel. They then purchased a locomotive engine which they fitted to the star-board side of the hull making connection with a cog wheel, geared to another wheel on the paddle shaft. Steam was furnished for the port engine by a long high-pressure flue boiler, while the starboard cog-wheel affair was supplied by a locomotive boiler. In all probability no boat builders since Fulton's application of steam to navigation have ever been compelled to adopt such queer contrivances for making a steamboat go. The craft had the outward appearance of a river boat with sharp prow, over-hanging guards tapering to a trim quarter and transom, while the hurricane deck, pilot-house and smoke-stack led one to suppose she had been built on regular lines in a shipyard. When one got on board, there were no indications of a modern steamboat in sight, and when the machinery was started the effect was decidedly ludicrous, for the locomotive side-wheel made two revolutions to one of the saw-mill wheel which was found to be a great drag when under way as it was necessary to keep the helm hard up against the crooked course. When full speed was attempted, the planks and timbers creaked and groaned in seeming agony. Altogether the boat was a very frail structure fitted only for carrying passengers. She was christened "Colusa" and was no doubt the first steamboat built in California of native timber.

July 1, 1850, Captain Church told me that Dr. Semple had asked him if he knew of a good man who would go as mate on his Steamer for two hundred dollars a month. I was recommended as capable and probably willing.

"Now is your chance," said my Uncle, "Go ahead and see the owners."

I went ashore and was engaged at once, with instructions to report on board the next morning. Thus July second found me on board the "Colusa" anchored alongside the tule bank in front of the town. I was introduced to Mr. Curry, part-owner, and to a burly Swede named Blenman, who had been sailing a ship's long-boat, carrying passengers from San Francisco to Sacramento at sixteen dollars each, and on that account had been selected to be Captain of the Steamer.

About noon the moorings were hauled in and we swung out into the flood tide, having on board the owners, a full crew, and

a few invited guests. When about half way across Suisun Bay, the tide turned and we grounded on a mud flat. There we puffed away in a vain endeavor to float. At midnight the flood tide launched the boat again, and we made our way up the river to Sacramento arriving at the foot of J Street and tieing up to the fence at four in the afternoon on July third.

On the Fourth we were visited by a number of people all eager to ascertain how far up the river we were going. Among them came members of an itinerant theatrical troupe, who had been led by some windy real estate tooters to believe that Colusa had a larger population and offered greater inducements to them for a flying visit than any other point on the river.

By three o'clock we had taken on coal, freight and provisions for the full load of passengers who had purchased tickets. There were more really than the boat could accommodate. As the hawsers were cast off, the crowd that had assembled to see the first steam passenger boat headed for Colusa, and the friends of the theatrical party gave nine roaring cheers for all!

But alas, Burns was right in saying, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." He might have included steamboats on an unsurveyed river full of snags and sandbars at high water, for the river was over-full!

July 5th. Indians on the banks of the river were seen deserting their campoodies, and running to hide in the brush, terrified at the first puffing of a steam exhaust that had ever been heard on the Sacramento above the mouth of the Feather River.

July 6th. The current was very strong. We made little headway, and dropped anchor in order to get up sufficient steam to round a point ahead. In about half an hour, having full steam up, took cable to capstan and hove on anchor, but could not budge it. Indians were signalled to swim off and six athletic, heavy fellows were hired to dive down in four fathoms of swift running water right from the melting snow. They found the anchor fouled in the crotch of a sunken tree. After instructing the Indians where and how to fasten it, we sent down a hawser. Passed hawser around the sawmill engine shaft and soon tripped the anchor, ran line ashore, and with the help of paddles and capstan warped around the point. The Indians took pilot bread instead of money for their pay, which satisfied them better.

About noon I called Mr. Curry's attention to the unusual

zig-zag track the boat was making in reaches where the current was medium. He went up to the wheel-house and soon saw that the Captain was under the influence of liquor. While considering what to do, the Captain gave the helmsman an order that resulted in running the boat upon a snag in mid-river and which could easily have been avoided. I rushed below and found that a plank had been started in the bottom forward of the boilers. I advised running the boat ashore at once, which was done, and she settled down on the bar with the water even up to the combings of the hatches. The chief engineer managed to secure a batting of plank and blankets spiked down over the leak. I then went ashore with Mr. Curry and he hired all the bucks that could stand in the hatchways to bail water with their water-tight baskets. So by daylight, with the aid of our crew, they had the water out.

July 7th. The engineer got up steam and attempted to proceed to our destination, but found the current too strong at the bend of the river for steam power alone, and was obliged again to adopt the warping method. A man was sent ashore in the only boat we had, with a casting line to haul hawsers and fasten them to the trunk of a sycamore tree. That was done several times during the forenoon, and several points were warped around.

About noon the Captain came staggering out of his stateroom abaft the wheel-house. Mr. Curry met him. Angry words followed, blows were exchanged, and Blenman soon found himself badly used up. Curry, with my help, packed him into his stateroom where I turned the key on him and pocketed it.

The weather had become excessively hot. The sun blazoned down upon us from a cloudless sky. The nights, too, were uncomfortably hot with the additional torture contributed by myriads of mosquitoes that seemed to have gradually increased in size as we advanced up the river. The only way I could obtain rest after we had tied up to the bank each night was by making a canopy of our bunting flag on the upper deck. There with a pillow, Mr. Curry and myself managed to sleep, but I shall never forget the odor of the bunting dye which seemed intensified by the heat and lack of stirring air.

In the middle watch Mr. Curry aroused me by saying, "Come aft where no one may overhear us."

When away from the sleepers he continued, "I want you to go quietly down to the Steward's room, get the keys of the bar and wine room, go into them, open every faucet, uncork every demi-john and bottle, and empty their contents overboard. There is a scupper hole leading from the wine room that will do. We will see if the Captain and his cronies will continue to endanger our lives!"

I obtained the wine room key from the Steward, put on my heavy sea boots, went into the bar, kicked in the demi-johns, emptied kegs and decanters, making a clean sweep of everything that carried alcohol. At least, so I supposed and reported to Mr. Curry, who was much pleased.

July 8th. At 10 A. M. the Captain was in the wheel-house, again more than half-seas over. In attempting to round a point, going at full steam, the boat's nose was caught in a strong current and we were swept swiftly across the river onto a sand bar almost half out of water. Not having his wits about him, he neglected to signal the engineer to stop the starboard engine, so every cog was stripped out of the connecting wheel rendering it utterly useless.

That was the "last straw that broke the camel's back!" The Captain had promised the owner that he would not touch another drop of liquor until he had taken the boat to Colusa, so to find him again in a maudlin state exasperated Mr. Curry beyond endurance. The Captain was ordered into a quarter boat which was along side the guard. It seemed to satisfy him for he knew there was no more grog to be had on board. He jumped into the boat, dragged an Indian after him, slipped the painter off the cleat, and in a moment was drifting around the bend shaking his fist and swearing he would get even with every one on board for casting him adrift, if he ever caught us in Sacramento. The poor devil probably never reached Sacramento for on our return trip we saw his boat, shattered and muddy, caught in the branches of a fallen sycamore tree. Later when ventilating his stateroom, four empty bottles that had contained Mother Kidder's Cordial, the material that had furnished his last spree, were found under the mattress.

Mr. Curry asked me if I could work the boat up to Colusa in her disabled condition. I said I did not know, but would try

my best. "All right," he replied, "Call all hands aft and I will place you in command."

My first order was for a volunteer to take the end of a hauling line, swim ashore with it, and then haul a warping line ashore and bend it on to the trunk of a tree far enough ahead to warp the boat around the point. We had no small boat. The water was cold and swift although shallow on the starboard side, but our line had to be taken out beyond the port bow where the river was wide and deep. Not a man of the crew offered to go. "What," I said, "You fellows are afraid to do the work you are hired to do?"

One said he was sick. Two could not swim. The balance owned up that they were afraid the current was too strong for them.

I cried out, "You are a damned set of feather-bed cowards!"

Thereupon the engineer came forward and said he would try it.

"O, no!" I replied. "You will be of more use on board warping up the river with one wheel than I would." And taking up one end of a light casting line, I fastened it to a hawser, made a coil near the gangway, took the free end, went across the deck so as to get a dive far out in the current, and away I plunged into the coldest water I had ever felt. With a rush that carried line and me far down the stream I struck out. How the passengers cheered! How that tugging line dragged me back! I can feel it now after these fifty-one years, but I was a Captain so I struggled on.

My almost exhausted grit was strengthened, as I pulled away at the heavy tow-line which sagged down stream, by the cheering, bell ringing, and whistle blowing. Exerting all the strength I had left, with one grand effort I got the rope around a huge tree, made a signal to haul taut, and knew no more until I looked up and saw anxious faces about me. The boat had been hauled off the sand-bar and swung over near where I lay. I was taken on board unconscious, but a drop of stimulant that one of the theatrical ladies had among her stores, soon brought me around and on deck again.

July 9th. The morning watch found us anchored below a point we could not pass. We tried to work up in the eddy but the current would catch the boat's nose as we opened out be-

yond the point, and sweep her down stream again. After my experience of yesterday, no one dared to try swimming ashore with a casting line. After breakfast Mr. Curry asked me what I thought best to do. I said I would swim again with the line until we had rounded a few more points, and then if we could not reach the landing, we might discharge our freight on the bank and return to Sacramento. I swam the stream four times enabling the crew to warp the craft from side to side. Thus we rounded otherwise impassable places and avoided sand-bars. Just before sundown, after a very exhausting day's work, a man hailed us from the shore, saying, "The landing called Colusa is nearby, just around the next bend."

We threw him a casting line. He pulled the warping cable ashore and made it fast. Soon we were around the point and tied up to the bank that had been cut down some ten or fifteen feet making an incline up to the top of the river bank.

This was Colusa! How the troupe and other deceived passengers howled! In fact there was no Colusa! All that marked the town was one wagon load of boards that had been placed on end against the trunk of a noble oak tree that grew within one hundred feet of the river. The grass was parched and great cracks traversed the ground. For miles the country was covered with large oak trees, reminding one of a great English park. There were no supplies to be had and our provisions were getting short. We were indeed in a bad plight. All who had come up on the boat determined to return on her and in addition a number of sick miners, on their way down from the Trinity Mines applied for passage.

July 10th and 11th we were engaged in discharging our cargo which consisted of mining tools, building materials, and provisions for parties who were going to a new discovery that had been exciting restless adventurers. Those who owned the provisions would not part with any, so we packed them up onto the bank where a crowd had assembled ready to come aboard when the last lot was out.

When the newly appointed Mate sung out, "All clear in the hold," there came a rush of miners down the gang-plank and they crowded upon us until there was scarcely standing room. I ordered the gang-plank to be drawn in and lines cast off, but even then frantic men attempted to get on board until Mr. Curry

and myself, for the safety of all, drew our revolvers and shouted to the crowds. That stopped the rush as we swung out into the river.

The Steward reported again that our provisions were running short, and I feared trouble before we could reach Sacramento, though we believed that with a rapid current and one serviceable wheel, we might make our way down the river far enough to reach supplies before everything eatable was consumed. But no sooner had the rapid flow of water caught us with its full force than we found the boat was unmanageable and drifted wherever the current took her. Sometimes we were under the Sycamore branches, then bumping against the bank, until after zig-zagging along about twenty miles, we were swept under the limb of an immense tree, broadside on. All the supports of the hurricane deck, which was thrown entire into the river, were carried away. The wheel-house was stove in, all the upper staterooms and the pilot house were smashed in, and a number of fever-stricken men who had been placed on the upper deck were tumbled overboard.

Among those swept over into the rushing flood was a New Yorker about my own age and size, to whom I had been drawn through sympathy. He had been caught by the story of wonderful riches to be had on the Trinity River, and had started full of strength and hope for the tempting goal where fortune awaited all who ventured there. He walked most of the way with a party who were tougher and rougher than he. Hurrying along, with unaccustomed food, they arrived at the Trinity weary, footsore and discouraged, for they had met men stamping back to the settlements cursing the whole country for the fraud that had deceived them. The river was high over the bars and little gold was to be found. His party returned, too, assisting this lad who had developed a fever, to make his slow and toilsome way to Colusa. There the poor boy had dropped exhausted on the bank, crying bitterly. I called to the steward for a mattress and pillow, and aided by a couple of his comrades, placed him in the shade on deck. He soon recovered sufficient strength, under a stimulant applied willingly by one of the ministering angels, to tell us of his sufferings. He was very grateful and was picking up strength when the accident occurred.

I had left him but a moment before, when he told me of his

happy home on the Hudson, its every comfort and luxury, his loving parents and doting sisters. Tears filled his eyes, and he thanked me again for saving him. Then the crash came! I stood by the pilot house and saw him carried flat on his bed among the falling debris into the river.

Clad only in light shirt and trousers, I was alright for swimming. I kicked off my slippers, dove from the upper deck and fortunately managed to get him into an eddy near the bank, and after help came, up over the guards again. Strange to say the fright and flood combined seemed to have killed his fever, for when we finally drifted into the mouth of the American River at Sacramento, he walked ashore.

July 12th. I was obliged to put passengers and crew on short allowance of pork and beans, hard bread and tea, the limit of our remaining stores. About noon, when near the end of a rapid reach we ran into the bank and sprung a leak. I managed to drive her well up on a bar. Again the boat filled with water and it took us until noon the next day to get the leak stopped, the water bailed out and the boat started down stream again.

By now our stores were reduced to beans without pork or salt, tea without sweetening. However, that afternoon we came in sight of Nye's ranch near the mouth of the Feather River. It was marked by a lone cabin on the bank, and there we obtained a full supply of fresh salmon and salt, though no flour could be spared.

July 13th. In the forenoon those on the upper deck sighted the buildings in Sacramento as we rounded the last point, and almost went crazy, shouting and dancing like Indians doing a War Dance.

As I was attending to mooring the boat, a man stepped on board and asked for the Captain. I told him the boat was in my charge.

"Alright," said he, "I attach the machinery, hull and furniture to satisfy a judgement of thirty thousand dollars. Here are the papers. I will nail a copy of this attachment on the wheelhouse and you can remain in charge at sixteen dollars a day and board which will be paid by the Court until the boat is sold. I am the Sheriff and wish you to sleep on board. Will you do so?"

"Yes, I will see that the boat is not stolen," I promised.

Sacramento City from the foot of J Street

The woe-begone passengers went ashore with a rush and I was soon the only one left on the craft. I set to work, washed the deck, put things to rights in the cabin, locked all the doors, and went down to the City Hotel. It faced the levee between I and J Streets and was kept by Mr. Fowler. There I had my first good meal since starting on our unfortunate trip.

The next few weeks I passed between the boat and the hotel. I slept on deck in the open air, and every morning at daybreak took a header into the American River which ran clear as crystal and swiftly into the dis-colored Sacramento. One afternoon a young man came onto the porch of the hotel where I was sitting, and opening a box of cigars, asked me to join him in a smoke. We chatted awhile. On the Steamer Senator he had a lot of cigars that he had bought at auction in San Francisco the day before. We walked up J Street and went into the large tent known as the Polka. It was filled with miners crowded around some twenty odd Monte Games, two Faro tables, one A B C Dice Game, and two Roulette tables, while a forty foot bar and lunch counter were jammed three deep with thirsty and hungry customers.

As soon as my companion could edge up to the bar, he called for the proprietor and a bottle of champagne. The man addressed answered, "I run this place. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing," said Ben, for it was no other than Ben C. Horn, who later became well known as one of the most honorable and successful tobacco merchants in California. "I only want the proprietor of such a busy place to take a drink of the best wine he has with me and to smoke one of my fine cigars."

"Alright," replied the proprietor, "I'll do so."

We had our wine. The man took a cigar, and we watched the gamblers for some time. The only sound except the shuffling feet of the constantly changing crowd and the clear clink of doubloons was the rattle of glasses as they passed empty over the long bar. As we were passing out the proprietor wanted to know where Ben got his cigars, as he had never found any like them in the country. Much pleased, Mr. Horn said he had an invoice of them for sale. And without any more ado his twenty-five thousand cigars for which he had paid sixty dollars per thousand were sold for three hundred dollars a thousand! Six thousand dollars profit in less than twenty-four hours on an investment of fifteen hundred dollars is a phenomenal condition

of trade. But that illustrates the easy way money was made on staple articles in a new and excited community when business conditions were crude.

August 1st, 1850. While Mr. Horn and I were seated at dinner with several others, about two o'clock, we heard the tramping of many feet and saw an excited crowd passing the front of the hotel. Rushing out of the rear passage we got ahead of the crowd that was following a party of armed squatters led by a man on horseback. The Squatters had been served with notices to quit and the Sheriff and his deputies and other city officials were in hot pursuit of them. At the corner of J and Fourth Streets the land jumpers halted, drew up diagonally across both streets and began firing into the advancing mob. As the balls whistled around us, I, who had never heard the ring of a bullet in deadly strife, cried, "Come on, Boys, they are only firing blank cartridges!"

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than an unarmed man near me threw up his hands, exclaiming, "Oh God, my poor wife!" and fell. I caught him and with Ben's assistance carried him into a nearby store. He was bleeding profusely. I hastily cut off his light clothing, but before the extent of his injury could be determined, he breathed his last. Friends soon arrived, and we found it was County Assessor Woodland, whose wife had given birth to a child that morning.

We left him to the care of his friends, and on regaining the street, found the squatters had scattered, leaving four dead, including their leader, and seven badly wounded by the Sheriff's party. The rest of them made off toward the mountains. Of the citizens, four were killed and six slightly wounded. It had been a brief but desperate fight, both sides kneeling down in the thick dust of the street and firing their revolvers at short range as rapidly as possible.

August 2nd. The Sheriff called for volunteers to go in search of the murderous outlaws who were over-running the country. Some fifty men were sworn in as Deputy Sheriffs, myself among them. We were mounted upon good horses and each given a U. S. Yaeger rifle, twenty-five rounds of cartridges, and we carried our own revolvers and bowie knives, without which but few men traveled out of the cities in the early fifties.

We rode all day without any tidings of the renegades, and

returned to Sacramento sore and weary after sunset. I was completely used up. On stripping I found my arms from wrist to shoulder and my legs from knees to hips were black and blue from the jolting and pounding of the heavy rifle all that hot, dusty day. But after a good dinner I soon forgot the soreness in a good sound sleep. The next day we were again assembled by the Sheriff, who had received information from an incoming teamster of men hiding in a haystack some eighteen miles up the American River. About two in the afternoon we reached that point. The three men we found were ordered to surrender, but opened fire. Two were killed and the other, slightly wounded, we took back to Sacramento.

After the suit had been won by the parties who had attached the "Colusa," I received my full pay and joined B. C. Horn in buying goods at auction in San Francisco. We'd ship them to Sacramento by Steamer selling them the day of our arrival and returning the same afternoon, generally making a good profit. One venture that proved disastrous and terminated our speculations, was the purchase of a large invoice of Marzetti's Famous Ale and Porter in stone jugs. Ale was scarce and high up the river. We shipped the entire lot by steamer to Sacramento. Very soon we had sold it all at a big profit. But on going down to the steamer, we found that every jug had burst from the heat over the boiler where they had been stowed. Not a dollar could we collect from the Steamer. The freight we refused to pay, and we returned to the Bay several thousand dollars out and almost broke in pocket, though not in spirit.

What did we care after the first rush of disappointment? We had youth and health to back us up. We took our meals with a friend of Ben's, who had put up a twelve by fifteen shack on the spot afterwards occupied by the stage of the Metropolitan Theatre. He covered two tables, that would each seat six persons, with black oil cloth; hired a Chinese cook, and opened a restaurant. He acted as waiter himself. At night we three made up a camp bed on the dirt floor and slept without worry. This friend of Ben's was a character. He had just left college with high honors and had come in search of gold against the wishes of his wealthy relatives. He had a fine wardrobe of costly clothing, cambric handkerchiefs and silk underwear which he took pleasure in wearing and showing among the roughly dressed cus-

tomers who thronged the little place by day. Then when the quiet hours came he would tune up his guitar and roll out songs of home in a sweet tenor that started the tears. Then he'd follow with some song that told of the sea, and when we joined in the chorus there was noise, if not music that called forth many a refrain from outsiders.

The Admission Day celebration of 1850 occurred on October 30th. I passed the day in San Francisco with Dr. Elliott, whose office was located in the second story of a brick building but recently built on the south side of Clay Street overlooking Portsmouth Square. The procession had just passed and we were about to leave the balcony which is still standing after these fifty years, when we heard a terrific explosion and saw a cloud of steam rising high in the air near the foot of the street. Doctor seized a case of surgical instruments, and calling me to follow, rushed down to the scene of the disaster. A boiler of the Steamer Sagamore had exploded. The hull was shattered and sank alongside Long Wharf at the foot of Commercial Street. Only the bell that had been blown far up by the explosion could be seen near the wheel-house above the water. We assisted what scalded ones we could find not already taken care of, and returned to the office sad and weary.

During the fall of '50 I managed to pick up sufficient coin by attending the auction rooms, to keep the wolf away from the door and spare a dollar for any unlucky friend in need.

January 1, 1851. While enjoying a walk on Long Wharf, then the fashionable promenade, my old acquaintance, Samuel Barstow, accosted me. He was loud in his praise of the Southern Mines, where he had a trading post on Wood's Creek at the mouth of Sullivan's. After considerable persuasion I agreed to accompany him to Stockton, the shipping point for most of the mines south of the Mokelumne River. The next day we arrived in Stockton. Barstow loaded his goods on a pack train and I remained to pick up a mining outfit.

February 4th. I made the acquaintance of Captain Swoap, a hardy Texan hunter who had claims on Maxwell's Creek and who had come down with a mixed train of thirty mules and donkeys for supplies. He kindly agreed to my joining his train which was loaded and ready. The rain had been falling at intervals for several days, but we started about nine o'clock thinking that we

could reach the Fourteen Mile House by nightfall. The mud was deep and the clouds threatened rain, which to our great discomfort, started in about noon, accompanied by a chilly north wind. Wet and chilled to the bone, we slumped along until darkness came. Then finding it difficult to keep the road, for the animals were miring to their knees, and with no hope of reaching the first shelter, we camped for the night beside a fallen oak that the train ran into in the dark. The animals were unpacked, hobbled, and turned out to feed on the young grass that covered the valley. We covered the goods as well as possible with pack saddles, the rain coming down in torrents meanwhile. Then into our wet blankets we rolled, so weary that the soft mud seemed an air cushion. Thus we slept the sleep of the tired if not of the just.

The experience of gold seekers who had little or no knowledge of rough outdoor life was trying, exasperating at times, and at other times ludicrous. At peep of day the rain had dwindled down to a mist and we saw the Fourteen Mile House some distance away near a grove of Sycamores. The packs were on in a jiffy and after a slippery tramp over the plain we arrived at the house to find the floor packed solid with miners and teamsters who had sought shelter there. All were good fellows and they soon made way for us. An air-tight sheet iron stove warmed the room used as lodgings and we prepared to dry our clothing by filling the stove with oak wood before taking a rest, for though we had slept through the night we were sore in the morning. As I pulled off a pair of fisherman's boots that I had paid four dollars for in New York and for which I had refused sixty when I arrived in San Francisco, a miner said, "My lad, I will give you forty-five dollars for those boots."

"No, I need them," I replied. Then I placed them under the air-tight stove to dry, and lying on the crowded floor, was soon in the land of nod. After an hour of rest we were awakened by the sun shining brightly into the room and by Captain Swoap calling out, "Rouse up boys, let's be stirring."

I reached for my boots and found the uppers were burned to a crisp! When trying to draw them on they came apart at the ankles obliging me to construct a pair of sandals by strapping the soles to my feet. So I plodded my way into the mines with an occasional ride on mule-back while the train men laughed at

my mishap. Soon the sun shone warm and we broke out with song or cheer as we crossed the Tuolumne, some of us thinking of the loved ones far away. Oh, the freedom, the mountains, the hopes of youth, the strength of early manhood, all combined to make us merry if not happy for the time being.

February 7th. We camped at Maxwell's Creek where the town of Coulterville is now located. I had brought a bolt of cotton tent drilling, palm and needles, and soon constructed a wall tent six and a half by eight feet. It was pitched on a gentle slope near the creek, and when I had built a frame on which to stretch deer-skins to hold pine needles for bedding, I felt like the owner of a castle.

The first day's prospecting on the Creek yielded one nugget that was found in the roots of a log I had turned over by jumping on when about to cross the creek. It weighed half an ounce and is still kept by a member of the family as a relic. We bought some lumber and with some borrowed tools built a rocker for gold washing, and then took up a placer claim ten feet square on the bar right in camp. It took two days to strip off the shingle and gravel eight feet down to pay dirt. Each night a coating of ice as thick as window glass formed on the surface of the water that seeped into the opening. So it was necessary in the morning for some one to jump in over knee deep and bail. It was far from pleasant and possibly may produce a tendency to rheumatism later in life. The claim yielded five ounces of gold, two of us working six days. Afterwards I concluded to work alone and took up a claim on High Slate Bar below camp. This gave me two months work averaging one hundred buckets of pay dirt for eight hours each week day, from which about nine dollars in handsome dust was added to the little store each night.

The Indians about camp were a treacherous, thieving set, reports being current that several miners had been killed in outlying places while prospecting. Our rifles and side arms were always carried when away from the settlement for none knew at what moment an arrow or rifle ball might come whizzing along from a red-skin in ambush, too cowardly for an open showing. There were many scares given those from countries where the Indian method of reprisal was not practiced.

Perhaps I may have been what subsequently became known as a tenderfoot. One night towards morning I was awakened by

the sound of twigs breaking, as though some one were crawling close to the wall. Any second I expected to hear a crash and feel the thrust of cold steel. I rolled noiselessly off the low framed bed to the ground, grasped the rifle standing beside the tent pole, cocked it quietly, and with cold chills racing down my spine, awaited a demonstration. Presently I heard a noise, muffled but hissing like a child learning to whistle. I dared not make my position known, but curiosity overcame my fear as the noise continued. I extended the ramrod of my rifle pointed towards the sound, and opened the tent fly sufficiently to make out in the dim twilight a frouzy red head leaning over the camp fireplace vigorously blowing life into the coals. In my fright I recognized him as a renegade Indian who had fallen out with one of the miners and threatened to scalp him. He appeared to be getting a brand with which to fire the tent. Guided by the increasing light I aimed at his temple and he was about to start for his Happy Hunting Ground above, when a well known voice said, "Massa Church, is you awake, Sah, de day am breaking." It was good old Ben, the slave who had mined and bought his freedom and whom everyone liked for his kindly ways and respectful demeanor to all.

You could have knocked me over with a straw. And when I told Ben what a close shave he had had, he dropped on his knees to thank the good Lord Almighty for his escape.

The following night a miner was shot and killed in his tent about a mile down the Creek. No cause or clue was ever known.

When assembled around the camp fire in the pleasant evenings, stories of adventure and perils by sea and land were told, bear and mountain lion fights were described by men who had engaged in them, and those of us who were new to mountain life would awaken in the night half scared out of our wits at the monster we were escaping from in our dreams. One moonlight night after a hard days work in a creek claim, McNabb, a noble specimen of manhood over six feet tall, was brought in with his shoulder blade showing, the flesh having been torn off by a grizzly's paw, and the flesh of his fore-arm badly torn. He had caught the bear hiding in a bunch of buckeyes and sent his dog in to drive him out. Suddenly the brute rushed out and before Mac could shoot, had raised on his quarters near him. Mac seized his rifle and jammed it crosswise in the bear's open mouth

Quicker than a flash he knocked it out with one paw, struck him on the shoulder with the other, took a nip at his arm when Mac's faithful dog snapped at his rump. Then he started off leaving the poor fellow bleeding and insensible from the shock. Soon Mac recovered consciousness, tied his bandana around the dog's neck and sent him into camp two miles distant. The dog lost no time, and when Mac's partner saw the bloody handkerchief he knew what it meant.

A party followed the dog and soon found the wounded man in the ravine at the foot of the hill, where he had made his way to seek water. Dr. Canty of New London was mining a short distance up the creek, and we soon had him attending to the fellow.

When the camp had quieted down and Mac provided with a watcher, all sought their bunks pretty well tired out and more or less excited in their minds about the ferocious beasts in the nearby mountains. I fell into a troubled sleep and was fighting some kind of a battle with a hard breathing monster when I became conscious of a hot breath in my face. Terrified I opened my eyes to see a pair of glaring eye-balls within a foot of my nose. I could not stir nor move a muscle. My opened eyes made the animal back away a little, which gave me courage. I reached for my rifle and as the beast moved faster I discovered it was Ben's donkey that had been eating out of my flour bag, while watching to see that I did not move.

That was a cute animal and the only one that we had heard of that would blow the live coals from the lid of an iron bake oven or pan, turn the oven over with his hoof and make away with the loaf. That happened several times to my baking and it was laid to the Indians. Being determined to find the thief I prepared the bake oven as usual one morning and took the trail up the creek, went around the hill and into a clump of oaks where the camp was in sight below me. A donkey was soon seen browsing along, working his way toward the batch of bread. Finally he went deliberately up to the fire, blew the ashes from the oven lid, skinned his teeth, seized the red upright handle, gave it a fling, turned around, and gave the oven a kick with his hind leg. The loaf rolled out, and it seemed as though his bray was a gigantic laugh at the fun he was having. The old Dago came

to an end that will illustrate how easy it is for a tenderfoot to be mistaken.

A new arrival from the old country, a cockney in fact, had been praising the merits of a rifle he had brought out and he had heard some of the old hunters tell about fire-hunting deer at night. This was done by carrying a long handled frying-pan containing live coals, or a lighted torch behind one's shoulder. The eyes of any animal looking into it will show like two fire balls in the dark. The Englishman thought he would quietly try his hand at this sport. But he had not gone a thousand yards when two glowing balls appeared before him. He fired point blank between them and killed poor Ben's favorite donkey. Of course he paid Ben a good price, but he was joked about it until driven out of camp.

Deer were plenty and in good condition throughout the winter. Butler killed three in the chaparral west of camp one morning before eight o'clock. Venison brought twenty-five to thirty cents a pound.

Mr. Coulter had opened a trading-post in a walled tent about twenty by thirty feet large during the summer of 1850. Cashman and Sullivan came over from Big Oak Flat in February 1851 and put up a small fifteen by twenty foot tent and opened a general store. Freight ranged from ten to fifteen cents per pound by pack train from Stockton in the months when the roads were good. During the winter of 1850-51 flour sold in the southern mining camps at fifteen dollars per quarter sack of forty-nine pounds. Bacon was fifty cents a pound, butter was a dollar, pickled and rancid at that. Crushed sugar was fifty cents, tea, two and a half dollars, salt fifty cents, coffee a dollar. Eggs were scarce, a few came in from the ranches and sold readily at a dollar each. Onions were a dollar a pound, tobacco, five. Although good whiskey could be had at two dollars a bottle, it and other liquors brought any price a buyer's purse would bear. What there was then was straight goods, for the high freight rates would not warrant traders in buying poor stock.

Speaking of whiskey—it was as good a medicine for a miner almost worn out with his hard day's labor waist deep in ice cold water, as it was a poor steady beverage for the sots that wasted their idle and useless lives in the saloons, then as now. For of all

the curses invented for destroying human life and happiness, when used to excess, it heads the list.

May 1st. Water running low in the creek, we took up crevicing on the slate bars down creek where Jim Savage had been working with his Indian wife's relatives the winters of 1849 and '50, and with pick, shovel and pan we washed out an average of one ounce of dust each day. Our creek dust assayed seventeen dollars and ninety cents per ounce. The traders took it at sixteen. There was very little coin of any kind in the mines, all transactions were made on a basis of dust at sixteen dollars and it was often kept by the store-keepers in open tea chests under the counter. Burglary and thievery were comparatively unknown as gold was plentiful and the law hung at every man's belt.

In July the water getting still lower, the miners began moving to the river diggings. I shouldered my rifle, after securing the fly of the tent, and started early one morning for Wood's Creek to visit my friend Barstow. The trail led to a divide which separated Maxwell's from Moccasin Creek. Pino Blanco stands a nearby sentinel to guide prospectors for many miles around and on the plateau were seen the handsome log cabins built by the hardy Maine lumbermen the preceding winter before they discovered and moved to the rich placers of Big Oak Flat. On a trip to the Yosemite twenty years afterward I saw the deserted cabins still standing intact, and in 1880 when speaking to Mr. Rice (a partner of the Besants in London) of California and its deserted mining towns, he took down a description of the Moccasin Creek cabins and used it in his romance of the Golden Butterfly.

Rattlesnakes were numerous. Three large ones disputed the right of way as they sunned themselves on the hot trail and were left with broken backs and minus their rattles.

I arrived at Barstow's before dusk after a twenty mile tramp and was welcomed with the news that his neighbor, a trader named Woodson Puckett, wanted to sell out. We agreed to make the purchase. Returning next day, I sold my tent and mining tools and joined Barstow in the firm of Barstow and Church on Wood's Creek at the mouth of Sullivan's Creek. Both were rich in gold affording good pay to the Mexicans who sank small shafts on the bars some eight to fifteen feet deep and drifted off with short steel tools as far as possible from the main hole with-

Mining with a Long Tom

out timbering, washing the pay gravel they obtained on the bed-rock in wooden "batteyas." It also afforded good pay to the Americans who worked in open cuts up from the creek, or stripped off the overlying gravel and washed out the bed-rock deposit in rockers. The long tom and sluice had not then made their appearance, and all the machines that inventors in the Atlantic States had sold to credulous gold hunters were either left in San Francisco, or abandoned as useless by the road or creek side.

A miner from the north beyond Mormon Bar came into the store one evening and told us about the wonderful day's work that could be done with the long tom that miners were using about Coloma. The next day we visited Jamestown, bought three inch boards ten feet long for twenty dollars, a sheet iron riffle for five dollars and made the first long tom that was used on Wood's Creek. The result was very good. In working over the bar that had already yielded good wages with rocker washing, we averaged one ounce a day over and above the six dollars a day that we paid the four men employed, one of whom represented my interest. By the first of August our water gave out and work stopped.

A company of young Irishmen had located just below the lower end of the bar and built a dam across the creek. It was completed late one Saturday afternoon and all rejoiced at the termination of the rough work and the prospect of rich treasure in the deep diggings thus afforded. As the water deepened above the dam they bantered each other and one "James McLaughlin" pushed the stalwart "Barney McElroy" who lost his balance and nearly went headlong over the dam. He was caught by one of his partners, and picking up little McLaughlin, tossed him over into the water, whence he crawled out puffing and swearing vengeance. The following day being Sunday all the Irish party visited Campo Seco, some three miles distant, where Monte, whisky and fandangoes flourished. Late in the afternoon, McLaughlin, under the influence of liquor, came down the trail, picked up a heavy knife as he passed the butcher's block, and went on to his camp. Soon after McElroy came along, stopped a few moments under our arbor, chatted pleasantly about what he had seen and how he had passed the day, and started down the creek saying, "Well, so long, I must get supper."

It seemed as though but a minute had passed when a man rushed into the store hatless and out of breath. "For God's sake, hurry down and sew Barney up. Jim has cut him up and he is bleeding to death," he gasped.

I started down with a button needle and some white silk obtained from a miner's wife near by, and found the poor fellow horribly mutilated. His intestines protruded through a cut extending from navel to hip, all the cords of his left wrist were severed, and there was a deep stab in his back. I performed the surgical work so well that when a doctor arrived about midnight he said there was nothing for him to do, but he doubted if Barney would recover. Barney lingered between life and death two days when I was called upon to read the Episcopal burial service and recite a prayer. A more impressive scene than the tearful sorrow of those hardy Irish miners as we laid poor Barney away among the pines on the mountain side I had never witnessed. He was a favorite with all. Young and brave, a fine specimen of stalwart manhood. The murderer, who had escaped over the mountain, was a runt and hated for his quarrelsome disposition. This broke up the Irish company and the camp was almost deserted until the rivers began rising in the fall, when miners again sought the creek for winter quarters.

The winter of '51 and '52 was passed without incident other than the construction of a larger tent for store accommodation and an addition for dining and sleeping. There being no safe depository for the gold dust that was taken in each day and fearing the risk of hiding any larger amount in barrels of sugar or beans, as some Mexicans had killed a store-keeper at Montezuma, three miles over the mountain trail, and looted his place searching for dust, I determined on a new scheme. Barstow was away on a visit to his Mattapoisett relatives. So while my assistant was away delivering goods with a pack animal and all the others were at work, I drew diagonal lines from each corner of the addition and where the lines intersected in the center of the tent, sunk a hole three feet deep, buried a tin box containing some nine thousand dollars, smoothed the place over and felt quite safe. Sometime after, the addition was enlarged to make room for increasing business and more help. In April my partner returned and after the close of business we managed to have our two assistants entertained in a neighboring camp while I

unearthed our treasure. I dug down in the center of the room and found no box! What a disaster! All our winter's profits gone! While swinging our feet at the edge of the hole thinking how foolish it would be to worry when gold was so plentiful, I suddenly remembered that the room had been enlarged since the box was buried. One stroke of the pick in the far corner revealed the treasure intact, which gave us much cause for congratulation.

May 5th. Miners again seeking the river, we set out to find a larger field. Going first to Sonora, riding animals were bought at auction, my mule costing a hundred and fifty dollars. The evening found us halting in front of the Southern Hotel at Mariposa, where a man ran toward me with a cocked revolver, shouting, "Get off that mule damned quick!" I found the animal had been stolen the day before. Of course I was obliged to restore the animal to his owner. Then I bought a horse for sixty dollars and we left town with the odor of horse thieves clinging to us.

We headed down the Mariposa River intending to locate in the vicinity of King's River when we met a meat peddler driving a mule with panniers. He suggested that at the crossing of the Aqua Frio a trading post was needed and thought if we would spend the night at his cabin we would no doubt locate there. We did locate there, and the place became and is still known as Bridgeport.

We opened up in a large tent and late in the fall built the first frame house in that part of the country. Many Chinese were flocking into the neighboring mines through the winter of '52 and '53, which proved a very severe one. The butcher's cabin being vacant in September and left in my charge while he was absent in Los Angeles buying cattle, I ordered three "prairie schooner" loads of staple goods and stowed them secretly in the cabin with the help of our clerk, Seth Washburn. He was fresh from a New England school, and I promised him a bonus for keeping his tongue quiet.

Rain fell heavily in November and in December the roads became impassable for teams. Everything advanced in price. Freight from Stockton went up to sixty cents a pound. Chinamen were engaged to pack rice and flour from French Camp on the slough near Stockton during January 1853. Almost all the staples that I had stored brought famine prices. Flour, rice,

bacon, potatoes, a dollar a pound. Crushed sugar, one dollar and a half; tea, five; coffee, two. After all were sold we lived for two weeks in March on beans and venison alone before mules could get through with their first load.

In April 1853, while hunting some thirty miles southeast of the store, we met a searching party who were looking for Jesse Starkey. He had been in the mountains several days but the tent he had brought with him had not been occupied. We spread out marching toward the upper Chowchilla in the high Sierras, having agreed to fire two quick shots from our revolvers in the event of anything unusual being found. I crossed a ridge of bare granite and discovered, some distance ahead, near a deep gorge, which has since become known as the Yosemite, a large thatched wigwam and several well built twig and grass huts. Crawling cautiously along to prevent surprise I finally discovered something lying in a heap of ashes in front of the principal campoody. There was not a sign of life to indicate that the tents were inhabited. I walked to the smouldering fire and was horrified to find the mutilated body of a white man, the back of his head roasting in a bed of coals, three arrows piercing his breast.

I fired my revolver and the party soon assembled to recognize Starkey, the teamster from Fort Miller whom the red devils had assassinated. We set fire to the wigwams and as the blaze and smoke ascended, shouts from Indians and shots from Starkey's rifle and revolver that the murderers had taken, were heard from a granite point high above us. It was agreed that we should leave a strong guard with Starkey's body until shovels could be procured to bury it, while we returned to our store to assemble volunteers to punish Starkey's murderers. The following day sixty well armed miners met at the crossing of Aqua Frio Creek where our store was located, accompanied by the sheriff and other county officers, all of whom placed themselves under the authority and guidance of Kit Carson and Alexander (Alexis) Godey, two famous Indian trailers who were mining on the Mariposa River. Fortifying ourselves with a hearty meal at noon, we cinched our animals tightly, for the trail over the granite foothills was rough, and mounted for a hard ride.

As members of the Yohamite tribe (the Indians pronounced it with a gutteral h) the Chowchilla and the King's River tribes, had done more or less trading at our store I had become ac-

quainted with a number of them. One finely proportioned fellow about my age loafed about the place considerably and we found him exceptionally quick in packing goods upon mules for delivery to customers. Occasionally I trusted him to deliver goods at nearby places and he became known as Yankee Jim. Soon the chickens began to disappear, my favorite deer hound was missing but no one suspected Jim. However the night we came in with the news of Starkey's death Jim and our best pack mule could not be found. I told Carson we'd find him among the bad men we were after.

It was nearly sunset when we reached poor Starkey's body and night set in before the burial was completed. Our animals were staked out under guard, a hasty cold meal partaken of, and the blind trail taken towards the marauders who were composed, as we learned later, of renegades from all the tribes in middle and southern California. The night was clear, not a breath of air stirring. As we ascended towards and over the Chowchilla hills of bare granite the temperature dropped until a rifle barrel felt like ice, and our men began stamping to keep warm. At once both Carson and Godey halted their respective commands and in very forceful language gave us a lecture about trailing Indians like boys on a picnic. Before they had finished all realized that we were on no tom-fool errand.

Although suffering considerably from cold in the high altitude, the men obeyed instructions, moving silently and steadily through the bright star-lit night after their leaders. We had climbed nearly to the top of a high ridge about two in the morning and halted to rest. Kit said, "Church, we will go up on that spur and look over."

Arrived there he looked long and keenly out to the southeast and directed my sight to a point that appeared to be the head of a canyon some two miles distant, but which we found to be much farther.

"What do you see?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"Well, I make out a thin line of smoke, and that's where the d—— Reds are camped!"

We rested for a while. Then observing the utmost caution about talking and striking our guns or heels against the rocks,

we moved forward in single file across the elevated plateau beyond which the Indians were asleep in camp. Then deploying out, we waited for the order to rush in and do our best. We were within a hundred yards of camp when the word was passed in whispers, and fearing they might have pickets out we crawled the last hundred feet on hands and knees. Not a breath seemed to break the awful hush. The suspense was terrible to many of us, for we expected a bloody hand to hand fight with desperadoes and but few had ever graduated in that sort of a contest.

Just as the eastern sky showed the tints of coming day a rooster crowed and a moment later a dark object moved slowly toward the smouldering brands that fed the line of smoke we had seen. Carson raised his rifle and took careful aim at the object as it hovered over the kindling embers. His rifle cracked and the poor thing, a squaw, dropped face downwards in the hot ashes as we rushed into a pandemonium of fleeing and fighting savages. The women and children remained in their wigwams, stupefied with fear. The men, about forty-six in number, and most of them in war paint, attempted to gain the head of the canyon which fell away from the plateau some fifteen feet onto heavy boulders. There we later found the dead and wounded after all the unwounded bucks had scattered. Only three of our men were wounded, none seriously.

After the skirmish an Indian appeared high up on a bald granite point, going away from us with his back bent low down in derision. McDermott, who owned a ranch on the lower Mariposa and who often came to our place for provisions and rifle practice at the three hundred yard target, said "Do you think I can wing that fellow?"

"Not unless you draw far over him," I replied.

He sank on one knee, fired, and the Indian tumbled in a heap. On going up to him we found Yankee Jim with a hole through his skull. Afterwards, searching the rancheria, we found a mule's hind quarter with my brand on the hip hanging from a pine tree. Other evidences of theft were found when we were gathering the squaws and children together to march them to the settlement. First we gave them a hearty meal roasting the fowls found in camp, among them the rooster that sounded the savages' death knell. After they had gorged themselves to repletion, we assisted in burying the old squaw who had fallen in the ashes,

then destroyed the wigwams and all the cooking utensils. Placing the squaws with some old Indians and the dozen or more prisoners in the center, we began our slow march to the place where we had left our animals. Placing double guard around our captives we camped there at nightfall. The next day we passed our store and about dusk the Indians were taken in charge by the Sheriff and his deputies at Mariposa. Federal officers were communicated with and after about two months confinement, the Indians were liberated on their promise of good behavior. Their word was good for that was the last trouble between the Whites and Indians in that country.

July 1st, 1853. I sold my stock of merchandise, good will and store to Turner and Holt of Guadalupe three miles above Bridgeport. I went straight to Mariposa and put up for the night with Agent Gardner of Wells Fargo and Company. He and his young wife from Boston had just recently been sent there. They kept house back of the Express Office, a large room serving for living and dining room with two bedrooms and kitchen adjoining. Mr. Gardner suggested that if I would remain over a day or two he would get up a dancing party with the aid of the young fellows around the Southern Hotel. I agreed and assisted in distributing the invitations. Among others, my friends in Aqua Frio were asked, including S. Sweet and three young matrons who accepted on the condition that they could bring their babies. The dance took place the following evening, some fifty all told assembled. Eight mothers with babes were assigned a room where the little ones could be comfortable and beyond hearing the music. Towards midnight Mrs. Gardner suggested changing the clothing of the youngsters which four of us did, and I, for one, was glad to get on the early stage for San Francisco.

August 13th. Under the name of Barstow, Church and Company I opened a grocery jobbing house on the present site of 317-19 California Street. For a one story and cellar brick building sixty by ninety feet we paid eight hundred dollars a month in advance to James H. Ray, Agent for the owners. Thomas J. Poulterer, Auctioneer, occupied the store adjoining on the west while Daniel Provost had that on the east.

After being in business one month I found my partners had neither experience nor capacity for conducting the business, and

that the capital I had worked so hard to accumulate was being gradually exhausted in extravagant living and questionable habits. I drew out my capital and took steamer by the Nicaragua route for New York. Alexander G. Abell, Francis M. Randell and I shared the same stateroom, which owing to the generosity of many warm friends, looked more like a bar than a sleeping place.

The passage to San Juan del Sur was without incident other than the terrific screams that came from the stateroom adjoining ours one night just after we had been treated to snake stories by a former resident of Central America. I rushed into Mrs. Wilson's stateroom and grasped the enormous snake that had jumped upon her head, and leaped to the deck with it. It was her heavy switch that she had hung at the head of her berth and the motion of the steamer had dislodged it. After much hilarity, for the scared passengers appeared in garments not seen at dress rehearsal, we took a night-cap all around and again "turned in."

Passengers were landed through the breakers by lighters and then carried on the backs of the natives through the surf to the beach. Many had their pockets picked on the way. The few miles between San Juan and Virgin Bay on Lake Nicaragua were traversed by a line of cast-off New York omnibuses to accommodate the women and children while the men were supplied with sorry looking mules and donkeys. The rich tropical scenery en route, the cheap luscious bananas and other fruits were a joy and delight to all after the crowding and tossing on shipboard. We picknicked in the open air and found shelter to sleep wherever we could. Abell, Randall and I found a thatched hut where we slept soundly under our own blankets with our coats for pillows. When taking up my coat in the morning, there lay two of the most beautiful, full grown and venomous scorpions the country could produce. Abell uncovered an enormous black centipede which he captured and bottled for future reference.

We took the side-wheel steamer from Virgin Bay past the beautiful volcanic cone "Ometepe" across the lake to the entrance of the San Juan River, down the river to "Castillo Rapids," thence around the Rapids on foot some two hundred yards. Then in two stern-wheel boats we made the trip down the San Juan to the Steamer North Star lying about three miles off Greytown. The passage from Virgin Bay occupied two days and nights

through which the ladies rested in our hammocks. On the passage we encountered, and after much rough usage, passed safely through the storm that wrecked the "Central America," arriving at our destination in a much battered condition.

The winter passed pleasantly, though I was somewhat surprised to find that the family had gotten along so well without my wonderful assistance. I think almost all returning Californians were filled with the idea that their families must stand still during their absence. But after the novelty of visiting had worn off, we found that none of us were missed half as much as we thought, and we turned our faces again toward the Golden West sadly perhaps, but convinced that five years had wrought changes, and that there were others who filled our places in all hearts except perhaps those of our mothers.

In April 1854 I returned to San Francisco by the Panama Route and engaged in business in Columbia, Tuolumne County, a very rich mining district. I was caught in the first fire and lost everything, but visiting the Bay soon obtained funds to erect the first brick store with iron doors in that town.

In '56 the man I had befriended and divided profits with, borrowed what dust he could of our mining customers and told a German clerk to saddle two of our mules and join him as he was going south to buy cattle. Two days later I received notice via Stockton that the store was closed and McKenty had disappeared. I started overland immediately on horseback via the Livermore Valley as the Stockton boat would not leave for sixteen hours. Arriving in Columbia the next day I had a blacksmith cut the bolts off the door, and found a fair stock of staple goods but no books or records. A few days afterward the German came to town with our mules and the word that my worthy partner had given him two hundred dollars to keep silent. I closed out the goods, sold the store and teams, paid out what little outstanding indebtedness there was and returned to the Bay blaming myself for having had so much confidence in a scoundrel and a thief.

Soon I made a connection with Harrold, Randell and Company in the wholesale grocery business on the corner of Front and California Streets. In those days all business stopped at four o'clock as that was the hour of departure of the Sacramento and Stockton boats.

One day a finely proportioned man stepped in as we were about to leave. He said he was Professor Frank Wheeler from

Boston, a teacher of boxing and athletics. From that acquaintance sprang the first Gymnasium on the coast, and formed the nucleus from which grew the now famous Olympic Club.

Politics became very corrupt and death at Primary Elections was not an unusual occurrence. Accusation of ballot box stuffing was resented by violence and the stuffers were often elected to office. The Figure of Justice had been robbed and her scales hung uneven in the courts weighted down with ill-gotten gold and corrupting influences. An alternative was forced upon the citizens who had homes, families and property, and the good name of our city at heart, to protect them from misrule and vandalism or abandon all they had striven so hard and faithfully to accomplish, to the destroyers of order and good government. The occasion came when James King of William was shot down in cold blood by an ex-State's Prison servitor. The Vigilance Committee sprang into a full fledged life, and became a terror to evil doers. A number of merchants assembled in the second floor of a brick building on Sacramento Street near Front and opened a register for signers the evening Mr. King was killed. Before daylight eight hundred names were enrolled. William T. Coleman was elected President and a number of prominent and influential men whose integrity and honesty of purpose none could question, were elected to serve as an Executive Committee. In one week's time over three thousand names were registered and the headquarters on Sacramento Street below Front became known as Fort Gunny Bags.

A party calling itself the Law and Order Party was formed by the Sheriff, City and County officials and others who opposed the Vigilantes.

Our first movement was to secure all the arms belonging to the various military companies. Nearly all the members of the City Guard and many from the other companies came over to the Vigilantes. On the northeast corner of Clay and Kearny Streets the Law and Order Party had a quantity of arms stored. Orders were issued for their capture and six express wagon loads of Springfield muskets were delivered over after a brief parley.

Fearing that the prisoners confined in the City Jail who were under arraignment for murder or awaiting trial, would be spirited away via the underground route by the lax and unscrupulous officials, the Executive Committee called a meeting. Coleman, Doane and others addressed the meeting and about eleven o'clock

"We halted with our cannon trained upon the door"

the President called for volunteers for what he said might prove to be trying and dangerous work. Three, including myself, stepped out of my division of which I had been elected Captain after Jonathan Gavett left for Nicaragua, and were accepted. Some twenty others were also taken. We were all advised as to care and prudence towards those we were to meet, by the Governor of California, J. Neely Johnson, by William Tecumseh Sherman, then a member of Lucas, Turner and Company, Bankers, and by our President, each of whom were solicitous for our safety.

Bells were striking midnight as we filed out of the hall, a band of determined men a thousand strong, whose martial tread aroused the sleepers as we passed without sound of drum or trumpet. Our course was through Dupont Street to Broadway to the front of the City Prison where we halted with our cannon trained upon the door. Captain John Ellis gave the order to load with grape shot and while the guns were being loaded and primed, the detachment from Fort Gunny Bags arrived augmenting our force to over two thousand.

"You may have a warm time in there," Mr. Coleman said, "But don't provoke a quarrel. What side arms have you?"

I showed my small Colt's revolver.

"That wont do," he said, "Take my Navy and bowie."

We exchanged belts and arms. Then he rapped on the prison door, demanding admittance in the name of the Vigilance Committee and was refused by Sheriff Scannell at the wicket. Governor Johnson then talked with Scannell and turned to confer with our President and members of the Executive Committee. Presently Coleman rapped again on the prison door, watch in hand, and plainly and firmly said, "We demand admission and if the doors are not opened in five minutes, we will open them with powder and ball."

Coleman counted "One, two—"

At the word "three" Captain Ellis' voice rang out loud and clear "Light port fires! Make ready!"

Plainly heard by the staunch and eager but trembling Vigilantes, "four" rang out in a louder tone. The doors swung wide open with a screech and the volunteers marched single file in between two lines of so-called Law and Order men, who had been

assembled by the Sheriff to protect the jail against an expected assault of our force. As we filed through the dense crowd we touched shoulders on each side as we jammed along. There were men there of all types. Ned McGowan, Yankee Sullivan, Charles Doane, Billy Mulligan and Purple. Mr. Boyd of Doyle, Barber and Boyd, called me to a seat near Casey's cell. As I looked to see that Casey was there I was accosted by Mulligan, who with a filthy oath asked what I wanted adding "Get out of this, d—— quick."

I answered, "We are here on business and fully prepared to do it."

W. W. Crane, a lawyer friend, and Boyd stepped between us, and as we seated ourselves on the stone step, Mulligan growled, "Bear in mind you're my meat if I ever catch you outside."

Crane said, "I hope there will be no trouble while we are in here for there is a ton of gunpowder right under us and the fuse is in the Sheriff's office and he has sworn he will send all the Vigilantes to Hell."

"Then we will all get out together," Mr. Boyd remarked.

I visited the various cells and identified Cora and several other important prisoners who were quite willing to be taken away even to the Vigilance Rooms as they feared lynching without trial. Day was dawning before we were aware of it. Robert Law and Shurtleff, of our Third Division, asked me to step into the rear jail yard and see our guards. Sure enough the balconies, roofs and windows of every house in sight were crowded with our comrades, many of them within speaking distance. Coffee was served and with it we volunteers washed down what fears we may have had of danger from the ruffians, and at eight o'clock that bright Sunday morning we were relieved by other Vigilantes. During the morning prayer at Dr. Scott's church, while the congregation were standing, Sergeant Bailey came in quickly and slipped into my hand a small square of blank white paper folded diagonally to form a triangle. It was the emergency sign of the Executive Committee and required immediate attention.

I went on a run to Ned Hayes' house at Third and Mission Streets. I boarded there, as did Henry B. Mellen, who afterwards became a hero in the Civil War. I changed my clothing, put on my side arms and on reaching Fort Gunny Bags found the Third Division ready to form. A body of three thousand marched up

and took position again in front of the jail. After some delay Casey and Cora were delivered to members of the Vigilantes, placed in carriages and driven at a moderate pace towards the Headquarters through a crowd so dense that finally we had to fix bayonets and clear the way.

So many have written of the events that followed that it is needless for me to attempt a recital thereof. However a few points may be touched on and a few assertions corrected, one of which appeared in a New York paper in the '80s more than intimating that the Vigilantes of San Francisco had poisoned Yankee Sullivan.

Now the facts are these. The Third Division was on guard duty at Fort Gunny Bags one evening when Sullivan was confined, not manacled, in a small room on the second floor. About eight o'clock a sentinel who guarded the room sent word that Sullivan wanted a sandwich and something to drink. I sent to the saloon on the northeast corner of Sacramento and Front Streets, bought the food and a bottle each of lemonade and sarsaparilla, and gave them to him. He thanked me as I locked the door. About half past eight the sentry left his post, rushed into the lower building where I was talking to Robert Law and said, "Captain, hurry up. I think there is blood running out under Sullivan's door, and I hear a queer moaning in there."

We ran quickly, opened the cell door, and Sullivan lay extended on the floor with a deep gash across his left arm inside the elbow from which the blood had come. The broken bottle with which he had opened the veins of his arm lay near his right hand. He was unconscious, although his eyes moved a moment, then partially closed. A gasp, and Sullivan's spirit had passed to the Great Unknown.

The order had been issued that when the Sansome Hook and Ladder Company's bell sounded an alarm, all prisoners should be handcuffed. One evening when our division was on guard, an alarm was sounded and the duty of putting handcuffs on Judge Terry was duly performed, his only observation being, "All right, boys, let me put on my boots first."

The duty of arresting and deporting Billy Mulligan and several other notorious characters devolved upon my command. Mulligan returned here and I had him shadowed until he was shot through the head by a policeman under instructions from the

Sheriff. Mulligan was wildly liquored and, firing into a crowd, had wounded several men when the policeman aimed his rifle at a curtain from which pointed out the muzzle of a revolver. The ball entered his eye passing through his head into the wall beyond. That was the last of him, for protection against whom I had worn derringers for years, and of whom I was only too glad to be rid.

In December 1860 I joined the rush to Virginia City, Nevada, and established a trading post under the name of Church and Company. Through all the excitement that stirred that town we did a very successful business until July 1862 when I sold out real estate, good will and merchandise and started off for a week's vacation on Lake Bigler, now Lake Tahoe, on my way to San Francisco.

We put up at Yank's and after rooms were assigned to us, all met in the big front room before the great open fire-place. A rough looking woodman stared apparently in quest of some one and finally smiled at me. I nodded in seeming recognition at which he approached with extended hand saying, "Well, of all things!"

My friends stared in astonishment. So did I, for I couldn't place him. At last he said, "The last time we met was in '42 when you beat me at pistol practice behind the old reservoir at Poughkeepsie."

Then it flashed upon me that he was my old schoolmate, William Lapham. After a long chat he said, "I would like you to take me down the Lake to the Stub. My only fishing so far has been from a skiff, though all the lake trout you have had in Virginia City have been caught by me. I have a whale boat with two sails that I bought in San Francisco last week, but I hardly like to go out alone. My wife is afraid that I don't know much about handling sails in puffy weather which we have here, but you are an old salt and she will let me go with you. Don't say a word to anyone. I will call you before daylight and have breakfast and a suit of clothes ready for you."

I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was aroused by a light tap, tap, tap at the door. There was my friend. We had a fine breakfast, prepared by his attentive wife, and got started before any were astir at the hotel. By ten o'clock we had reached the Stub. Lapham put his face under the water and looked a moment. Then he shook off the water saying, "Here they are, look!"

I followed his motions, but saw only fish the size of sardines. He said, "You are looking through ninety feet of water, wait till you hook one."

Our lines had scarcely touched bottom when I had a tug that scorched my hand and had tough work to pull in a fish which Lapham declared to be a twenty-four pounder. We fished until our arms gave out and our boat was nearly full. The next day we visited Cascade Lake, made raft, filled two gunny sacks with trout about eighteen inches long, and started back in a puffy breeze. When we arrived at the little jetty and threw the grass off from our catch, the crowd awaiting us gave three rousing cheers for "the lucky fisherman."

As we drove up to Yank's Road House next day, he called out, "There's a King trout in the horse trough that weighs thirty-two pounds!"

For two dollars and a half I bought it of the Indian, who had speared it in a bay at the head of Lake Bigler. Packed in snow ice, I sent it to Tubbs and Patten of the Lick House, just opened. After exhibiting it in their bar window they served it baked whole with champagne to all their guests and increased their profits that day over five hundred dollars! So the recently published statement in the *Chronicle* (San Francisco) that the largest trout ever caught in Tahoe weighed twenty-one pounds, is a mistake!

On July 10, 1862 I purchased the business of O. F. Giffin and Brother at 407 Front Street. It was conducted very successfully for two years. Then on examining the books, I found that during my absence, the man I trusted in all things, had not only betrayed his trust but had also involved the business by issuing notes in the name of the firm for his own stock speculations. That was contrary to our articles of agreement so I had to turn him out without a dollar, and he is still wandering about our streets, a criminal and a beggar. I went east, sold what real estate I had, settled with creditors and conducted the business with scant capital for several years before closing it out. Since then my doings concern my children rather than the Pioneers.

Trusting that the foregoing may be acceptable as a record of the principal events in which I participated during the early settlement of our glorious State, I am,

Yours fraternally,

ANDREW S. CHURCH.

Vol. IV No. 1

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE
Editor

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Assistant Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
MARCH 31, 1927

Vol. IV No. 1

QUARTERLY

QUARTERLY
OF
THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS
Vol. IV No. 1

Errata

Note—On Page 21, line 1, 1880 erroneously reads 1860.

HENRY L. BYRNE
Editor

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Assistant Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
MARCH 31, 1927

OFFICERS

OF THE

Society of California Pioneers

FROM JULY, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

President

CHARLES S. CUSHING

Vice-Presidents

Dr. Joseph A. Oliver ..... San Francisco
James K. Moffitt ..... San Francisco
R. R. Russ ..... San Francisco
William T. Hale ..... San Francisco
Jules Auradou ..... Healdsburg

Treasurer

CHARLES J. DEERING

Secretary and Historian

HENRY L. BYRNE

Marshal

J. H. P. GEDGE

Directors

JAMES P. TAYLOR
JOHN J. LERMEN
O. P. STIDGER
J. H. SKINNER
F. De P. TELLER
E. A. DOUTHITT
H. L. VAN WINKLE
FRED G. RUSS
DR. G. N. VAN ORDEN

QUARTERLY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
John Parrott	9
William Maxwell Wood	15
Henry E. Highton	17
My First Two Years In California By Almarin B. Paul	25

John Parott

John Parrott

The Society of California Pioneers at its regular monthly meeting, held September 2, 1901, unanimously resolved to place William Maxwell Wood's photograph and autograph in a volume with its collection of "Portraits of Members of the Society of California Pioneers" as an appreciation of his pioneer traits of courage, usefulness and patriotism during the war between the United States and Mexico in 1846. If Dr. Wood had been living the resolution would have been offered to make him an Honorary Member of the Society.

The story has been told by James M. Hutchings in our Quarterly, Volume 1, Number 1, of how by Dr. Woods' aid the American Commodore Sloat outwitted the English Admiral Seymour in their race to claim California, each for his own government. But of the almost equally important assistance of John Parrott and James R. Bolton, both later residents of San Francisco, Mr. Hutchings makes no mention.

Mr. Parrott had been for many years engaged in trade on the Mexican coast. He was United States Consul at Mazatlan in 1845-46, rendering valuable aid to the naval officers in matters pertaining to the occupation of California. This letter of his to T. O. Larkin (Larkin Documents, Bancroft Library) expresses clearly the feeling of waiting and wondering that filled the thoughts of Americans in Mexico at that time.

Mazatlan, Feb'y 25th, 1846.

Thomas O. Larkin,

Monterey.

Dear Sir:

We are without a line from you to reply to. The present is merely to state that the Tallow sent by Mr. Thompson for Fisher's Vessel was sold on board at 12 Rs. We send you enclosed a letter for Mr. Thompson with the account sales of Tallow showing net proceeds 975$ which we have credited to him in account although we have not received a single dollar as yet of the money, Fisher having imprudently left this place for Cape St. Lucas without settling with us. And now informs us he will sail for California about the first from that place.

We send this over to the Cape by a small schooner to go up by him, also a lot of letters and newspapers for you. Our relations with this country are not yet settled. The Minister who arrived out for the purpose of settling matters was not received. He consequently left Mexico for Vera Cruz where he is waiting for further orders. They will have e're this been received and the contents known. Meantime the Commodore with the whole of the Squadron is still here. It is impossible to say what will be the decision of our government after it shall have been informed of the non-reception of Mr. Slidell. We send you enclosed a letter for Mr. A. B. Thompson, which after reading seal and send it to him.

We remain your obt. friends,

Parrott & Co.

It so happened that Dr. Wood, who was Fleet Surgeon of the United States Pacific Squadron, and Mr. Parrott, were both on leave of absence, the one for business reasons, the other to regain his health. Together they were traveling overland by horseback from Mazatlan via the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, the first lap of the journey to the United States.

Mr. Bolton had remained in Mazatlan as acting United States Consul in Mr. Parrott's stead.

May 4th, 1846, they started, and six days later were in Guadalajara where, overhearing the conversation of some Mexican officers, Dr. Wood first learned that Mexico and the United States were at war. This was the news for which Commodore Sloat was so eagerly waiting. With Consul Parrott's aid he was able to send a courier with the message to Bolton and thus get it through to Sloat. Arriving in the City of Mexico Mr. Parrott found a letter from a friend at San Luis Potosi in which details were given of the battles of the 9th of May and the decisive victories of General Taylor. All this information Mr. Parrott relayed in a letter to Mr. Bolton, despatched from Mexico City on May 23rd to Guadalajara and thence forwarded to Mazatlan by courier. The letter contained these closing words: "You can tell the Commodore, if he be with you, that I do not write to him because there is too much risk, that he has a field open to signalize himself and I wish him a crown of laurels."

That the lives of these American officers traveling through the enemy's country were fraught with danger cannot be denied. Had their courier been stopped and the dispatch captured, doubtless both would have been executed as spies. But they were men of courage and resourcefulness, self-possession and tact, and came through without trouble or embarrassment.

Soon after Mr. Parrott returned to Mazatlan. His first trip to California was in connection with the English schooner "Star of the West," which he owned. The Star brought a very valuable cargo from Liverpool not intended for California but for Mexico. Apparently the Californians had agreed to take duties on a nominal valuation, a clear profit of the whole for them. Then the shippers would introduce the goods free of duties at Mexican ports and thus realize a better profit. Swan in his "Historical Sketches" thinks the

plan was merely to pay duties in merchandise in California, while cash was required at Mazatlan. However, the Star was wrecked at Point Lobos near Monterey on July 27, 1845, and all that was saved was sold to Belden and others for three thousand dollars. It is said that for a time all the Monterey-ans became wreckers, some making great gains, though three were drowned.

After the gold discovery Mr. Parrott brought his bride, Miss Abbey Eastman Meagher, to whom he had just been married at Mobile, across the Isthmus to San Francisco. She was from Gardner, Maine, though the two had met in Baltimore. He was a southerner himself, having been born at Fairfax Courthouse, Virginia, April 16, 1810.

As a shipping merchant until 1859, as a banker and capitalist—he established Parrott & Co. in 1855—he was famous for his uniformly successful investments, his caution and conservatism being in marked contrast with the prevalent spirit of the times.

Beyond his natural interest as a keen, successful business man, he took little part in civic affairs, for his was a very retiring nature. In his home and family—he had six daughters and an only son—he had the utmost pride. For many years their town home was at 824 Folsom Street, next door to General Folsom. In the country at San Mateo, he had a lovely summer home. P. W. Alexander in his "History of San Mateo County" says, "One of the oldest settlers in San Mateo County was John Parrott, who built his first home there in the location which was at that time the nucleus of the City of San Mateo, then a little settlement of about a dozen houses. Baywood it was called. He came to San Mateo in January, 1860, and took a prominent part in the upbuilding of the county." Rumbling ox-carts bringing lumber from the hills still slowly passed this way, and one day, the first time he rode from his home on horseback, Mr. Parrott was chased by a bear. Here he raised fine horses, for in his younger days he loved racing. Farming, too, held his interest, and he had a very prosperous wheat ranch near Chico.

It was at San Mateo that he spent the greater part of his declining years, an invalid and very deaf. He died in 1884, seventy-four years old.

One of his earliest claims to local prominence was the erection of the first fire-proof building in San Francisco, Parrott's Granite Block at Montgomery and California Sts. Work was commenced on it August, 1852, and by December 4th it was completed at a cost of one hundred and forty thousand dollars, including the land. It was built entirely by Chinese labor of granite blocks from China, all carefully cut and dressed and labeled with Chinese characters, each ready to be fitted into its own place. The Chinamen came to the States in the bark "Dragon" and were to stay in the capacity of stone masons or common laborers for the full term of ninety working days. In return for their free passage, daily rations of rice, fish or meat, and one dollar for each working day, they were to labor from sunrise to sunset with the exception of one hour at noon. Their wages were to be received at the end of the three months, provided they had complied strictly with the rules of the agreement. Otherwise they were forfeited. When finished it was regarded as one of the handsomest buildings in the city and it may be said as a tribute to its builders that they built well, for not only did it survive the several early fires, but even the great fire of 1906, only to be torn down in 1926 to make room for greater growth and progress.

That John Parrot did not lack a sense of fun is shown in this story told of him. Often a gold-seeker from some South American city would bring a parrot with him for "luck."

"Now what did you bring a bird like that with you for?" the consignee would ask when he landed. "We have Parrotts here that can talk and make change."

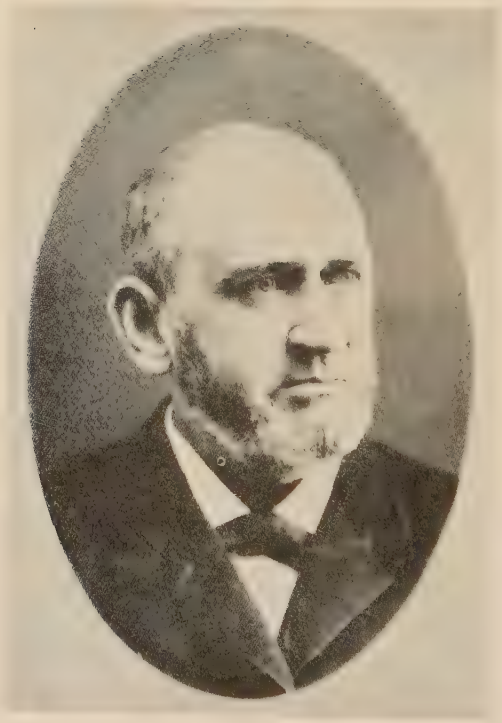
"What?" incredulously asked the new-comer. So a wager would be made for the dinners or drinks and, all unsuspecting, the visitor would accompany his new-found friend to Parrott & Company's Bank, where Mr. Parrott himself would obligingly change a gold piece for them. Delighted, the consignee would exclaim, "Now here's the Parrott I talked about to you!"

William Maxwell Wood

William Maxwell Wood

William Maxwell Wood (1809-1880) of Baltimore, first arrived in California in 1844 as Fleet Surgeon of the Pacific Squadron, U. S. N., in 1844-46.

Three months he spent in California, being present at many balls and dinners with which the California and naval officers mutually entertained each other. Bancroft rates his book "Wandering Sketches" as one of the most valuable of that period. Several chapters are devoted to brief pen pictures of the prominent men whom he met, Micheltorena, Sutter and others, and to the manners and customs of the people with whom he came in contact and with whose hospitality he was greatly pleased. He wrote little of politics, but conveyed a very accurate idea of the country's general condition and prospects.



Henry E. Highton

Henry Edward Highton

No Pioneer Association of any commonwealth in the American Union can display such a formidable array of truly "representative" men in its ranks as can the Society of California Pioneers. Albeit not "native here" and very few to the "manner born," still many migrated hither at such an early age that they can almost claim to have been present at the birth of the State. Amongst the founders of this new Empire of the Occident came not only the sons of New England, but of old England also and the Mother Country may be justly proud of many of her children who transferred their allegiance to this home of their adoption.

One of these, Henry E. Highton, was born in Liverpool, July 31, 1836. The Highton family had long been prominent, composed as it was of many educated and talented men. In his own native country Henry's father had held several positions of honor and trust, both civil and military, and there as well as in his adopted country, he was well known for his interest and intelligent effort in behalf of municipal and prison reforms. An uncle, Reverend Henry Highton of Oxford, was Master of Rugby School. He translated the Greek Testament, became head master of Cheltenham College, and won the friendship of Thomas Arnold and other distinguished savants. Edward Highton, another relative, was an eminent engineer who actively participated in the establishment of the Austrian railway system. He was also the author of a work on telegraphy. A famous classical scholar was John Highton, another uncle. A shaft of marble perpetuates the memory of this useful man, who at his death was Rector of a church in Leicester. Other near relatives were Vicars and Barristers of distinction.

As a child Henry attended the school of Rev. J. C. Prince in St. Anne Street in Liverpool, and whilst a pupil secured every prize in classics offered to the class. His father had

earnestly desired that he be educated for the Bar, so it was a matter of deep satisfaction to him to hear Mr. Prince say that Henry was especially adapted for the legal profession. "Leave him here," he said, "I'll take care of him. I feel that he will become Lord Chancellor."

He would have continued his studies at Rugby but for the determination of his father to migrate to the United States. Thus the two came to America when Henry was but twelve years old, settling in Milwaukee. There under the strict supervision of his father, he progressed favorably in his legal studies, for he had entered the office of a prominent lawyer. It was not long, though, before the "gold fever" reached Wisconsin, and the lad, abandoning his studies, started across the plains to the "Golden West," stopping only when he had reached the auriferous gulches of Weavertown (Hangtown) in El Dorado County. Here he earned his first money in a "legal" way, if not in the legal profession, by swinging the pick and rocking the cradle. This was in September, 1849, and he continued to live in the "diggings" during the ensuing seven years, sometimes mining, sometimes hunting and stage driving. His heart, however, was set on being a lawyer, and he patiently bided his time.

In the eventful year of 1856 Mr. Highton, having attained his majority, visited San Francisco, and after giving the matter due thought decided to make the city his permanent residence. Like most other unprofessional miners, he left the mountains impecunious. But encouraged by the kindness of friends, the first being Dr. C. C. Knowles, he became a reporter on the original "Chronicle," of which Frank Soule and William Newell were editor and proprietor. He subsequently wrote "leaders" for the Chronicle, and contributed articles to the "Golden Era" and the "Spirit of the Times." Later he was legislative correspondent of the "San Francisco Herald" in the Session of 1859, and at its close he wrote a series of articles on manufacturing interests in the same journal.

All this time he studied continuously and in 1860 passed

his examination and was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court on the report of a committee composed of Thomas G. Williams and John B. Felton.

One day in Judge H. P. Coon's Court young Highton's sympathy was aroused for a forlorn inebriate and he made such a pathetic appeal to the judge for leniency that the poor chap got off with a fine of five dollars. So grateful was he to his youthful champion that he remembered him for his services most generously, giving him three dollars! This was the first fee Mr. Highton ever received from a client.

Very fortunate was it for the young attorney that he found in Oscar L. Shafter a judicious legal adviser and a firm and faithful friend. On his advice, Mr. Highton commenced the practice of his profession in the quaint old village of Sonoma, then just incorporated. His maiden suit was heard before Justice Dogberry, and as narrated by Highton, must have far surpassed in ludicrousness the most grotesque of Dickens' pen pictures. Henry had the faculty of maintaining with imperturbable gravity, his expression of countenance while indulging in the congenial task of ridiculing the pomposity of the conceited counsel, or exposing through sarcastic language, the insolence of ignorant witnesses. In this case, although a tyro at the Bar, he convulsed the crowded court room while hauling over the coals the provincial pettifogger, who, as opposing attorney boasted of his erudition and splendid legal accomplishments.

On returning to San Francisco, Mr. Highton, who had, by the way, achieved gratifying success at Sonoma, found his friend, Judge Shafter, ready and willing to pave the way for his future preferment. On the eve of his departure for the East the Judge entrusted to the young attorney several important cases which he was to try in the District Courts under the supervision of Judges Sol Heydenfeldt and J. McM. Shafter. Pride, ambition and an earnest desire to exhibit his

gratitude to his benefactor induced Mr. Highton to put forth his best efforts to win these suits. And he did win them. Years after, when he had concluded a very ingenious argument before his Mentor, then on the Bench of the Supreme Court, he knew his efforts were appreciated, for the Magistrate exclaimed as he descended from the Bench, "Henry I'm paid now."

For a few months in 1862, Mr. Highton was in partnership with Judge O. C. Pratt and H. K. W. Clarke. In 1864 he, William P. Daingerfield and J. Douglas Hambleton, were partners for a short time. Then for over a year he was employed in certain matters with Hall McAllister. These were his only partnerships and the greater part of his life he practiced alone.

According to John P. Young in his "History of San Francisco," "He was among the very few lawyers who thought it worth while to raise their voices against the evils of special legislation, and he assailed the Consolidation Act on the ground that it gave too much power to the legislature. He laid great stress on specialization and took extraordinary pains to fit himself to conduct cases in which a knowledge of accounting was requisite." Once he even kept a set of books for three years in order to better understand accounting.

The records show that he handled ably many complicated commercial cases involving intricate questions of law and great pecuniary issues. Among these were cases pertaining to mining litigation heard before the Courts of Nevada and New Mexico. His successful conduct of several great criminal cases left the impression in many minds that criminal law was his specialty. But for it he had no fondness, though possessing a peculiar fitness. Repeatedly he refused to take part in the prosecution of capital cases.

The two principal criminal trials with which he was connected were interestingly similar. Both grew out of assaults upon the proprietors of the San Francisco Chronicle, and both

resulted in the acquittal of the accused. The first, in 1860, was the murder case of Isaac M. Kalloch, son of ex-Mayor Kalloch, who had been severely arraigned by the Chronicle as being personally and officially corrupt. For this young Kalloch followed the senior proprietor, Charles DeYoung, into his office and shot him. The second case, in 1885, was that of A. B. Spreckels, who shot and seriously injured M. H. DeYoung. He, too, claimed to have taken arms in vindication of his father and family.

To simply enumerate all the titles of all the cases in which Mr. Highton was employed during the thirty years he practiced would take much too long. A few of the more celebrated ones must suffice.

He won the famous "half pilotage cases" as they were called when the able advocate, Gregory Yale, appeared against him. He argued the banking cases of Ritter versus Argruti, and Bayerque versus Argruti, involving questions of account. The constitutionality of the test laws for plaintiffs and attorneys was argued by him in the case of Cohen versus Wright. A verdict for the plaintiff, his client, was rendered upon a life insurance policy in the Geggers case.

In the suit of Woods versus Woods et al, the question was whether a husband by general directions could make a gift of land to his wife by means of a grant bargain and sale deed. Mr. Highton for the plaintiff, won the suit which was affirmed by the Supreme Court. Howard and Perley versus Throckmorton was a suit to recover an interest in a ranch in Marin County, based upon a contract for lawyers' services. The Bank of Exeter versus Forbes Brothers case grew out of conflicting claims to the proceeds of a certain cargo of grain shipped from San Francisco to Great Britain. Mr. Highton's elaborate opinion on the law of the case was confirmed as to its accuracy by the British Chancellor. The case of Patterson versus Forbes, instituted long ago, involved many interesting questions of law and accounting. Mr. Highton only took hold

of the suit after it had been for many years before a referee.

He argued all the questions in the Dupont Street widening cases in connection with Judge Garber and Thomas B. Bishop and participated in the argument of the actions to enjoin the collection of the Kearny Street widening tax and to recover the taxes already collected. One of his greatest triumphs he scored in the insolvency suit of Platt and Rich of Virginia City, Nevada.

When Rev. T. M. Dawson was arraigned before the San Francisco Presbytery, he was ably and successfully befriended by Mr. Highton, who obtained an order from the District Court enjoining them from pursuing the investigation on the ground that Mr. Dawson, who had previously resigned, was beyond the jurisdiction of their Ecclesiastical Tribunal. This case was discussed both by the press and in the pulpit throughout the Union.

He argued for and sustained the constitutionality of the acts creating the City Criminal Court and Municipal Court of Appeals. These arguments were made before the Committees of the Legislature, the District and Supreme Courts. He, as legal adviser, proved successful in ousting Mrs. Mark Hopkins as administratrix of her husband's estate.

In the spring of 1869 some thirty-nine passengers libeled a ship from Australia, and Dickson DeWolfe and Company, the assignees, determined to make it a test case. Mr. Highton was their lawyer, and after a trial lasting several weeks the libelants were defeated. The arguments in the case of Huse and Hill versus Den, Hollister, Cooper, Cutts, et al, involved many complicated questions of law and fact. It affected the homesteads of Col. W. W. Hollister, Ellwood Cooper and others in Santa Barbara County, property and improvements valued at eight hundred thousand dollars or thereabouts.

Mr. Highton, a consistent democrat of the Jeffersonian school, never sought nor held public office, though he was always alertly interested in public questions. Stubbornly he

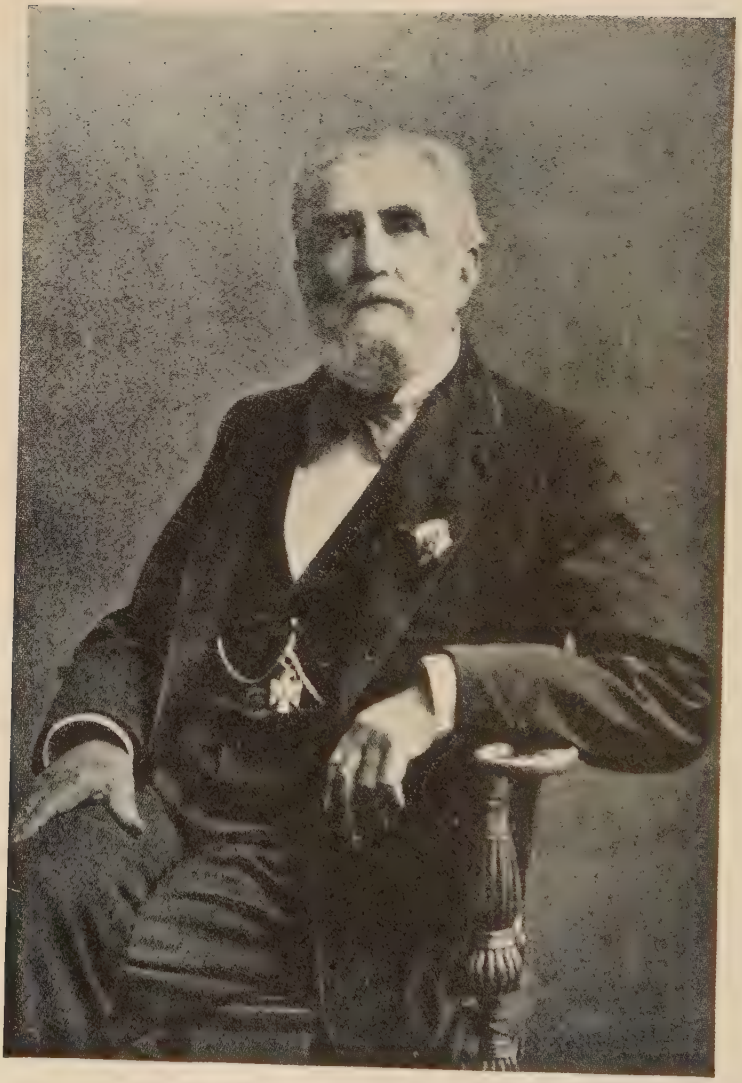
fought the "Bulkhead Bill," a proposed measure that would have given over San Francisco's whole waterfront to a corporation of French capitalists. He took a firm stand in 1857 against Chinese immigration. He opposed the action of the San Francisco League of Freedom in its aim to obstruct the old Sunday law. Probably he never achieved a more notable triumph than in his successful defense of John Hayes, who threw the intruding Dennis Kearny from the platform at Platt's Hall at a meeting called to consider the relations between the city and the Spring Valley Water Works. It was a long and exciting trial. Though it was admitted that Hayes did assault Kearny, Highton maintained that the act was committed in defense of the rights of popular assemblage and free speech. Winning this trial won for Mr. Highton, who would accept no fee, the praise of both the press and the people and added much to his fame as an advocate.

As a lecturer he was both pleasing and popular. Exceptionally well informed and possessing a splendid memory, he was always ready for an impromptu speech. His manner was deliberate, his enunciation distinct, his gesticulation graceful. He never hesitated for a word, and he never weakened the force of his expression by repetition. His calm, steady gaze had an irresistible attraction, and he carried conviction by his earnestness, sincerity and logical reasoning.

One of his most famous orations, "The Greatest of Our Americans Was Webster," was spoken at the laying of the corner stone of the Garfield Monument in Golden Gate Park, August 24, 1883. The ceremonies were conducted by the Knights Templar of the United States, then in Triennial Conclave, and his audience was estimated to number some sixty thousand.

He was thirty-eight when he married Mrs. Lalla Howden in 1874. She was the second daughter of Mr. P. M. Scooffy and an artist of real merit. One of her paintings, that of Mount Shasta, attracted considerable attention.

His last years Mr. Highton spent in Hawaii, where he died January 3, 1907.



Almarin B. Paul

My First Two Years in California

By Almarin B. Paul

Having been foiled in two attempts to embark for California from New York, in December, 1848, and in February, 1849, and it getting so near spring, coupled with the fact that many of my friends were preparing to leave for California via the plains, I concluded to take this route also. It is of this trip and period, 1849-50, I propose to write. Writing one's experiences as he journeys through life calls for more care than any other class of composition, because, while there may be much of interest to the individual, it may not be so to the general reader. I shall not seek fine diction, even if I am capable of it, but shall throw my mind back to the period and scenes of which I write and thus portray clearly and in the spirit of that time.

Among my several friends in St. Louis who were preparing to emigrate to California via the plains, was Dr. Thomas J. White, a prominent and skillful physician of that city. During the winter of 1848-49 I had been a frequent visitor at his home. His family was composed of his wife, two daughters, a son, and a niece and nephew, all of whom were alive for the trip to California.

Definite plans were now to be made. I had been invited to be one of the doctor's party and was to get my own traveling outfit but to mess with them. Among other necessary things, I secured a good strong team and commodious buggy, having an eye to the fact that there were several ladies in the party, and the outlook was that we would have a jolly time crossing the plains.

One evening I called at the doctor's to talk over California matters and casually dropped the remark that my friend, John J. Anderson, the banker, had become possessed, as assignee, of a stock of building hardware, and had suggested that I

purchase it as a whole and take it to California. On this simple observation, to my surprise, the doctor made the proposition that if, after investigation, I concluded to make the purchase, he would take one-half interest in the venture. This suggestion made me consider the matter seriously; and we decided then, that on opening in California, the firm should be "Paul and White," that I should be full manager of the business and he attend to his profession. That evening's visit had brought forth a new condition of things, clearly illustrating that "no one knows what a day may bring forth."

Next morning I met the friend, who renewed the request that I buy the entire stock, which invoiced a value of about $18,000. After a full investigation and all being satisfactory, I made a spot offer of $10,000, which was accepted. The goods were paid for and prepared for shipment, making about seventy-five cases.

At this time a very prominent and trusted merchant of St. Louis was preparing to start for California via New Orleans, and, as I had prepared for crossing the plains, an arrangement was made with him to take the goods to New Orleans and from there ship them to San Francisco around the Horn. For this purpose $2000 in gold was placed in his hands. Being now freed of the goods with freight all paid to California, I felt quite relieved and ready for the trip across the plains.

On the 14th day of May, 1849, our party, consisting of Dr. Thomas J. White and his whole family, three negro servants and our entire outfit for the trip, took the steamer at St. Louis for St. Joseph. The passage up the Missouri was an eventful one. Cholera broke out on the steamer a few hours after starting and many sudden deaths occurred during the trip, striking terror to the passengers, many of whom, like ourselves, were starting for California. On our way up we passed the Steamer Maria tied to the bank. She had left St. Louis but a few days before us, and there she was, every person, passengers, officers and crew, having died. It was a sad reflection for us. Would the cholera follow us en route? Yet there was no thought of returning.

Reaching St. Joseph, we began our battle with the plains, making our first camp a little way out of town. By night we

were all fixed, as we supposed. Tents were up, supper over, beds prepared, wagons, carriages and animals cared for, when it began to rain and rain very hard, then seriously hard. Soon there came a rush of waters square into our camp, forcing everyone to take to the vehicles. The night was blackness itself, and how it did pour! It was both frightful and at the same time laughable. All took it, however, as a rough introduction.

Next morning was clear, and betimes all were around surveying the effects of the night's storm, and getting ready for the move out of that camp. We traveled leisurely all that day, and on until we reached the Big Blue River about one hundred miles out of St. Joseph. We had made camp and were eating an early meal when a messenger rode up bringing me the news by letter that our trusted St. Louis merchant, who had accepted the charge of our goods, had failed, and advising my return to St. Louis as soon as possible!

This occasioned a serious change in my program, for I decided to return at once. Taking one of the best saddle horses and strapping a few necessary articles to my saddle, in less than two hours I bade a sad goodbye to all and was off alone.

After riding eight or ten miles I came up with a party who had camped for the night. Approaching, I asked if I could camp with them. They gave consent and I alighted, cared for my horse, took off my blankets, had a bite with my new made friends, and soon turned in to sleep.

We were up early, and after a hearty breakfast, I was off again. Most of the way to St. Joseph I was alone, yet every few hours I met trains en route to California. At one time I came up with a party going, as I supposed, toward the Missouri River. Asking them why they had turned back, they informed me they had not, but were on the road to California.

"How is that?" I asked. "We are both going the same way, and I am bound for the Missouri River."

"But you are not," said one.

I was nonplussed. The only explanation was that my horse had turned and I had not observed it.

At St. Joseph, I disposed of my horse and trappings and took passage for St. Louis, where I arrived in due time after passing through many distressing scenes. It was a

gloomy city, for the average number of deaths was said to be about two hundred a day.

I at once repaired to the office of the merchant and was fortunate in meeting him. On seeing me, whom he supposed off on the plains, he turned very pale, but greeted me cordially. We soon got down to business and I requested the delivery of my goods, if not the amount of cash advanced. I knew he could not return that, as the entire stock of goods had been hypothecated for three thousand dollars.

Under an excuse that he wanted to see his attorney, we agreed on another meeting that afternoon. At the appointed time I appeared at his office, only to be informed by his clerk that the appointment could not be kept because of business out of the city. No one knew where he had gone, or would not tell if they did. By a fortunate circumstance I learned he was seen going aboard an Alton steamer. I at once surmised he was making for Springfield, Illinois, where some of his relatives lived and where his family then was.

As there was another steamer ready to start for Alton, I went in pursuit, arriving in Alton after dark. I engaged a team with a driver who knew the road and whom I let into the secret of our midnight drive. We started in full chase, riding all night. About daylight we stopped at an inn, where we thought he might have put up for the night. Besides, we wanted food for ourselves and the animals. The landlord appearing, I asked if a party named ———— had stopped there, and to my delight he innocently said "Yes." I requested him then to tell Mr. ——— that a gentleman wished to see him at once on important business.

I waited in the parlor and in a short time he appeared in a wrapper. He was completely taken aback, but seemed to realize that I meant business.

Speaking with resolution, I said, "I have come to take you back to St. Louis. I am going to have my goods, or—" and went no further.

At first he demurred, but when I asked, "Are you going?" he took in the situation and said, "Yes, I will go."

In due time our horses were fed, we had our meal, and the three of us were on the return trip. We reached Alton just as the evening boat was ready to start for St. Louis. We boarded it and in due time were in St. Louis. To cut a long

story short, I succeeded in obtaining full possession of my goods, but not the two thousand dollars advanced, which I agreed to let stay for a future settlement.

As the death rate from cholera was still about two hundred a day, I began to have a desire to get away. So in a few days I had the goods all shipped and was off for New Orleans. Nothing especial occurred until we were near New Orleans, when the steamer caught fire, producing wild excitement, for it was only with the greatest effort that it was extinguished. At New Orleans I made arrangements to ship the goods to San Francisco, and as the cholera was very bad there also, I sought to get away as soon as possible. I had missed the regular steamer, so rather than wait, took passage on a line vessel and arrived in quick time at Chagres en route for Panama.

Landing at Chagres, a new and unfamiliar scene presented itself. Tropical life was on every side. The route to Panama was up the Chagres River to Gorgona on boats paddled and poled by natives. As the boats were all small, carrying from four to eight persons, we divided into parties, each figuring for himself on the boat question.

With one of the parties trouble arose with the boatman, and the first thing we knew, a band of native soldiers (black and brown) were marching up to a small fortification from which they intended to pour hot shot upon us Americans. This fact, when known to the Americans, made quite a stir. For a time it looked as though war had been declared in earnest. We all had either double barreled shot guns, rifles or pistols, and though most of us were ignorant of the cause of the trouble, we kept them close at hand for safety. In a short time the trouble was settled, and it did not take long for all of our party to clear from that port.

On the Chagres River were many native villages, the habitations being thatched cabins. We stopped at about every place at the request of the boatmen and from our own desire as well. At one place we rested long enough for one of our party to lose his pocketbook, and to charge one of the natives with stealing it. Here started another row! Very much angered at being considered a thief, the man protested wildly. In fact, he had so many friends who were also indignant that they began to gather in numbers, some with their machetes,

and the outlook for us began to be serious. As there were only about a dozen in our party who had landed, we concluded it would be wise for us to take to the boats and get behind our guns, which we did as unceremoniously as possible.

In the boat we found the purse and contents! This called for an apology and the duty fell upon myself and another party, the accuser not caring to venture out. So we accepted the duty and performed it to the satisfaction of all. This pleased the accused native so much that his friends brought out their native wine and had us partake of it and several other refreshments. To cap all, they insisted that we should stay all night, which we did to please them. This was illustrative of their idea of honor.

No doubt, some of you think you have seen it rain. Unless you have seen a tropical water-spout, you cannot conceive how much water can fall in one drop. One day we encountered one of these tropical downpours, and in such a volume that it was necessary to make for shore in order to seek shelter under the trees. Before we reached the bank and secured the boat, it was nearly full of water. Getting out of one trouble got us into another, for there were thousands of monkeys of all sizes where we landed. What a chattering! What a consternation among the monkeys! It was nip and tuck for a time which was the more surprised, the monkeys or ourselves. In fact, we did not know whether it was safe to stay among such numbers of them, but soon they began to leave and we camped to await the ending of the storm.

In time we landed at Gorgona, the point before crossing the mountain range to Panama. We held up there for the night and by way of seeing all of the sights, went to a fandango, as they called their socials. Also we engaged mules for the trip. Some of the party concluded to foot it across the mountains, which would have been as well for all of us. It was late the next morning before we got started. The trail to the top of the mountain was long and fatiguing, but there was a good inn at the top where we stayed over night, leaving the mules in charge of our guide. All went well until we were ready to start the next morning. We had no mules! They had stampeded during the night, the guide told us, and were back in Gorgona. As we were in bad luck, there was a party on hand who said he would furnish us some more for half price.

Engaging them, we went our way, though we soon learned that this was an old trick, and that, no doubt, we had re-hired some of the same mules! We could not tell.

On the trail we saw and examined some old cannon, said to have been left there centuries ago by buccaneers of those days. Part of the trail had been used for such a long period that every time a mule put his foot down it had to go in the same hole in the rock where for an unknown length of time other mules had tread.

On the other side of the mountain, nearing Panama, we met a party of returning Californians. All of us were tired, so we sat down on the rocks and exchanged news from the States for gold stories of California. It was a peculiar class of adventurers, just such as are always in the first rush of every excitement, and who, when cooled off, fail from lack of energy and enterprise in their make-up, to hold on. One said the talk of so much gold being in California was all humbug, although they had seen a little. Another said California was the dryest, most God-forsaken country on earth. Another called my attention to two palm trees near where we sat, and said that I had better hang myself on one of them, rather than go to California. I asked him if there were any oak trees in California. "A few," he answered. Then I told him I would wait until I reached there, as the palms were too straight and might make a bad job of it. As a whole they were thoroughly disgusted with California, but only succeeded in making us think but little of their pluck. We were not discouraged in the least.

In a short time we passed through the gates into Panama, a typical city of the olden Spanish time. Most prominent were its great stone cathedral and padres here and there and everywhere. After getting settled at the American Hotel, we learned that the "Oregon," on which we had expected to embark for San Francisco, had become disabled on her downward trip and that it would be fully two months before she would be prepared for sea. It was now July. This put a damper on the spirits of most of those then in Panama who had tickets for the trip. What to do was the question of the hour. Another discouraging feature was that cholera had broken out and forty or fifty were dying daily.

Although the prospects were rather gloomy, I concluded

to take in all the sights, even to visiting old Panama, then overgrown with tropical vines. The next day, Sunday, I went down to the Plaza to see a cock fight, the great sport of the natives, and which also drew a great crowd of the Americans. One of the padres was umpire. Priests as a general thing presided at these Sunday sports, I was informed, as the natives never disputed their decisions.

One evening, looking for new things, I stepped into an open gambling house. There, with a multitude of natives and Americans, sat two priests as much interested in the game of Monte as anyone present, and betting as lively. I took my position by the priests and watched them closely, for it was new to me to see priests "bucking at the tiger." Soon one lost every cent he had. Then up went his watch for a given sum and he lost all again. In desperation, off came a fine diamond ring from his finger and this was accepted by the banker for a stated amount, all of which he lost in time, and that ended his sitting. He left a wiser man than when he came, possibly.

After a few days' investigation as to the better course to pursue in order to get away from Panama, it was thought advisable to call a public meeting and see how many were in favor of chartering a ship. This idea was accepted, as nearly everyone present desired to embark. A committee was appointed, which ended in making a proviso contract, which was soon speedily signed by one hundred and twenty-five persons, all agreeing to accept the passage rates, accommodations, etc., as stipulated. A regular bill of fare for every day in the week was made out and settled upon by the committee. The contract was made with the house of Zacheria, Nelson & Company and the vessel was the Bark Eugene. It took ten days to get all in shape for sailing, but as time ends all things, it ended our stay in Panama.

Early in the afternoon of the third of August, 1849, we sailed for the Island of Taboga, where next morning we commenced taking on board our supply of water for the trip, which we thought would not exceed fifty days at the most. While the water tanks were being filled a few of us took a stroll on the island. Hearing of a fine field of pineapples but a short distance out, we started for it, supposing the owner lived there. There were plenty of pineapples and

no one in charge, but we helped ourselves, satisfied that the owner would soon appear, which he did. I was the first one he met on the road, and I had five fine, ripe pineapples. In Spanish he gave me to understand that they were his. So I asked, "Quanto val?"

"Un real," he answered. I gave him the money (ten cents), received his thanks, and told him others were coming and that all would pay him. He was more than satisfied, and we certainly were, buying fine, ripe pineapples for two cents apiece.

According to contract, the supercargo of the Eugene was to accompany us, but as we raised anchor, it being after sundown, he slipped down the ship's side and put for shore in a small boat. As things turned out afterward, it was well for him that he did. That night we moved well out into the Bay of Panama.

The next morning opened finely. Too fine for any speed, as it was a dead calm. There was not an apparent movement of the bark in any direction. After breakfast all the passengers were requested to bring forward their guns, revolvers and ammunition, each one to be labeled, placed in a room and receipt given for same. This at first was demurred at, but the argument being that it was for the safety of all, it was finally agreed to. It was a good precaution, especially for the captain and the mate.

The sea continued as smooth as glass. There was not a breath of air, and but for the current there would not have been any movement. Thus we lay for over three weeks. The impatience of one hundred and twenty-five passengers all bound for California cannot be imagined. We were losing, by our own figuring, from an ounce of gold to a thousand dollars a day by being thus detained. Some prayed for wind; some swore to raise the wind; while others said the wind could blow just when it d - - - - d pleased, they had no notes in the bank to pay.

Everything possible was concocted for killing time, all kinds of games and antics. Finally a breeze sprang up, taking us out into the ocean, where, for a short time, we had all the breeze we wanted. A heavy, dark storm came up which carried us on at a high rate of speed. It blew more than a gale, lasting several days and nights and allowing us to make good

progress. One night it was so rough we wondered if the brig could weather it. Many of the passengers were up. The rain had ceased but the wind was terrific. An old darkey, one of the crew, prayed with all his might for "de Lord to save de ship," when one of the sailors came along and said, "It's blowing hard enough to blow the legs off of an iron pot." That set all of us to thinking, but we came through all right.

We had now been out nearly two months when another calm struck us, and what made matters worse, provisions and water had to be curtailed, and all had to go on an allowance. Guards were posted at the water tank day and night to see that no one had more than his share for every twelve hours. Our bill of fare, as contracted for, could no longer be furnished, though there were plenty of provisions below deck as freight to San Francisco.

A mutinous feeling soon prevailed. Meetings were held and the captain was requested to open the hatches and bring forth the stores there in order to supply more food. But this he would not do. Someone even whispered the suggestion that we throw him overboard.

A contract was written and signed by many of us that through every phase of trouble all would stand together. The captain heard of it and made a desperate effort to get hold of it, saying he would put into the first port and have every signer arrested for mutiny. This paper changed from one hand to another and finally reached mine. As matters were getting rather hot, I thought the best I could do for all on board was to tear the paper up and scatter it in the sea, which I did. The captain was really much worried and feared that any moment some of the more desperate of the passengers would attempt to throw him overboard. The fact was that had he not taken the precaution to lock up all the arms, there would have been serious trouble.

The impatience and discomfort of the passengers at losing so much good time mainly by calms, coupled with the failure to get the stipulated fare, grew until some were almost desperate. They would stand by the bulwarks and swear whole streaks of lightning in hopes of starting a breeze. The captain, who was a well meaning man, became indignant at such profanity and recklessness. He finally called all to the quarter deck and declared that if they did not cease such work, we

would never get to California. If, however, there was a stoppage in these riotous ways and we did not have a fair wind in twenty-four hours, he would give all a fine dinner when we reached San Francisco. This was a new point and all agreed to it. Immediately there was an entire change. To make the matter of "fair wind" still more certain, a purse of twenty-seven dollars was gotten up for the man at the wheel who would first announce "fair wind." The very next morning about three, the joyous cry of "fair wind" was heard, and the mate took the purse. The word was taken up by the passengers below and soon all were on the upper deck. For the rest of the voyage good cheer prevailed.

One day we had a big scare. The cry of "fire" was heard. The caboose was on fire. Up went the flames. But fortunately for us the sail over it had just been veered to the opposite side. There was desperate work for a few moments, but the flames were soon subdued.

We now ploughed on at a good rate and on the third of November, 1849, entered the Bay of San Francisco, just three months from Panama. The day was cloudy and gloomy, but, having had enough of the brig, most of us made for shore as soon as possible. I landed at the northeast corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets, the upper edge of the bank being about where the curbstones now are. The spot was well impressed on my mind by a little scene I witnessed on landing. Down by the water's edge was a small stove, just too heavy for the owner to carry, and he was bargaining with a drayman to take it up Clay Street a little over a block to about opposite the Plaza. The drayman wanted eight dollars for the service.

"Eight dollars is too much to take that little stove not over a block and a half," he said, and then in desperation added, "I will give you five." But the drayman drove off, saying, "Do you think I am a d - - - fool?"

This was my introduction to California. "Great country this, great country," thought I, and moved on. Seeking a hotel, I met, by chance, an old St. Louis acquaintance who took me in charge and to the United States Hotel. There were several other St. Louisans there, so I concluded to stay in and rest for the remainder of the day. Next morning, the weather being more favorable, I went out to see the town,

Between Sacramento and Jackson Streets the water of the bay dashed under the few frame shanties on the east side of Montgomery Street. All told, the town extended only a few blocks each way, although there were a few scattering houses and tents beyond. It centered mainly around the Plaza. There was a miniature lumber yard on the southwest corner of the Plaza, where I stopped to rest, for I had been tramping for some time. Opening conversation with the owner, I asked the price of lumber in small lots.

"Sixty cents a foot, six hundred dollars per thousand," said he.

As I had a stock of goods on the way and expected to remain in San Francisco, I was curious to gauge the matter of rents. Picking out a building that would hold about one-quarter of my stock, I inquired what it would rent for.

"That rents for five hundred dollars."

"Lord," I thought, "a store large enough to hold my stock would cost two thousand a month, and should trade go slow for a few months, where would the profits be?" I had not been here long enough to be awake to the new life on this shore and was reflecting on the standard left behind. Before leaving my new friend, however, I was well posted on rents and doing a good deal of thinking, for I did not see my way clear to pay two thousand a month rent out of the profits to be made in a town of that size. Still, the more I saw of "Yerba Buena," as some still called it, the more interested I became, for everyone seemed full of spirit and dash.

You could see the town change almost every day by the erection of new tents, board shanties, and foundations for better structures. Ships and steamers were entering the port daily, all bringing hundreds of newcomers. The shipmasts on the water front and in the bay were so thick that at a distance they could be likened to a forest of pine trees with their limbs cut off. It was a striking marine sight.

The population of the place was a motley one. Though mainly American, there were all classes, colors and conditions. It was an interesting study, the observance of features and dress of folks from every part of the civilized world. There were those of every calling, from the intelligent business man to the low down Monte dealer, thimble rigger and wilder sport. Nowhere on the face of the earth ever congregated

a population so varied, strange, dashing and bright. As a whole they formed a brainy force, which with the gold made California the polar star for the thoughts of the thinking world.

Through some friends who had come down from Sacramento I learned that my partner and family had reached there. And now, beginning to awaken to the spirit of the times, I wanted to be preparing for business. The Steamer Senator had just come into port from New York to go on the Sacramento Route and I concluded to go there on her first trip. Thirty dollars for passage and three dollars for berth for the night! As I dove into my pocket for the coin, I said to myself again, "Great country, great country, this, but all must come out even somewhere with this unprecedented condition of things forcing itself on one at every move." And I was after finding the turn.

The steamer started at four P. M. and arrived in Sacramento in the early morning. Sacramento I found to be a place of many tents and one-story shanties, extending for about three blocks on the levee and up J Street, while beyond was an occasional shanty or tent. My first effort was to find my partner, which was not difficult, for he was a man to make himself generally known through his active interest in every enterprise and agitation.

The doctor, I soon learned, had arrived in Sacramento on the first of September, two months before I did, and soon had quite a large practice at an ounce a visit. Examining a patient's tongue and saying he was improving cost an ounce; surgical operations ranged from one hundred to one thousand dollars, owing, I presume, to how much money the patient had.

As far as tents could do it, the doctor's family were well fixed. They had one very large tent and several small ones, all under a cluster of spreading oaks located where I and 5th Streets now are. All were glad to see me and I was soon installed as one of the family. They had three negro servants, slaves in St. Louis and presumably slaves in California.

It was now that we, the firm of Paul and White, had many talks as to whether it were better to start business in San Francisco or Sacramento. The latter place had at this time a larger population by some two thousand than San Francisco,

and as it was the depot for the great mountain trade, I felt satisfied to open there. Trade was very lively. I became very impatient for our goods, which had been four months on the way, for they were just what was wanted—mainly building hardware.

The winter of 1849-50 was a very wet one. Over twenty inches of rain fell before the middle of January. To get the family into dryer quarters, the doctor concluded to build two small redwood houses on the east side of L Street between 9th and 10th. Lumber was six hundred dollars a thousand and carpenters charged an ounce of gold a day. One house being finished first, the doctor moved in, using his large tent as an addition. This was about the first of January. Dr. White had been elected to the Legislature, which was to meet at San Jose. As he had to sacrifice the profits of his profession while helping to formulate needed state laws, I agreed to assume the responsibility of his family until his return so that he might have a clear head for the work.

The family were now installed in dryer and more commodious quarters, all quite "States-like" in the finish. The doctor's wife was a large hearted, clear headed and intelligent woman, and almost every evening her home was the scene of life and pleasure. Additional attractions were her two daughters, Miss Fannie, afterwards Mrs. E. J. C. Kewen; Miss Jennie, afterwards Mrs. Murry Morrison, and a niece, Miss Mary Tutt Perry, who became Mrs. E. E. Eyre. All were just blooming into gay and bright womanhood. The most brilliant men of the time, and there were many of them, sought the social and intellectual charms of this hospitable household. The refinement of former home life was here maintained. The first piano in Sacramento, costing one thousand dollars in San Francisco, graced the simple parlor of this comfortable home. Two of the ladies sang and played, as did many of their visiting friends. This, let me say with pride, was in the earlier pioneer days.

As I said before, the winter of '49 and '50 was a very wet one. There were seventy-five rainy days all told. The doctor had left for San Jose and I had assumed the duties of a family man. It was a new business for me and I attribute some of my grey hairs to the cares thus placed on my shoulders, but I adhered to my trust.

About January 8th I realized suddenly that the rivers were rising at a terrific rate, at some points had already overflowed their banks, and that a flood was to be feared. Before I knew it the crisis was at hand. I was down town and my chief concern was to get the doctor's family into the story and a half unfinished building nearby. It had the advantage of being set up two feet higher than the one they were in. There was no time for any other move. The waters followed me about as fast as I could walk, causing me to realize that what was to be done, must be done with great dispatch.

Entering the house sans ceremonie, I said to Mrs. White and her daughters, "Gather your things together as quickly as possible, as there is a great flood coming."

This, Mrs. White did not accept as possible. She did not see any water and was so indifferent about it that I felt provoked and made up my mind to do all I could and let the appearance of the water do the rest. Rushing into the kitchen, I found the cook was making bread. Excitedly I said to her, "Hurry up your cakes, Mammy, and have a big lot of coffee and get together every eatable, as there is a big flood coming and all will be wanted."

"A big flood comin'! Lord Massa, what will become of me?" But she moved, doing just as I told her. While talking to her I was jerking barrels and boxes together and covering them with boards for piling trunks on. Mrs. White thought I was out of my head because I would not pay any attention to her. It soon became so dark that lights had to be lit. Still they would not go over to the other house as I requested. On I worked, paying no attention to their complaints.

All at once Mrs. White felt something at her feet.

"Why, what is this?" she asked.

The carpet was rising and the water was oozing through! Opening the door to look out, the water poured in, and there before her eyes was a sea of it! Now what consternation! Up to this time I was working alone except for the servants, who were getting the eatables together. Now they all realized that they must get over to the other house, some hundred feet distant, as soon as possible. But how? The water was now over a foot deep and with the noise of a rushing current it was simply frightful. But I solved the problem by telling them I would pack them over on my back. Just at this junc-

ture, however, and much to my relief, a boat containing three friends poked its nose into the open front door. They were Lansing B. Mizner, Henry A. Schoolcraft and Charles Miller. I was now reinforced. All took hold with a will and our first move was to get the family and servants over to the other house. Next we took over everything eatable, clothing and other light articles. Chairs and bedding we didn't consider, as this was to be a wide-awake affair for the night, and we merely placed them high enough up for safety.

As fearful as all was outside, in the upper half story of the redwood house, where all had now gathered, was a scene that amused everyone. It even amused all there. Things in the home were now fairly cared for except the piano. How to save this was a question, as the water was nearly up to the keys. We held a consultation. There was seemingly nothing we could raise it on and have it high enough. However, we solved the problem by tearing up various things and making ropes of them with which we finally suspended the piano from the timbers above and thus got it out of harm's way. This done, the boys took the boat and went to see how the folks in the other house were getting on. I stayed to see if anything had been overlooked, although the water in the house was now over two feet deep and still rising. The boys promised to return for me in ten minutes. Then I remembered that there were several cases of port wine somewhere and thought if I could only find them the wine would come in handy for keeping up good cheer. At last I succeeded and raised them ready for the boat.

By now the boys had been absent half an hour, and the water was still rising. They had taken the lantern, so the only light I had was a candle which rested on the boards that covered some empty barrels. All at once it went out. No light, and the water still on the rise! I was in a devil of a fix, as you may suppose. The water was too high and the current too strong for me to start out alone. Besides, the night was too dark. So I mounted a barrel and waited events. Why the boat did not return I could not imagine unless the boys were having so much to engage their attention that they had forgotten me. After a wait of another three-quarters of an hour they came, but with no light, they supposing I had

one. With some care we got the wine on board and off we went to the other house.

The lower part of the little house we found full of people. Even the work bench was crowded. By standing on a seat of the boat and helped from the inside, we easily entered through a window, making sure that the port wine went in first. Then we fastened the boat through the window. There were fourteen persons in that little attic, several being lady neighbors who had sought refuge there before the White family had arrived. There was no danger of the house floating off, as every two feet square below, even to the stairs, was weighted down by some individual weighing from a hundred to a hundred and seventy-five pounds.

The water was now about four feet deep at this point. Outside 'twas dark and gloomy, while only two lanterns lighted up the interior of our place of refuge. To keep up our spirits, we opened the cases of wine. The coffee had already disappeared. No wine ever tasted better and it was very acceptable to everyone. We were all wet outside and thought it good for our health to get wet inside. Besides, it helped all to pass through the ordeal. I have had a good feeling for port wine ever since. If there was one story told that night, there were hundreds. Each one tried to cheer the others. All were philosophical, especially the ladies.

Towards morning we heard a loud cry for help. It was the voice of a woman. Looking out of the window, we saw an object floating by. Charley Miller and I jumped into the boat and off we went to the rescue. Reaching the craft, it proved to be a wagon bed now stopped by the brush it had floated into. The occupants were a man and his wife. We took them aboard and made for our quarters. All at once the woman gave a spring and shouted "Oh," loud enough to almost capsize the boat.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"My husband's boots are left," she cried.

I thought, "What a model woman, but if she had left her husband behind with the boots it would not have been much loss." Daylight seemed a long time coming, and when it did, what a scene was disclosed!

As far as the eye could see, looking northerly and westerly, was one vast sheet of water. The span was said to be

twenty miles wide, for it reached fully half way to the hills on the Yolo side, southerly it reached to the ridge, and far up the valley of the American River. The banks of the rivers could only be guessed at by the trees that lined the borders. How it was possible for all this vast body of water to flow down in the space of six hours, I have not, even to this late day, been able to conceive.

As soon as it was clearly light, I thought it advisable to take the boat and go down to the river front, where many craft lay, and see what arrangements could be made for getting the family on board some one of them. The gentlemen, who on the previous evening had been so kind and thoughtful as to secure and bring the boat, agreed with me. On the way down a wonderful scene presented itself, which can be better imagined than described.

Every second story or attic was full of refugees. Some were on the roofs of the houses. Tents, of course, were deserted and those not washed away showed only their peaks. Many persons had been taken to the floating craft and many had been active enough to get on to the higher ground back of the town. About a square below where we had camped all night was a wooden frame, ten by fourteen, covered with canvas and having a peaked roof. On top of the frame, boards had been laid, and on these were piled all the fifty-pound sacks of flour they would hold. As we rowed near, we saw two persons seated beside the sacks of flour, half the canvas roof having been thrown back, and who should loom into full view but William Sharon and J. D. Fry. Here they had perched all night and in the dark at that. Water about that tent was from three to four feet deep. At their request we sent a boat to them. As all the craft that lined the front of the town had small boats and had been active in rendering aid during the night, they were still on duty. No lives, as I remember now, were lost.

I soon made arrangements for the doctor's family to board on the Bark Toronto, which that morning had opened as a floating hotel. It did not take long to get them settled, much to my relief. By degrees the other occupants of the redwood house found more comfortable quarters, all thankful that they had fared as well as they did.

After partaking of a hastily gotten up breakfast, we boys

concluded to take a row up J Street and see how things looked. Between Third and Fourth Streets on the east side was a hotel kept by a Mr. Lathrop. Owing to its height above the ground, the water was just in on the first floor. The large room was filled with men who had taken refuge there. As we were rowing by, out rushed Lathrop, who hailed us in a loud voice with "Pull that boat in here!" Then, leveling a revolver at us, he went on, "You are the boys who stole my boat last night, are you?"

I certainly was innocent, and, knowing Lathrop, took the matter of adjusting the trouble into my own hands, and stated that through necessity the boat had been obtained from a presumed owner, that I never suspected the boat had been stolen. The fact was I never did ask the boys how they had obtained the boat. It was not the time to stand on any ceremony when it was a question of rescuing individuals from possible drowning. The revolver had its full effect, however, and we pulled in, though we wanted the bark to get back to the boat. After more or less parley I arranged with Lathrop "on honor" that the boat should be returned to him in less than an hour if he would allow our return in it. This he finally consented to and on time the boat was delivered back to him.

The doctor, hearing of the flood, resigned as a member of the Legislature and returned, and in consequence I was soon relieved of the family duties. Clear weather set in and sunshine did much to cheer the community, but the town was a sorry sight. All kinds of boats were soon made in great numbers. In fact, Sacramento was now a modern Venice. Everyone seemed to make light of conditions, although there was much disarrangement of business and home affairs.

The doctor now concluded to build a house for the family on the ridge back of Sacramento, and to do this, lumber had to be rafted over. One morning I went on one of these rafts to the ridge known as Poverty Hill. Just think of it! It seems today more of a dream than a reality. Then it was more a reality than a dream.

Gradually the water began to recede, but it was some weeks before all was off, and what streets! At first the mode of travel was by mud scows drawn by oxen, then later by horses and mules, which up to this time had been having a good time on the high lands back of the town. By slow

degrees the streets became dry and passable, allowing mule trains to come in from the mountains.

Every day I expected to hear of the arrival of our goods, and to be prepared for them, a place of business must be had. We concluded to build a store, so I started out to find a lot. I did, on J Street, next to the corner of Third, and there built the first fine store in Sacramento. We never considered the flood or that another might occur. I was satisfied it could not before the next rainy season, so pulled ahead, although I had been told by an old native Californian that he had seen the water all over the plain, so high that it dashed over the high ridge back of the city site.

At this time, March, 1850, the waterfront was the main business locality. On the corner of L and the levee, Sam Brannan and Ogden had a large store and nearby Sam owned a fine lot that was for sale. In size and location it suited me and I wanted to know the lowest figure for it.

"Three thousand dollars," was Sam's offhand reply.

I concluded to take a sleep over the price, which was considered full up, so did not take it that day. After looking at other locations, I resolved to take Sam's lot and went to notify him.

"At what price?" he asked.

"Three thousand," I answered.

"Oh! That was yesterday. The price is now four thousand, and not a cent less."

Brannan was an offhand, clear-headed fellow and generally meant all he said. To this raise I, of course, demurred, but it was no use, and I thought I would take several nights' sleep on that raise. Looking further and not being better suited, we concluded to give him the four thousand. Again we were set back by a refusal and a demand for five thousand. Thus it was that real estate "boomed" in the spring of 1850. Of course I was put out and decided to purchase on J Street, and soon a two-story building was under way. The lower part was for our store and the upper for offices. Charles Homer was foreman at twenty-five dollars a day, while the carpenters received sixteen dollars per day. When completed the approximate cost of the building was twenty-five thousand dollars. It was, in fact, the first well finished store in Sacramento, which the newspaper notices of the time will verify.

Our goods having now arrived, we lost no time in getting them in and opened for business. By now it was the latter part of May. People were rushing in by the hundreds daily, and out to the mines as fast. All was life and bustle. Everybody seemed happy. Building was lively and trade buoyant. Everything useful brought high prices. Gold dust was plentiful.

As I said before, our stock was mainly building hardware, but we soon added a grocery department. Business was so heavy that we decided to take in Job H. Watson as a partner, the firm now becoming Paul, White & Company. Watson was a splendid buyer and a fine business man. All through the summer we did a big business, sales running at times to over three thousand dollars a day, while the profits were very large. Everywhere business was active. During the summer of 1850 J Street became built up on both sides as far as Sixth, with scattering buildings beyond. At times the whole street from the levee to Sixth would be lined with teams and pack trains, coming in and fitting out for the mountains.

Any desired article brought fabulous prices. Locks that cost three dollars a dozen sold for an ounce of gold apiece, and so on in the hardware line. I had a lot of small tea bells that cost two dollars a dozen. These I sold for half an ounce of gold each at first, but, being reprimanded by my next door neighbor, who had some of the same, for selling so cheap, I put them up to an ounce and sold the remainder easily at that price. The gamblers used these bells to call for drinks when the game began to lag. It did not hurt my conscience a bit to take an ounce from a gambler.

Among other desired articles in my line were tacks. They were used for tacking up cotton cloth on the board ceilings and walls, when paper was desired, which was done mainly in gambling houses and saloons. These places were always finished in the best style that material and money could command. I had a lot of these tacks, which cost me less than fifty dollars. One day, Prince, formerly of Flushing, L. I., and who had a store directly opposite mine, took it into his head to monopolize the tack market. To do this, he had to buy all the tacks in town, and as we had more than any other dealer, he started to get ours first. First he wanted to buy one paper of them. I accommodated him, but he demurred at the price,

three dollars, and we had quite a confab on tacks. He wanted to know how many we had and what we wanted per paper for the entire lot.

"Thirty-six dollars a dozen," said I, "and not a cent less!" (I learned this from Sam Brannan.) But, to my surprise, he took the entire lot! Then he put the price up to five dollars a paper and sold them for that. I used to see men standing in his doorway and swearing at him, calling him the "prince of darkness" and so on for his exhorbitant charges. But they would buy his tacks.

To console myself for the loss I had sustained, I concluded to figure up and see what I had realized from my fifty-dollar investment in tacks. As close as I could figure, it was over seventeen hundred dollars. Still, I thought the next time Prince came over I would have my wits about me. A short time later he did come and picked me up by buying every paper of screws I had at three dollars a paper. He put them up to five and sold them all. This was the second time, but I consoled myself by thinking it only justice that he should profit by his sharpness.

The third time he came he wanted to know if I had any spring balances such as weigh up to twenty-four pounds and can now be bought for twenty-five cents at retail. I had a lot and my wits about me this time.

"We have some," I told him.

He wanted to see a sample. I accommodated him.

"Price two hundred dollars a dozen," I told him. They had cost us four dollars a dozen.

"Two hundred dollars a dozen! Why, do you know what these cost?" asked Prince.

"Of course I do," I answered.

"Well, how many dozen have you?"

I could not tell him, didn't want to.

"Now if I take them, will you promise on your honor that I shall have every one in the store?"

I promised faithfully. We struck a bargain, and I kept my word. Prince returned to his store. I went to work getting together the spring balances and sent them over to him. Next day I sent in a bill that totaled thirty-two hundred dollars! He paid it like a man. Then he sold those balances for twenty-five dollars each. He was a square man and always

laughed heartily whenever anyone swore at him for his heavy demands. As far as I know, Prince was the first "monopolist" on the coast.

I could fill a book with things that now seem marvelous. The foregoing was of the better side of prices. Things that were not needed, or with which the market was flooded, brought nothing. For instance, there was such an abundance of tobacco that boxes of it were used for corner posts for buildings. Wine was a drug on the market for some time and was laid out for anyone to take. Lumber, which had been selling for six hundred a thousand, fell to thirty dollars, causing heavy losses to shippers. Everything was extreme, way up or way down; there was no medium. Business was lively all through the summer of 1850. Teams were coming and going continuously. Everybody was busy and, of course, everybody was happy.

In the latter part of July, the van of the great immigration of 1850 began to arrive in Sacramento. It was estimated that sixty thousand persons were enroute and that much suffering was the share of many. Relief expeditions were gotten up and more or less aid was rendered. With the coming of the immigrants came the cholera, and for several weeks the mortality was very heavy. Some estimated it at a hundred a day. This caused a stampede of citizens to San Francisco, where there was but little and few deaths. Having gone through it in St. Louis the year before, I felt cholera-proof and held my ground. The rush to San Francisco lessened the population greatly, and gave that city the greater, which supremacy it has since held.

The overland immigrants of 1850 scattered in various directions along the rivers and into the various communities when they reached the boundaries of California. Not so many came to Sacramento as were expected. However, the population there in the summer of 1850 was estimated at from eighteen to twenty thousand, many coming in by water. At one time the water front was a line of steamers, ships and brigs, that had made the voyage around the Horn. It gave a very commercial aspect to the place.

It may in these modern times seem strange that the hard-worked merchant should acknowledge that he spent many evenings of the week at the gambling saloons. I will now

speak only of myself. These saloons were very attractive and consequently always crowded. The finest musical talent could be heard and heavy were the salaries paid. One hundred dollars a night was no unusual price, while two and three ounces was an ordinary rate. Lovers of music universally gathered in for an hour or more of recreation. They listened to the inviting strains and watched the ever active, changing scenes of a gambling kaleidoscope. As for myself, this gambling life was a new world. I had never seen any such romantic, dashing gaiety or so much gold. The games were an interesting study, as was the offhand, reckless dash of the gambler. Gold seemed to have a value only for sport. Ounces of dust were ordinary bets that changed hands on the turn of a card.

One evening I saw a man lay a bag of gold dust down on a card.

"How many ounces are there." asked the dealer.

"About two hundred," answered the owner. "Call it three thousand dollars."

The dealer simply weighed the bag in his hand and said, "All right, call it three thousand dollars."

The game of Monte went ahead, and on the turn of a few cards and in less time than it takes to write about it, the amount went into the dealer's possession. Not a muscle of his face moved, and the game went on for other flies to be caught.

Mexicans and native Californians liked Monte best, while Americans and Europeans mainly chose faro, roulette, vingt-et-un, and poker. All was open and above board. As for myself, I can truthfully say that not one dime or dollar did I ever bet during my residence in California, from the date of my arrival to the date of this writing. I ask no credit for it. That kind of business was not to my liking or in my education. All was to me as a romance. I was not the only one who did not gamble. While there were many who did, the great majority of the community did not. A gentleman in the States was a gentleman in California, notwithstanding all these modern scribblers and defamers of the pioneer days of California who write to the contrary. It may be asked, "Were there no other places for spending one's evenings?" I will answer, "Yes, but variety is the spice of life, and these saloons made the variety."

As a merchant doing a large business, I came in contact with many of the prominent men of the period. Among these was General John A. Sutter. I made his acquaintance early. We were close friends. He seldom came to Sacramento without seeing me. He offered to give me the notes of his life if I would go up to Hock Farm and stay a week, but business precluded this. I wanted him to give them to me when in Sacramento, but he said it was not possible, that he was too much worried when he came to the city. He was always besieged by a multitude who wanted to make something out of him. Perhaps that was why he felt so friendly towards me. I never worried him with business.

General Sutter was a chivalrous gentleman unused to the sharp ways of the grasping multitude, and at times he was badly used by his supposed friends. He was very kind hearted and confiding and was sorely tried at the many abuses of his confidence. One day he told me that he had a great mind to shake the dust of California from his feet and go to France; that Louis Napoleon was his friend and he could be a general there. On my short visits to Hock Farm he would often dwell on his inner thoughts. His big heart and generous acts for the suffering multitude in the earlier period of the immigration never were appreciated to the fullness of a just reward. To him belongs a monument as enduring as the name of California.

A great many things of interest occurred during the summer of 1850, a period of thought, force and action. One day Sam Brannan requested that we allow a meeting in the counting room of Paul, White & Company of a few individuals whom he would invite on special business, and in which he desired Dr. White and myself to participate. Nothing was said at the time as to the object. After all invited had assembled, Sam opened on the object of the meeting, which was that we form a nucleus of a party to take possession of the Sandwich Islands. He had been over and knew what he was talking about; that it would be an easy matter, for he knew the king was in favor of having the island become a part of the United States.

Sam had a grand scheme laid out, but the party present did not second the idea. I remember that Major Ringgold, one of

the invited, scored Brannan for thinking that he, a United States officer, would for an instant countenance a filibustering idea, as he considered it.

Sam never went any farther in the work of capturing the islands, but if he had been a millionaire at that time, he would have attempted, if not carried out, his project. And from the knowledge I then had, I think he would have succeeded. Sam, with all his faults, was a broad thinker. I knew him well. He said to me one day in after years, "I'm going to travel all over the world and I am going to have you go along with me. I have the grandest ideas of things when I see them, but, damn it, I cannot put them down on paper. I want you along, then I can get them on paper." Poor Sam Brannan. He was his own great enemy. He is dead; gone with the legions of men of the earlier time who now crowd upon my memory, forcing me to think, as I write, that the present is a new born life and that the A. B. Paul of pioneer days is also laid away with those who made history in the past.

Speaking of the counting room of Paul, White & Company reminds me that the first meeting for the first library of Sacramento was called there by J. Q. A. Warren, and to him belongs the credit for the first thought of it. Afterwards there was a public meeting, and, if I remember aright, I was secretary of this meeting.

During the summer of 1850 I passed through many varied scenes, but only once did I come near to getting into very serious trouble. This was at the time of the squatter riots in August. My partner, Dr. White, looked after our land interests in the city and had made himself quite obnoxious to the multitude of squatters merely because he had tried to protect the property we had bought and paid for. More than once I had to accompany him and his double barreled shot gun tramps to eject the squatters from some of his property. The day of the riot, the squatters came out in full force. All were armed, some with shot guns, others with rifles and revolvers. I wasn't feeling well that day, so was lying down in the counting room when one of the clerks notified me that the squatters were out in full force on J Street just above the store. At this very moment, bang, bang, bang, went shot after

shot. Springing from my couch, I grasped my gun, always loaded, and started for the scene of conflict.

Just as I reached the door, Dr. White rushed in and, seeing me with the gun, snatched it out of my hands, giving me his instead. "Load this," he cried, and was off for the fight. Of course I had to go back and by the time I was ready again the fighting had ceased. Several were killed and wounded in the combat before a large band of citizens arrived to stop it. Dr. White had been foremost in the fight, trying to kill the leader, who was only saved because his horse reared and received the charge intended for him.

Fearing that the darkness might embolden the squatters to attack Dr. White in the store that night, I secured some twenty-five guns and ample ammunition as a protection and gathered together a force of friends to handle them. And sure enough, after dark quite a crowd did collect in front of the store. I did not like the looks of them, but concluded that many were there from curiosity. Contrary to the advice of my friends inside, I went out and requested the crowd to disperse, telling them that there had been trouble enough for one day, and also that we were prepared for more if they wanted it, but that I thought it better for us all to keep quiet and to that end asked them to leave. My talk had the desired effect. All inside felt better, for the crowd outside dispersed, influenced most, I think, by the knowledge that we were prepared for trouble with both men and arms.

To illustrate the kindly generosity between business men and how little value ounces of gold seemed to have when there was confidence, let me tell of one transaction.

One day my partner, Watson, came up from San Francisco and informed me that he had bought a thirty thousand dollar invoice and wanted the money to take down there on the afternoon steamer. At the time I had only about twenty thousand dollars in dust. To get the full amount, I stepped next door to Gelson & Company and asked Mr. Clough, the manager, if he had any gold dust he could spare for a few days.

"Yes," said Clough, "how much do you want?"

"Three hundred ounces will do."

"All right, you can have it," and he weighed out the three

hundred ounces, bagged it, and handed it to me, never even asking for a due bill!

Although mining was the chief industry, there were but few speculators. I may be mistaken, but I think I formed the first stock company for a mining venture. It was the Yuba River Gold Dredging Company. The directors were Joseph Tryon, Job H. Watson, Wait Barton, William Lowell and Almarin B. Paul. Among ourselves we made up a purse of twenty-five thousand dollars and bought the dredge and steamer "Linda." It had been brought out from Boston for the purpose of dredging the rivers. We figured that by dredging the rivers gold could be taken out by the ton, and we concluded to risk some money on the plan. The steamer and dredge were put in shape for work at Sacramento, and, being ready to start and having some spare room, we concluded to take on some freight for Marysville, since our first work was to be at Ousley's Bar on the Yuba.

A young friend of mine, John Perchbaker, wanted to go to Hock Farm, so, when the boat was ready to leave, I walked down to the steamer with Cunningham of Cunningham and Brumingen of Marysville, to tell the captain to let him off at Hock Farm. After seeing the steamer off, I said to Cunningham, "I believe that steamer will sink before she gets five miles up the river."

"What makes you think so?" asked Cunningham.

"I don't know, only that it is strongly on my mind that she will sink."

In a few hours Perchbaker appeared at the store, and I said to him, "You need not tell me a word about it. I know the boat has gone down."

"Yes," he answered, "she struck a snag. I had to swim to shore."

This, as far as I remember, was the first steamer accident on the Sacramento. It cost us seven thousand dollars before we had her raised, repaired and ready for work on the Yuba. The stock, however, was saleable at good figures. I was offered twenty thousand dollars for my one-fifth interest in the enterprise and refused it. Lloyd Tevis told me I was a fool not to take the money.

"Take it," said Tevis, "and let me handle that money. I will make you and myself the richest men on the Pacific coast." He was then working in the recorder's office at two hundred and fifty dollars a month. He was right in both observations, for I never made much out of the dredge, except experience, and I have never been dredging since.

I do not remember what time in the fall it was that Robert Hunt, an old St. Louis friend, came down from the mountains and told me he had found a place that could be had for sixty thousand dollars, "a place where there was more gold than a mule could pull down a hill on ice." And as a proof of it he brought out a bag of the matrix, which I tested and found to be immensely rich, having taken out a hundred dollars from about sixty pounds of rock. I got a little befogged over the show of gold, and, as I wanted a vacation, concluded to go up and look at the property.

After getting a good riding animal for myself, we started. The first night out we had to camp under a tree, not being able to reach any house at which to stop. Next day we were on the spot where the gold mine was and, what was better still, where we could get a square meal of pork and beans and coffee, which was relished! In due time I went to see the deposit of gold, but could not see enough gold "in the bush" to warrant weighing out sixty thousand dollars of dust "in the hand," so pulled out for home.

This was my first trip to the mountains and I was quite in love with them as the great depository of gold, health and natural beauty; and I made up my mind that I would rid myself of the confinement of indoor life and go where I could stand on the mountain heights and survey nature's vast expanse. Returning to the city refreshed, I took hold of business with spirit, having the change in view. And, knowing that the rainy season would soon set in, and fearing a repetition of the past season's flood, I arranged with my several partners for closing up the business. My mind was more on mining than on merchandising. By the latter part of November the stock was so low that the balance was auctioned off and thus closed the business of Paul, White & Company. At this writing I am the only member of the firm alive, and there are but two, Mrs. E. E. Eyre and myself, of

the party of twelve who left St. Louis for California on the 14th of May, 1849.

In closing the story of my adventures in 1849-50 I must say that I regard those years as the greatest period ot my now long life. Childhood has its joys to which we often refer with delight, but the buoyancy of youth with its lack of cares and a cloudless sky as to the future, has not to the mature mind such inspiring joys as the period when every day was filled with new scenes, new life, new experiences. It was all a dreamy period, yet substantially real and gilded with the marvelous prospects of untold wealth. It was a period when men were brothers; when it was only to want and all needed was given unstintingly; when the manhood of man stood prominent and ever met its reward; and when villainy as suddenly met its deserts. These early times in California made life worth living, and he who passed through them will ever lie down on his couch of ease with a brighter thought and a happier smile as his mind reverts to these days of old, the days of gold, the days of the Pioneer!

NOTE –Almarin B. Paul, a native of New Jersey, died in San Francisco on January 12, 1909, after a long life of eighty-five eventful years. A prominent pioneer and member of The Society of California Pioneers, a man of large business and mining enterprises, he had been also an enthusiastic newspaper and magazine contributor on early California history and mining topics.

Vol. IV No. 2

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE
Editor

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Assistant Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
JUNE 30, 1927

OFFICERS

OF THE

Society of California Pioneers

FROM JULY, 1926, TO JULY, 1927

President

CHARLES S. CUSHING

Vice-Presidents

Dr. Joseph A. Oliver ..... San Francisco
James K. Moffitt ..... San Francisco
R. R. Russ ..... San Francisco
William T. Hale ..... San Francisco
Jules Auradou ..... Healdsburg

Treasurer

CHARLES J. DEERING

Secretary and Historian

HENRY L. BYRNE

Marshal

J. H. P. GEDGE

Directors

JAMES P. TAYLOR
JOHN J. LERMEN
O. P. STIDGER
J. H. SKINNER
F. De P. TELLER
E. A. DOUTHITT
H. L. VAN WINKLE
FRED G. RUSS
DR. G. N. VAN ORDEN

QUARTERLY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

CONTENTS

PAGE

Biography of Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff 65

Biography of Dr. George A. Shurtleff 83

Early Days in California 87

By Fritz Boehmer

Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff

Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff

—o—

In the little old-fashioned town of Carver near historic Plymouth two lads, both destined to prominence and influence in California were born—George A. Shurtleff in 1819 and Benjamin Shurtleff in 1821. For four generations their English pilgrim ancestors had tilled their lands in Carver, lands bequeathed to them by Capt. William Shurtleff, who it was recorded in May, 1701, "had liberty to purchase one hundred acres of land upon the town's Common for two shillings per acre at the westward of Barnes' bridge in South Meadows." Other purchases were made by Capt. William and his brother, Abiel, until they owned more than five hundred acres in this vicinity. Always the Shurtleffs were enterprising and useful citizens interested in the military organizations of the day, in politics, in farming, in business. Tradition has it that a Shurtleff built the first wharf and the first warehouse and church in Plymouth. We know that one founded Shurtleff College, that another was Mayor of Boston, that others were successful physicians, lawyers and historians.

However, save for the heritage of intelligence, of courage, of faith, the achievements of our fathers are of but scant help to us when in our turn we face the world minus their physical assets. But wisely young George and Benjamin, very early being left fatherless, realized that the surest qualification for useful citizenship was the possession of a thorough education. They passed their boyhood days on the ancestral

farm unafraid to labor. Beyond the excellent common schools their educational opportunities in Carver were meagre, without high school or public library. They studied, though, in the long winter evenings by the light of tallow candles or by the open fire, and with fixed purpose prepared for and entered Pierce Academy in the adjoining town of Middleboro. As many another has earned his start by teaching, so these two soon became schoolmasters, George being Chairman of the Board of Education at Carver by the time he was twenty-one.

Within three years George was studying medicine at Wareham, Massachusetts, with his cousin, Dr. Samuel Shaw, and a couple of years later he entered Berkshire Medical College at Pittsfield. In 1845 he was graduated from the Vermont Medical College. Straightway he returned to Wareham, hung out his "shingle" and from the first enjoyed a very successful practice.

Benjamin, on the other hand, studied a bit with Dr. Elisha Huntington at Lowell, Massachusetts, then chose Tremont Medical School in Boston and continued at Harvard under Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was his good fortune to be one of the students who witnessed the first successful demonstration of ether as an anaesthetic at the Massachusetts General Hospital. One is not surprised in later years to find him deeply interested in politics, for even as a student he frequently went to hear the celebrated speakers and debaters of the time. Rufus Choate's speech in defense of Albert J. Terrill; Daniel Webster's Marshfield speech in the Taylor Campaign of 1848; and the famous patent case of Marcy vs. Sizer, when Choate and Webster appeared as opposing attorneys were thrilling experiences he remembered always.

The memorable year in which Marshall discovered gold in California was his last year at Harvard. By the time the earliest reports were verified by President Polk's Annual Message he had determined to try his fortune on the Pacific Shore, and already had made preparations to start when the schooner "Boston" then fitting out in Boston, should sail on January 27, 1849. His twenty-eight fellow passengers were, for the most part, the finest specimens of New England's manhood—men of nerve, adventurous, and of more than ordinary capacity as indeed were the great majority of pioneers

who came to California before the proofs of California's golden wealth were actually laid down before their eyes.

After forty-six days they arrived at St. Catherine, a Brazilian island and delayed there two weeks for repairs and to take on fresh water and tropical fruits. April 18th found them meandering through the Straits of Magellan. They next dropped anchor at Port Famine, a Chilean penal colony. It didn't take long for a small party to scramble ashore for a clam-bake and though they sought in vain for the genuine Cape Cod clam, they found a splendid substitute in plenty of large, fat, delicious mussels. Benjamin's disappointment was keen when he saw none of the enormous Indians Malte Brun's Geography had pictured to him in his boyhood, and the assurance of the Port Famine officers that they were a myth was a blow indeed.

"A voyage through the Straits of Magellan is always interesting," he wrote years later, "a restful change to the traveler who has been at sea for a long time with no scenery but the monotonous waves. The landscape is varied, wild and romantic. The mighty Andes with their line of eternal snow at only three thousand feet, their abrupt termination at the Straits in vast steep, almost perpendicular walls, their lofty cloud-capped peaks, their gorgeous "palaces" rising in colossal grandeur make an impressive scene hardly equalled in any part of the world."

Completing the three hundred mile trip through the Straits they entered the Pacific on May second just at nightfall, encountering a gale for three days and nights which nearly put an end to the Boston on the rockbound coast of Terra Del Fuego. However, along with the Edward Everett, the Atilla, Brig Forest of Boston, ship Tarolinta, and schooner Mary Stuart of New York, the Boston reached San Francisco July 6, 1849.

"There is a variance of one day in the date of arrival of the Boston at San Francisco as given by the records of the Society of California Pioneers, which were copied from the Custom House Register," wrote Dr. Shurtleff. "The Boston entered the Golden Gate at about three o'clock in the afternoon of July 6th, but as she sailed up the bay, because of Cap-

tain Beard's great fear of Blossom Rock and the force of the strong irregular inflowing tide, she veered too far to the right and ran aground on the shoals where Meiggs' Wharf was subsequently built. There she was delayed with impatient, angry passengers until the flood tide, gently floating her off, she rounded Clark's Point and dropped anchor in the harbor of San Francisco about nine-thirty. Many passengers immediately went ashore, but all returned and slept on board the Boston that night. While our vessel was aground, a number of inbound passenger vessels passed us and in a few minutes gained the long sought harbor of San Francisco. The Atilla, as she sailed majestically along, is yet fresh in my memory, and I distinctly remember the old brig Forest as she passed. Our passengers were well acquainted with hers, as both vessels were together about a week near the middle of March at St. Catherine in Brazil.

"As the Forest passed, her passengers saluted us with three rousing cheers, which were followed by a similar response from the Boston. Nor is my recollection of the Edward Everett less vivid as she glided past us under full sail to cast her anchor well out into the bay east of Clark's Point just as the sun had sunk in its ocean bed. Like the Boston, the Everett is registered as having arrived on the 7th of July. Both vessels arrived on the 6th, but so late they were not officially reported until the next day when the masters of the vessels went ashore and made their reports to the Custom House.

"As the Everett was about to drop anchor, suddenly every available space on her spars was filled by a force of active skilled mariners, who with astonishing speed furled her sails. As they clung to the spars, completing the rapid work, they looked in the distance like an immense flock of wild pigeons crowded together upon the branches of a dead forest tree. Years after in referring to this matter to Levi H. Tower, who was a passenger on the Everett, he told me that many of the passengers on the voyage performed sailor's duty even in the roughest weather off Cape Horn, just for amusement and recreation, and that it was this volunteer corps of passengers who went aloft with the regular ship's crew and so expeditiously furled the Everett's sails on her arrival in port.

"It took us one hundred and sixty days from Boston to reach San Francisco," Dr. Shurtleff afterward recounted, "which was a bit longer than an average trip, though the California bound fleet of 1849 could boast of only a few fast vessels. That year's best record was held by the clipper Grey Eagle, one hundred and seventeen days from Philadelphia. The discovery of gold soon quickened the spirit of commercial enterprise and created a demand for the fleetest ships that mechanical skill and invention could devise. The Flying Cloud built at East Boston in 1850-51 by Donald McKay, made the voyage in 1851, thirteen thousand six hundred and ten miles, in eighty-nine days and twenty-one hours. Later she shortened her time by thirteen hours. No other sailing vessel had made the voyage from any domestic Atlantic port to San Francisco in less than ninety days.

"Naturally all the passengers on the Boston had become more or less acquainted during their long trip. Two others who later won prominence in California were O. M. Craig, the Sonoma viticulturist, and William Wallace, a member of the San Francisco firm of Sisson, Wallace & Co. in later years."

Many of the passengers debarked at Clark's Point and proceeded to town by a winding path, sometimes twenty or thirty, in other places only a foot or two above the water. Others landed in boats about where Montgomery Street now is. Young Shurtleff spent a week looking about the city and getting acquainted with prospects in the mining districts. Though he felt the city would one day be an important commercial center and a large one, like most others he little dreamed it might grow back into the hills, covering them with tall buildings. "A good place for investment," he concluded, "save for the general uncertainty that hung over the land titles of those days."

The schooner Olivia, which had been in the Straits of Magellan with the Boston, arrived in San Francisco a few days ahead of the Boston. As she was to proceed up the river to Sacramento, Dr. Shurtleff took passage on her. It was a three days' trip and the first night they anchored at the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers where some ambitious person soon after endeavored to start a settlement with the

title "New York of the Pacific." July 16th they landed at Sacramento, a busy little village of tents, among which the doctor recalled only two or three wooden buildings.

As soon as possible he proceeded to Beale's Bar, which is now in Placer County near the El Dorado and Sacramento line. There he mined with fair success. One of his neighbors was a man from Oregon who had secured an unusually rich claim. But he was a pessimist and because he could take out two or three hundred dollars worth of dust in a few hours, he was confident that the metal would soon be too plentiful to be valuable. So he sold his dust for half its worth. He gambled and otherwise disposed of it with a lavish hand until too late he realized its value, and then bewailed his sad plight when his supply was nearly exhausted and high prices still prevailed. Dr. Shurtleff was too canny a youth to need such an object lesson, though it was one he never forgot.

For a short time he mined on his own account, then went to work for a company near the confluence of the American River and its South Fork. They were digging a canal between these streams and the dirt they took out and used to dam the river was the richest he ever saw, fairly shining with the yellow metal. A few shovels full of it paid his wages of sixteen dollars a day, but the result of the enterprise proved disappointing to the promoter for he had supposed the bed of the stream would be lined with gold.

Another company just above them had worked with the same idea. When the work was completed and the water commenced to flow through the new channel they celebrated with an elaborate banquet for which they had procured all the delicacies known to the mining camp, including even a supply of champagne purchased at great expense in San Francisco. A rude awakening awaited them the next morning when an inspection of the river bottom showed only barren rock!

Early in the fall after hearing reports of the rich discoveries in what is now Shasta County, Shurtleff started to Reading Springs (Shasta), arriving October 21st. About twenty miles above Colusa he overtook Dr. Drake of Ohio, who was the first native Buckeye governor of that State and

the political rival of Tom Corwin, each having in turn been victorious over the other in spirited contests for the governorship of that State. Dr. Drake was an affable, intelligent chap and informed Dr. Shurtleff that the Governor, who had recently arrived overland with a large party of emigrants from Ohio had purchased from P. B. Reading the entire Mexican grant on the Sacramento River north of the Cottonwood for ten thousand dollars, and that he with his small party was on the way to take possession of it. Later it was learned at Reading Springs that the negotiation had failed. The price was too small for so large and valuable a property.

Taking up a claim in the bed of Middle Creek, the doctor again resumed mining. Two chaps there were ministers from Oregon and they worked every day in the week, even including Sundays. For this some of the miners took them to task. In reply they remarked that they had families at home to which they were anxious to return, and really they had the best of the argument since most of those who laid off on Sunday put in their holiday at the gaming tables. He continued to work his claim until November second, but as the rainy season commenced and the high water drove him from his cabin, he gave up mining. Indeed, the rains caused quite an exodus from the camps.

Some of the miners had brought more than abundant supplies intending to sell them when they reached the mines. But with the change of weather they wanted to get away and get away quickly. R. J. Walsh, afterward widely known as the Colusa farmer, was then a merchant in Reading Springs, the fortunate possessor of considerable money, and far-seeing enough to buy in the greater portion of the staples offered for sale. Hundred pound sacks of Chilean flour, for instance, he bought at twenty to twenty-five cents a pound, while freights from Sacramento were forty to fifty cents per pound. When communication was shut off by the floods, prices on all the necessities rose till a panic ensued and it was not long before Walsh was selling flour at two dollars and twenty-five cents per pound. Miners would come to his store to buy a sack and Walsh would take two hundred and twenty-five dollars from their sacks of gold dust, the transaction being treated on both sides as nonchalantly as the purchase of a

fifty-pound sack of flour today. At the price Major Reading was said to have offered his ranch, less than twenty-three barrels of flour would have purchased it.

One of the noteworthy features of these early mining camps was the personnel of the men assembled, men of marked ability and culture. Many were professional men, but in camp all were on the same level as miners and laborers, with no distinction to be recognized by dress or the other usual signs. Perhaps at a meeting held to discuss the rights of a disputed mining claim some quiet man who had never given any evidence of being more than an ordinary miner, would rise and address the assembly in a speech that would do credit to a United States Senator. To illustrate—one day Harrison J. Shurtleff, who had also come on the Boston, returned from an exploring trip and announced there were some fellows in the lower part of town who made splendid peach pies. Occasionally thereafter the Shurtleffs indulged themselves in a dollar and a half pie, and soon came to know the youthful pie firm, composed of Benjamin F. Washington, Vincent E. Geiger and William S. Long. Geiger cut the wood and carried it to camp, Long was salesman and dishwasher, while Washington made the pies. They could have known nothing of such work previously, but they had adapted themselves to circumstances. Their pies were excellent, Dr. Shurtleff's only criticism being that their upper and lower crusts were a bit too close together, no doubt because of the high price of the dried Chilean peaches they used. Years later all three were prominent; Washington as a Democratic leader, editor, and Collector of the Port of San Francisco; Geiger as an editor and Indian Agent at the Nomlaki Reservation; Long as one of the foremost lawyers at the Sacramento Bar.

Soon after his arrival at Reading Springs, Dr. Shurtleff was elected to the office of Alcalde, which as Americanized, was one of almost unlimited power, the incumbent being competent to try almost any kind of a case, having complete jurisdiction in all cases from petty larceny to murder in the first degree. It could issue the necessary papers, cause the requisite notices to be given and foreclose a mortgage, eject the defendant, and put the purchaser in possession, all within ten days. It could send the sheriff in pursuit of an absconding

debtor, with power in case the debt was not paid without cavil or delay, to go down in his pocket and take out gold dust enough to pay the debt and expense of collection. In such cases, however, no papers were issued except when the testimony was clear and unquestionable. In those days there was no red tape known to the miners of California. One day the court had five separate cases to decide concerning ownership of horses and mules. The parties waived their right to a jury. Everybody was in a hurry then. The litigants said they had no time to waste in impaneling a jury, or hearing arguments of counsel. Plaintiffs and defendants with their witnesses made statements under oath, and thereupon the Court decided the case. All five cases this time were decided and the docket cleared in half a day, and everyone seemed to be satisfied except Jeff Clanton of Cottonwood, who said good-naturedly, he had lost *his* mule because the other fellows outswore him.

Where there were so many cases of litigation the inference is natural that there must have been a lamentable disregard of property rights. Such, however, was not the case. The immense immigration that came overland to California in 1849 arrived in the mining regions late in the summer or fall of that year. They staked off their claims and went to work to make their fortunes in a short time. Many turned their horses and mules out to get a living on "bare creation." They practically abandoned them, but changed their minds when spring came and reawakened the spirit for prospecting in search of new and better mines. Then everyone wanted mules to pack their provisions and mining implements, and wherever one was found it was taken up as a "stray" and pressed into service.

Meanwhile the original owners realized the convenience and value of the discarded animals and watched every train and pack animal to find and identify their property. Whenever one was discovered immediate demand was made for its return. If refused, the ex-owner went to the Alcalde for redress. Often the defendant would state that he had picked up the disputed mule as an abandoned stray and was willing to restore it to the plaintiff if, upon trial, he was found to be the original owner. Identification was more than difficult

because an animal turned out in the fall a sickly, scrubby skeleton, if alive in the spring, was likely to be a fine, fat, robust specimen, with a shining, luxuriant growth of new hair, and its brand quite concealed, if any he ever had.

An Oregonian named Bowles, charged with murder, had a jury trial before the Court, the hearing lasting two days. The counsel for the prosecution was Royal T. Sprague, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, while the defense presented as its attorney William R. Harrison, later first County Judge of Shasta County and District Attorney of Tehama and Lassen Counties. The trial, despite the seriousness of the charge, was amusing in some respects.

The only law book available was the small volume which Sprague had brought across the plains from Ohio. Sprague was thirty-six years old, tall, erect, with broad, square shoulders, and a countenance that betokened superior intelligence and great firmness of character. Though mining on Clear Creek at Grizzly Gulch, he had doffed the miner's garb, and appeared in a plain suit, looking fairly professional.

Harrison was about forty, short, chubby, with florid complexion and pug nose. He was right from his mining claim, without coat, vest or cravat, dressed in a red woolen shirt, with pants and blue overalls stitched up so high upon his waist that they barely made connection with his dingy red cowhide boots. Though not as well versed in law as his opponent, he possessed considerable comic wit and power of ridicule, was very enthusiastic and at times eloquently "soared to untrodden heights." Sprague, who was educated in New York and had practiced in Ohio, quoted from memory the statutes of these states in support of his position, while Harrison relied on inspiration drawn from the Codes and Reports of Indiana and Iowa in which Commonwealths he had practiced law in former times.

Judge Shurtleff, who could not have been supposed to have been posted on the laws and practices of those states, thought that in order to arrive at correct conclusions, he would like to consult the statutes of Massachusetts. He was compelled, however, to rely on his own judgement. The case being submitted, the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty." Even

Sprague, the prosecuting attorney, believed the verdict to be just and rejoiced at Bowles' acquittal.

This short summary method of dispensing justice gave general satisfaction. But Dr. Shurtleff, with all thinking, conservative men, felt that it was only a temporary expedient to meet a brief extraordinary emergency. He, therefore, was one of the first to advise the people in that locality to elect county officers and organize a county government in harmony with the Constitution and Laws of the State of California. He filled the post of Alcalde until the summer of 1850 and then resigned.

During this time he was associated with A. C. Brown, afterward County Judge of Amador, as owners of a drug store. Later he continued this partnership with Dr. Jesse Robinson, the first county clerk of Shasta. Dr. Robinson's son is now on the Superior Bench of Alameda County. Meanwhile both practiced their professions, Dr. Shurtleff devoting almost his entire time to medicine after 1851. "Doctors in those days were literally the fathers of the community," recently remarked a 49er. "No service was too hard to ask of them, no hour too late to call them. Then as always was Benjamin Shurtleff known for his generosity and benevolence. For his kindness to the Indians, whom he always treated without charge, he was beloved by them as were few other pioneers."

Late in the fall of 1852 he returned to Carver to claim his bride, Miss Ann M. Griffith. They were married February 21, 1853, and soon were on the way to California via the Isthmus Route, arriving in San Francisco early in April. They came from Panama on the steamship Winfield Scott, which due to stupid or careless navigation when about forty miles south of the Golden Gate, ran onto a rock just at nightfall. Her engines were reversed and slowly the imperiled ship was extricated, at the same time breaking off the point of rock which had torn the hole through her bow in such a fortunate manner as to retain it as a plug in the hole it had made. She still leaked badly and was only kept afloat by constant work at the pumps till she arrived the next morning at the wharf in San Francisco in a sinking condition.

For his bride the young doctor had built the first preten-

Benjamin Shurtleff's Home at Shasta

tious residence in Shasta during the preceding summer. His own description of it reads, "All the timber used in construction of the frame was yellow pine. The ground sills and sleepers were cut and hewed in the mountain forests nearby. The rest of the lumber in the frame was sawed by Vivian and Hughes and delivered at a cost of two hundred dollars a thousand feet. And that was a great reduction in the price of lumber for in the spring and summer of 1850, Otie and Truett did a lucrative business whip-sawing lumber into inch boards at a thousand dollars per thousand.

"Their mill, operated by horse-power, was located upon a flat on the right side of the south fork of Rock Creek, just below the county road, nearly a mile northwest from Shasta. With this mill they manufactured the first lumber made by machinery in northern California north of the Feather River country and east of the Humboldt district.

"Like all other settlers of the Pacific coast at that time, they appropriated and cut the forests upon the public lands without compensation to the government of the United States.

"The lumber for the floors was white pine which had been shipped around Cape Horn, probably from the State of Maine. It was tongued, grooved and dressed on one side, and was not regular flooring, being too wide and not more than three-fourths of an inch thick. It cost fifty-two dollars a thousand at Sacramento, and was hauled from there to Shasta by ox-team for eight cents a pound. As the lumber weighed one and three-fourth pounds to the square foot the cost, delivered at Shasta was one hundred and ninety-two dollars a thousand. The doors, windows and shingles were also of eastern manufacture and correspondingly expensive.

"After the great fire of June, 1855, which laid most of Shasta in ashes, Western Star Lodge, No. 2, of the Masonic fraternity held its meetings in the unfinished upper story of the house until a new hall was built. In that remote section of the country no wall or ceiling had yet felt the plastic pressure of the mason's trowel. The walls were lined with only the most flimsy muslin, quite ill suited to the mystic labors of a lodge of Masons. That embarrassment, however, was easily overcome. The meetings were held in the afternoon, at an

hour when Mrs. Shurtleff was the only person at home. At the appointed hour, she with her sewing in her hand would leave the house in sole charge of the Brethren, and make a visit to some one of her lady friends who were very few in those early pioneer days, to return and resume her household affairs after the Lodge had closed and the members had gone."

Quoting from the Shasta Courier, September 4, 1905, "The residence, still looking down from the heights known as Shurtleff Hill, was the first home place founded in Shasta, and here the intelligence and culture of the whole community met the warm and hospitable welcome and human friendliness that has endeared the Shurtleffs to old Shasta."

All three of their sons, George Clinton, Charles Allerton, and Benjamin Ellis, were born there. Their father, always quietly firm, was unusually interested in young people, and his faith in and understanding of them always prevented his condemnation of their seemingly wayward thoughtlessness. "He'll come around alright, just wait and work," was his preachment and his practice. And surely no man ever had a finer tribute from his wife to his ever-present, increasing devotion than her last whispered confidence to their son, "I was always first with your father."

Like her husband Mrs. Shurtleff was a leader and a patron of every movement in the interest of social well-being. Under her direction the Union Church Society at Shasta built a common meeting place for all Christian denominations. Years later at Napa she worked just as untiringly in behalf of her own Presbyterian Church.

When Shasta County was organized Benjamin Shurtleff was elected its first county treasurer. In those days funds were not easily transferred by check through the mail. The Shasta Courier of July 21, 1892, gives this account of his first delivery of county funds to State Headquarters: "He collected no coin or paper money, only gold dust. With his friend, R. J. Walsh, afterward president of the State Agricultural Society, he drove down to Marysville where J. R. Ridge, the poet-editor, joined them. Then in a row boat to Sacramento they carried carelessly and without fear of robbery the sacks of dust with which he was to settle with the State Treasurer, Major

Richard Roman, at San Jose. From Sacramento they traveled by steamer to San Francisco and there re-shipped for Alviso, the port of San Jose. En-route they fell in with Col. John B. Weller, who soon succeeded Fremont as California's Senator and was later Governor; District Judge W. S. Sherwood, and A. P. Crittenden, Dr. Winslow Pierce and John Bidwell."

"Shasta County then extended from Red Bank Creek, south of the town of Red Bluff to the Oregon line and eastward to the boundary line of the state and to what is now the western boundary of the State of Nevada. Embraced within its limits was Mt. Shasta, which in romantic surroundings and grandeur of scenery has few peers. When Siskiyou was organized the new county not only took from Shasta the famous mountain, but the upper section of the lovely McCloud River. The war-whoop of the red man was still oft heard at night, even at times in the glare of the day. Women's voices but seldom and the prattle of children almost never greeted the ear."

Together with Judge Royal T. Sprague and Isaac Roop, Dr. Shurtleff established the first public school in Northern California. His public offices now became numerous. For ten years by successive annual appointment he held the position of County Physician. In 1857 Governor J. Neely Johnson tendered him the office of County Judge to fill an unexpired term, but he declined the appointment. From 1861-1863 he represented Shasta and Trinity counties in the State Senate.

In early years Shurtleff was a firm, unwavering Whig, adhering staunchly to the old party until its dissolution. His first presidential vote was for Henry Clay in 1844, "the proudest of my life." With the passing of the Whig party he joined the Democratic ranks, earnestly supporting Douglas for president in 1860. In 1863 as a War Democrat he received the complimentary vote of his party for the United States Senate. Shortly after he severed his connection with the Democratic party to support Lincoln in his second presidential campaign. From then on he was active in the Republican party and in 1872 was nominated by the State Convention for Alternate Presidential Elector-at-Large.

After a residence of a quarter of a century in Shasta County he moved in 1874 to Napa, and with characteristic

zeal was soon planning and directing public and private affairs in his usual public spirited fashion. In May, 1876, he was elected a member of the Board of City Trustees and re-elected in 1878, serving both terms as president of that body, and under the new city charter he became Napa's first mayor. In 1878 he was also elected delegate-at-large from the Third Congressional District to the State Constitutional Convention meeting at Sacramento, and was a prominent figure in several debates. Particularly, he opposed the incorporation in the Constitution of the section reading, "No one shall be eligible to the office of Justice of the Supreme Court unless he be at least thirty-five years of age, and shall have been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the State; and no one shall be eligible to the office of Judge of the Superior Court unless he shall have been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court."

In part he addressed the Convention, "I see nothing in the history of the State requiring an age limitation of those eligible to judicial office. Many of our most distinguished jurists have been called to the bench when very young. I think it unwise to make this limitation. No one claims that young men have been raised to exalted positions to the detriment of public interest. It is due to the boys, the young and rising men of California that the paths of honor be left open to them, and I for one, shall not consent to placing any obstacle in their way."

Another debate in which his voice was heard was that of representation in the Legislature. In opposition to those who favored a large increase in the number of legislators he maintained that a small and compact body was more effective. Again his view prevailed and the provisions of the old constitution remained in force.

Governor Perkins appointed him in March, 1880, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Napa State Asylum for the Insane, and until 1896 he remained president of that board, advocating most heartily the policies which gave that institution its wide prestige.

Having conserved his strength and physical resources in his young manhood when the temptations of the cup and

gambling table led many of his comrades to sacrifice both vigor and health, he reaped ample dividends on his early investment of self denial, and retained full possession of his strength and faculties until his death in 1911. As a professional man he ranked with the ablest, as a legislator he worked with a discerning mind and a rare ability for the best interests of his constituency. In every community in which he cast his lot, he was loved and honored and trusted.

"But," his son whimsically remarked, "I think he was more proud of his pioneer history and of his membership in the Society of California Pioneers than of any of his many achievements." Surely the Shurtleffs who follow may well be proud of his record, and of the title he earned and held to the end, "The Grand Old Man."

———o———

Dr. George A. Shurtleff

Dr. George A. Shurtleff

—o—

With his younger brother on the high seas, George Augustus Shurtleff was easily tempted by the position of Surgeon on the Ship Mount Vernon when she sailed from Mattapoisett, a seaport on Buzzard's Bay, April 19, 1849. Making only one stop, at San Juan Fernandez, they reached San Francisco October second.

Naturally his destination was the mines, whither he went via Stockton about the middle of October, locating at Jacksonville in Tuolumne County, and mining on Wood's Creek about where it joins the Tuolumne. It was like a Shurtleff to take a hand in politics from the first, and quite characteristic of George A. to tramp miles through a blinding storm to vote for the adoption of the first Constitution of California, for State officers and members of Congress scarcely a month after his arrival.

Early in 1850 he returned to Stockton to join the Mount Vernon Company, which business was very short-lived. By August he was a member of the first City Council of Stockton when the city government was organized. Now that he had chosen Stockton for his home he lost no time in sending for his wife, Mary Jane Nye Shurtleff, the daughter of Jonathon Nye of Claremont, New Hampshire. They had been married in 1846, and in the spring of '51 she came across Panama and up the Pacific on the Steamship Tennessee. Though crowded she was the only woman passenger that trip. Having no children of her own, she gave much of her attention, time and money to the development of St. John's Episcopal Church and to the organization and dispensation of non-sectarian aid to the poor and needy.

In 1855 Dr. Shurtleff became County Recorder of San Joaquin County, but at the expiration of his four-year term he began to practice medicine in earnest, for until now he

had only done so when some friend or acquaintance was in need of his services. A few years later he was to form a partnership with Dr. Samuel Langdon. Together they had a very large and lucrative practice, though it was a wonder to his friends how Dr. Shurtleff ever amassed a sufficient competence for his later years, for he was known as a "good doctor but a poor collector," a benevolent, generous chap who more often than not deliberately neglected to send his bill.

Governor J. Neely Johnson appointed him a director of the State Insane Asylum at Stockton in 1856. He was re-appointed in 1863 and was president of the Board of Directors until two years later, when he resigned to become medical superintendent of the institution, a position he held continuously, by reason of six consecutive re-elections, until 1883.

At the request of the Governor he drafted the lengthy and elaborate bill which was passed by the Legislature of 1872, providing a second asylum for the insane in California, and for its proper maintenance and government. Later he was one of the three Commissioners who selected its location and established it at Napa.

While he worked thus for these State institutions, and certainly it was largely a labor of love, for the compensation attached was negligible, many other demands were made on his time from many other sources. As one of the leading alienists in California his opinion was constantly called for in the courts in cases of disputed mental condition and in criminal cases, which, though vexatious and wearing, he could not refuse.

In June, 1873, he was appointed Professor of Mental Diseases in the Medical Department of the University of California, but delayed accepting the appointment until 1875, delivering his first course of lectures that year. In 1878 he became Professor of Mental Diseases and Medical Jurisprudence and continued his lectures annually for ten years.

During this time he also found leisure to organize the San Joaquin County Medical Society and to help reorganize the California State Medical Society. In fact he was president of both societies. He was California's delegate from the American Medical Society to the International Medical Congress in June, 1876, and as a member of the Association of Medical Superintendents of American Institutions for the Insane, he

attended and took an active part in their conventions at Madison, Wisconsin, in 1872, at Baltimore in 1873, and at Philadelphia in 1880.

For many years he was an occasional contributor to the literature of his profession. Several public addresses, "Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity," "Obscure Forms of Epilepsy," "Suicide," and the "Elements of Professional Success" were later printed and widely distributed.

These years of more than strenuous activities, combined with an ever-increasing and demanding private practice, suddenly took their toll in 1883, when Dr. Shurtleff suffered a severe illness that left him a partial invalid until his death and forced him to resign from his active direction of the Asylum as well as from the University, though the Board of Regents of the University refused to accept his resignation until 1886, hoping that he would be able to resume his work there. From then on during the long years of enforced quiet until his death, his chief diversion and occupation was the writing of numerous reports and articles for which he had not as yet found time.

Dr. Shurtleff was a close dweller in Stockton and San Joaquin County, bound there by the ties of long residence, material interests and old friendships. He had a profound respect for the achievements of the builders of his adopted State, and took an active interest in the San Joaquin County Society of California Pioneers, California Historical Society and the Society of California Pioneers, of which he was a Life Member. He also belonged to several religious and fraternal organizations, doing his full share of official work therein and cheerfully contributing to their support. For over forty years he was a vestry-man of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church and though not a communicant, he seemed scarcely less attached to it and was no less constant in its support.

All Stockton mourned his death on February 11, 1902, and several years later all Carver gathered at his birthplace to honor him and to receive their first public park, a gift made to Carver in his memory by his brother, Benjamin Shurtleff of Napa, California.

———o———

Fritz Boehmer

Fritz Boehmer

—o—

Alameda, California.
March 12, 1904.

To the Historical Committee of
The Society of California Pioneers,
Gentlemen:

In compliance with your request that every member write an autobiography to be recorded and preserved in the archives of our highly honored Society, I will give an account of some of the experiences of my early life in California.

I was born on the 15th day of May, 1831, in Magdeburg, Prussia, where my father carried on a machine and iron foundry. My mother's maiden name was Johanna Hofmeister, and her father was postmaster of the city of Braunschweig. There were eight children in our family; five boys, August, Wilhelm, Edouard, Herman and myself, and three girls, Maria, Louise and Hermine.

After leaving school I learned my father's trade and worked with him until 1848. He died that year, leaving his business in my mother's hands, and together with my older brothers we managed it successfully under the name of Gebruder Boehmer.

In March, 1848, a revolution broke out in France, spreading like wild fire over Germany and the greater part of Europe. Business came to a standstill. Instead of peace we had war and desolation. The thirst for liberty aroused every soul. Young and old shouldered arms to stamp out that feudal system under which mankind had suffered for centuries. Joining a company of young students with an old Waterloo veteran, Capt. Engelbracht, at the head, I felt proud of the chance to fight for the freedom of our unhappy country.

One great event followed another. The gold discovery in California aroused the world. Brave men with their heroic wives left their comfortable homes, traversed the broad and

pathless desert, crossed the Rocky Mountains, climbed the lofty snow-capped peaks of the wild romantic Sierras. Everywhere they were encompassed by dangers, facing wild men, wild beasts and starvation, until, after a weary six months' journey they landed safely in the beautiful valleys of our Golden State. Here they met with people who had come the other way, by Panama and Cape Horn, floating for months between heaven and the briny ocean before their anchors touched bottom in the safe harbor of San Francisco. These are the people to whom the present generation may look with pride as their ancestors and the founders of their great State.

The news of the gold finds reached Germany in the fall of 1848 in a semi-official way and the newspapers called it a dangerous undertaking to visit this wild, unknown and impenetrable country, from whence they declared no man would return alive.

In spite of these discouraging rumors, Pajeken & Frisius, a Bremen house, fitted out the bark Talisman and the schooner Gesine to sail for this mysterious country. With my mother's permission I accompanied my brother Edouard, who had taken passage on board the Gesine, to Bremerhaven to see him off, but instead of returning home I also sailed on the same ship to California. It was on the 21st day of March, and with all sails set, both vessels weighed anchor. We were saluted from the Forts in honor of our departure, and giving three dips of our flag, we set sail. Then like a huge albatross with its white wings proudly spread, our little craft ploughed bravely through the waves.

The weather was delightful, and with a stiff breeze in our favor, we found ourselves under the hot sun of the Equator within three weeks. Here we enjoyed a four days' calm, during which time all those who for the first time had crossed the line, received their Neptunal baptism, performed by the oldest sailor on board. This done, all hands were royally treated to plum pudding and punch by our beloved Captain Haslep. Then all who could swim went overboard for a ducking.

A fresh breeze now sprang up, reminding us of the long trip before us. Merrily we sped on toward the south and in another week Trinidad came in sight, a lonely island about

two hundred miles off the coast of Brazil. Again becalmed, our captain sent out a boat for fresh water. In the meantime an English ship coming from the south hove in sight. Very reluctantly their captain responded to our "Ship Ahoy!" But finding we were not pirates, as he had supposed, he communicated with us in a friendly way and took our letters which we had ready to send home at the first opportunity. He said this island had the name of being the hiding place of piratical craft, and he had his whole crew armed for fight. Even two cannons were loaded full to give us a warm reception. But more important, he confirmed the news that gold had really been discovered in California.

With a fresh wind from the north, we sailed once more, and the island soon vanished from our sight. The weather now became cooler. The pleasant tropical breezes changed into violent winds as we neared the Falkland Islands. All hands worked now preparing our little craft for the winter storms off Cape Horn, and every moveable thing was lashed securely to the deck. The days grew shorter and cold. The Gesine was covered with snow and ice. Wicked clouds foretold the stormy weather that broke loose on us with all its fury and lasted for over six weeks. Often it was impossible for anyone to be on deck. The wheel was lashed, and the vessel running under bare poles was left to the mercy of the seas. Early in the morning of June 16th, a terrible crash threw us all out of our bunks. A heavy sea engulfed our little vessel and nearly capsized it. Excepting the spars the deck was swept of all on it. And for a moment we knew how a man feels when he thinks his ship is going to the bottom of the ocean.

Four long weary weeks our brave captain endeavored to round the stormy Cape. At last the Gates of Hell closed and as though by magic our misery was changed to gladness, and with the fairest of winds we sailed along the coast of Patagonia. After the cape pigeon and albatross had bidden us a screeching farewell we ran into delightful weather. To the east were the lofty Andes, to the west that most beautiful constellation in the heavens, the Southern Cross. All nature seemed to be dreaming as the starry nights unrolled before our eyes a picture of enchantment.

When we dropped anchor in the bay of Valparaiso early in July, a swarm of natives came alongside with their canoes, loaded down with all kinds of fruits. We were ready buyers, for the sight of oranges, grapes, apples and bananas made us feel as though we were in another world. Two days later the Talisman anchored alongside us, having made a much better voyage after remaining at Rio de Janeiro two weeks.

Our four days' stay in port, Captain Haslep spent in putting the ship in order for the rest of the voyage. Then with favorable winds, we were off again. Schools of whales enjoyed themselves spouting water fountain-like, high in the air; herds of porpoises tumbled for days across our course in endless numbers; while beautifully colored dolphins swam at the bow of our vessel, piloting us safely into a five days' calm under the equator of the great Pacific. Here the surface seemed like an immense mirror. Not a breath of air created a ripple on the great expanse of water.

The opportunity for another swim was too inviting, and against all warnings, I plunged overboard and circled around the ship, enjoying the thrill of having bathed in both oceans under the equator. A light breeze reminded me to return to the ship, but not too soon, for while willing hands were pulling me up, a man-eater fully ten feet long popped up, snapping at my feet and missing me within an inch. I was saved, having made myself the fool and hero of the day!

So far the old Pacific had dealt with us in a mild and peaceful manner. Now an equinoctial storm suddenly burst upon us in all its fury with the pealing of thunder, heavy rain and blinding flashes of lightning. The waves ran mountain high, and we were tossed mercilessly about till the wind abated on the third day and our hearts felt lighter. From now on we made fast time, soon sighting the coast of California. As we came nearer the mountains showed plainer and we made out a grass fire which we had mistaken for molten lava running down the mountain side.

Within a hundred miles of Monterey we picked up three half-starved men in a sail boat. They had been passengers on a ship bound for San Francisco. In order to get there more quickly they had, with their captain's permission, manned the boat with six men and started for shore. In landing, their boat

had capsized and they had lost all their provisions. After righting things three of them remained with the boat, the others taking their chances by land. When near Monterey our captain advised them to run ashore to look after their comrades, which they did. With the assistance of the Alcalde there they found them, one dead and the other in a critical condition.

September 12th was clear and bright and our proud little ship entered the Golden Gate and sighted our sister ship, the Talisman, stranded on a sand bank near where Meiggs' Wharf now is. At high tide she floated off again and anchored alongside us near Clark's Point.

We were surprised to see so many vessels of all nations already assembled there. San Francisco Bay looked like a forest of masts, and ships were still coming in daily by scores.

Clark's Point was then the only landing place for boats, and it was there that I first touched American soil. Though a stranger in strange land, young and inexperienced, unable to speak the English tongue, I found no trouble in getting along. Labor was then king, and there was plenty of work for everybody, for only the highest kind of wages could induce men to stay in San Francisco.

The mines were the objective of all who came, and no nobler set of men ever swung the pick and shovel with more intelligence and zeal. Here men in all stations of life merged into one brotherhood—Dukes, Counts, generals, doctors, lawyers, soldiers, sailors—freely exchanged ideas, helped one another, and squarely and honestly divided their dust. No man was considered a full-fledged gentleman unless he had served the apprenticeship of an honest miner, had learned how to work, to cook, to sew, to wash, to build a house, and to rock the cradle, which latter fitted him so splendidly to be a husband and father of this present and proud generation. Like all the rest I served my time and after many hard struggles, I was quite successful.

After a few days in San Francisco we took passage in a sloop for Stockton. We found it a lively place, the distributing point for the southern mines. All the houses were built of canvas, lumber being scarce at three hundred dollars per thousand feet. Hotel accommodations were out of the ques-

tion. Consequently the levee along the Stockton slough was turned into a grand hotel. Everyone provided his own blankets, cooking utensils and provisions, and was at home wherever night overtook him.

Securing a pack train, our company started for Mokelumne Hill. Three days' and nights' travel landed us at Rich Gulch, where we saw the Indians and Mexicans picking gold out of the bank of the gulch with their knives. Colonel James was busy damming the river, without considering the lateness of the season and the approaching winter rains which turned his costly enterprise into a failure.

Inexperienced in the handling of pick and shovel, I soon found out that Mokelumne was not the place for me. I packed my valise with everything I had brought from home—my bootjack, shoe-brush, calf-skin boots, manicuring implements, strapped the same to my back, and bade all my friends good-bye. It was late in the afternoon when I started up that steep hill of an angle of forty-five degrees, under a pressure of seventy-five pounds to the square inch. But alas! I broke down under my heavy burden before I was half way to the top. Discouraged and desperate, I flung my valise from me, and with such force that it never stopped until it came to rest at the bottom of a deep ravine. Of course I had to follow it to protect it from the marauding coyotes over night.

Tired and exhausted I sat down to think over my unhappy situation. Suddenly I heard a Mexican pack train approaching. To the captain, who had much the appearance of a Caballero, I told my trouble, also that I was without means and wanted to go to Stockton.

"All right," he said, "We will take your baggage up the hill and afterward you can ride on one of the mules."

All his men were very kind to me, dividing their blankets and food with me in a most hospitable way. In return I gave them some cheap jewelry I had brought from home and which they regarded as a token of great kindness. It proved a hard three days' ride on the pack saddle, with so many knots and buckles and a stiff legged mule under it.

After my arrival in Stockton I treated myself to a royal dinner in one of the best restaurants I could find. Spreading myself comfortably at the table and trying to give my order

I must have created a deal of merriment for all the waiters and guests. The first waiter who came went away laughing. Along came another and in good low Dutch, I told him to bring in a bottle of English Porter, a beefsteak lobscaus and plum pudding with a big cup of coffee. It being a warm day I drank freely of the porter and ordered another bottle. By this time I felt like a lord.

This waiter was a nice fellow. He laughed, but not aloud, and in a short time came with a whole armful of plates and eatables such as I had not seen nor tasted for a long time. My appetite had reached its highest pitch and with knife and fork in hand, and sleeves rolled up sailor fashion, I cleaned up the plates in short order and called for more coffee and pudding with another bottle of porter. The coffee and pudding came, but they were "out" of porter. They must have been shrewd business men, seeming to surmise that I hadn't much money.

"Your bill is two and a half, young man," said the waiter. "Shall I bring the gold dust scale to weigh off the dust?"

Then I had to laugh as I commenced to unbutton my clothes. They, fearing I was not well, grabbed me and tried to put me out. By this time I succeeded in getting out my knife, all the time talking to them in words which they did not understand. Still fearing I meant mischief, they held me, but during the struggle I ripped open my pocket and out rolled a glittering two and a half piece. It was my last dollar and I had sewed it in for safety.

It now became necessary to go to the store-ship to get my trunk left in care of the owner before I went to the mines. To my sorrow and surprise I found the ship had departed with my trunk and its entire contents. I lamented most the loss of my music brought from Germany. All I had left now was a little pluck and courage, and with this I worked my passage down to San Francisco on an English sloop.

The ship Godefroy, on which my brother took passage in Valparaiso, had arrived a week before with miscellaneous merchandise and lumber already framed for a three-story business house to be set up in San Francisco. The contract was awarded to my brother.

My first job was in the blacksmith shop of Buckley and Company at the corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets,

earning ten dollars a day for cutting threads on bolts for Long Wharf. But finding carpenters' work more profitable, I quit the blacksmith shop and went with my brother into contracting—erecting iron and frame houses. We put up two corrugated iron stores on the northwest corner of Battery and Jackson Streets for an English firm in 1850, and they stand there today (1904). We had a number of men working for us, a rather unique crew of doctors, sailors, lawyers, ministers, merchants and others, their wages ranging from eight to ten dollars per day, according to their ability to drive nails and pack timber.

The first fire alarm in San Francisco was given in the latter part of December, 1849. Not having much of a regular fire department, long ropes were utilized to pull down adjacent houses to keep the fire from spreading. In less than two hours hundreds were rendered homeless; but, Phoenix-like, inside of two weeks the town was rebuilt and nobody seemed to feel much hurt about it.

Portsmouth Square in front of the City Hall was then the gathering place for all. Friends met there who had not seen one another for years, and some of these meetings were pathetic. They'd kiss and embrace each other, generally emphasizing their pleasure with the never-failing cocktail. Mining was the general and all absorbing topic of the day, all hoping to make their pile quickly so as to return to their families. No one ever thought of making this his home, believing that nothing would grow in this dry and rocky country.

Farming was always my pet idea. The romance of country life got the best of me, and with four others, all sailors, we located ten miles below Sacramento on the west side of the river. The soil was deep and rich and covered with large oak and sycamore trees and dense underbrush. At the back of our ranch were the endless tules, where we gathered all the materials for a warm and comfortable house.

The weather in February and March, 1850, was very warm, causing the snow on the mountains to melt and flood the Sacramento Valley for miles around. Hundreds of cattle were lying dead on small elevations where they had either starved or drowned. Our house was three feet in water and was only

accessible by boat in which we did our cooking. Beans three times a day for thirty days! Gradually the waters receded and in another week we started our farming.

By steamer the fare from San Francisco to Sacramento was thirty dollars, and even at this rate the Senator and New World were crowded continually. Our life was not as lonely as one might think, for we had occasional visitors coming along in sail boats to escape the high charges of the steamers. These people would stop over night with us for a rest and information, and sometimes they were very interesting to meet. A German officer named Webber, who had escaped prison during the Revolution of 1848, and a Mr. Wedle and his son stopped with us for several days and thought our ranch a paradise. Mr. Wedle accompanied my violin, playing with his guitar. Lt. Webber, who was also an agriculturist, expressed the desire to stay with us to cut hay, which was then one hundred and twenty-five dollars a ton. But the unattainable scythe, which also cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars, forced him to try his luck at mining.

Everything went well. Our beds of vegetables looked prosperous and the potatoes were a foot high. It was now May and old spuds brought fifteen cents a pound. The weather was getting hot and again the water in the Sacramento began to rise. A young elk, lost from his mother, looked for safety in our yard, perhaps fearing a coming flood. He was right. Again the whole adjacent country turned into an immense sea. The only land in sight were the distant mountains. Our dreams of fortune were wiped out and we had to leave for other parts. Fritz Tillman, later connected with the firm of Tillman and Bendel, had to abandon his ranch, too. He was located farther down the river.

After dividing what we had, four of us took a boat and rowed to Marysville to equip ourselves for the mountains. Among the daily arrivals were many old friends and they gathered in groups about the camp fires to tell the yarns of their experiences in this new country. I listened one night till long after my friends had gone to bed; that is, wrapped themselves up in their blankets like so many bundles along the river. Among us four we kept one purse which was handed from one to another to make necessary purchases.

This time I had to buy myself a new pair of trousers. I had changed into my new ones in back of an old adobe house, and forgetting it, had left our money bag there, stuck under the rafters. Next day we were to start with an ox-team for the mines, freight prepaid. Then I missed our purse. But I went back too late. The Indians had been there before me and a search among them was fruitless. They all said, "No sabe."

To raise money needed for our trip I sold my Swiss rifle for far less than its real value. A three days' journey brought us to the first mining camp on the Yuba River and here was plenty of work at ten dollars a day in a hundred and ten degrees in the shade! Sunday we saved for washing and general repairs. The floods had left a real lake near the high bluff of the river, a splendid place to bathe.

One day I tried to swim across to climb up on the rocks opposite, and when within three feet of shore my feet became tangled in weeds which had grown up from the bottom. With all my struggling I would have drowned had it not been for the timely assistance of two young men who climbed at great risk down the steep rocks to pull me out.

There was a great demand for carpenters in San Francisco after the fire of June, 1850. Wages ranged from eight to twenty dollars a day, lumber was two hundred and fifty dollars a thousand, nails eight to ten dollars a keg. Board at sixteen dollars a week was the average. Eggs twelve dollars a dozen, while a head of cabbage cost five dollars and apples a dollar apiece.

In a short time Boehmer Brothers had re-established their old reputation as contractors and money making was no trick at all. Saving it was something we did not understand. Soon a disagreement with my brother caused me to go mining again, this time at Coloma. After three months' hard work our nearly completed dam was washed away over night in a heavy rain storm. My next venture was with the River Mining Company on the Middle Fork of the American River and was very profitable. Each of us took out from six to eight thousand dollars during the summer, whereas the Friendship Company, just below us, didn't make expenses.

Henry Rosenbaum and myself sold out our interest in the company and went down to San Francisco to invest our

money. From Otto Sevening we bought in 1851 a one hundred and sixty acre ranch across the bay in Contra Costa County where Oakland now is built. It was an ideal place. We worked hard and faithfully and again our potatoes were a foot high, but our peace was disturbed by a lawless gang of land grabbers. They took us by surprise at midnight, made us prisoners, and tried to force us at the point of rifles to sign away the right, title and interest in our land. Of course we refused. Then they began to destroy our property, tearing down our house and breaking things up generally. Then they walked over to our neighbor, Lowell James Hardy's house, a dwelling two stories high and nearly ready for occupancy, and brought it down with a crash.

This meant war to the knife. As soon as we had our houses rebuilt we turned them into a fort. Twenty guns well charged lined the walls of our house and we were determined that none of them should miss their mark. Sam Clark cautioned us to be on the lookout the following night, so with our rifles we patrolled the woods, but the enemy didn't come till the next afternoon. Then a Mr. Staples came with six men and a load of trunks and lumber that they soon unloaded on the other side of the creek on our land. Immediately my partner, rifle in hand, went to see what was up, demanding to know of the stout, two hundred and forty pound leader of the gang what all this meant.

"This means I will take possession of my land which I have bought and paid for," he answered, "and if you d—— little Dutchmen don't behave I'll make it hot for you!" With that he jumped at my partner and called his men. Just then they saw me with my rifle leveled at them and they scattered like straw, leaving their master in our merciless hands. Having no choice, he loosened his hold on my partner, who took his gun endwise and beat him until, on his kness, he called for quarter. They had been told these Dutch boys would not fight!

Staples promised to move his things that day and say nothing about his troubles. But he didn't keep his promise, and as the sun was sinking and we were busy throwing his things into the creek, Mrs. Hardy came running to tell us of the approach of twenty men on horseback and warned us

to flee for our lives. And with our trusty rifles we decided to do so quickly. None too soon we broke through the woods followed by these blood hounds and found a safe hiding place with two Irish friends. They happened to have a large, empty Holland gin-pipe standing in a corner of their cabin. Here we hid, covered with a lot of gunny sacks. And our hearts were fairly pounding when we heard the tramping of horses and our friends saying, "No, we haven't seen the Dutch boys for a week."

Darkness came and we stole back to our house and the shelter of our twenty guns, ready to stand a siege.

The next attack, a few weeks later, was on Lowell James Hardy's house. A band of hired ruffians had been brought over from San Francisco for the purpose. The house was protected, the doors barricaded against a siege and our garrison consisted of four men, Mrs. Hardy and three children. Col. James, a friend of Hardy's, had heard of the intended raid and came in time to prevent bloodshed. He addressed the crowd, ordering them to desist from their attempts to enter the house. While this parliamentary discussion was going on in front, two brutes had rammed in the rear door, covering us with drawn knives and pistols. Knocking over the children and their mother, they threw all the movable things out of the house. Then as though ashamed of their cowardly act, they remarked they would not take another job like that for any consideration.

We packed everything into the house again and nursed Mrs. Hardy back to consciousness. No doctor lived anywhere near. Six tranquil weeks passed before another attempt was made to force the Hardys off their farm. This time under the guise of the law, an ex-deputy sheriff and his gang outdid the first besiegers in their atrocities. Hardy's family retreated to the second floor while destruction went on below. A shot fired by an unseen hand killed the lawless officer, creating a panic among his followers, who fled only to return with reinforcements.

Mrs. Hardy and the children, badly bruised and wounded, had been taken to the Lovejoy Hotel, and against all warning I found my way into Hardy's prison to see what could be done for him. I left him armed with a heavy knife and in good

spirits. In the meantime Col. James and his friend, McCloskey, came hurrying over from San Francisco. They took possession of the prison and kept the mob at rifle distance. Sheriff Hundyker came down in a hurry from Martinez with twenty picked men and took the prisoner to the County Jail.

My next business was to look after the children and Mrs. Hardy. She was surrounded by weeping women who thought she was dying, a frail and brave little woman in a pitiful condition. When she saw me, it was with relief, for she knew I would stand by them in their trouble. Immediately she made plans to return to her own house about a mile from the hotel. I advised her to wait till the hotel was quiet and all were asleep, so about one o'clock in the black, dark night, we started. I carried her in a child's wagon, for she was too weak to walk, and the children followed. Nearly two hours later we reached their home safely, and I carried Mrs. Hardy upstairs and put her and the children to bed, assuring them that our pistols were well capped and loaded and that no quarter would be given to the next intruders.

Mr. Hardy was held for murder and the other prisoners discharged! But after a strict and fair trial before the County Judge, Lowell James Hardy was honorably acquitted. We were not molested again, the land-grabbers having learned that we were determined fellows and brave enough to fight, like all good Americans, for our rights.

Young and restless, like most of the early Californians, we sold our ranch and crops for three thousand dollars in the summer of 1852, and just after the big fire and before the flood we went to Sacramento. We built up a restaurant and did a smashing business, which increased day by day, while our capital invested decreased at an alarming rate. This condition of affairs and the fear of a flood prompted us to sell out. Later we heard that our restaurant was four feet under water.

This same year my brother Edouard returned to Germany to stay.

Hunting wild geese and ducks around the Bay of San Francisco was then a profitable business. Thousands of them, as well as plover, snipe and curlew, covered the marshes and grassy uplands where many wild horses and cattle also fed on the rich clover. We bought a hunter's outfit and a sloop

to bring game to the market. Mount Eden was our most convenient place, and truly it was a hunter's paradise.

Soon all this rich land was taken up by settlers, each one of us taking up a quarter of a section. The fencing of the lands drove the cattle farther back into the mountains and made it more difficult for farmers to shoot their own beef, as had become their custom, being unable to buy meat from the unwilling Spaniards. One morning just as the sun was peeping over the hills, a small party of us went hunting for beef. One shot secured a fine steer and we had the meat packed on our horses when we were attacked by a number of vaqueros. Some of the hunters tumbled down a deep ravine and escaped. One was made prisoner, and another, Louis Witting, was stabbed through the heart. This ended the chapter of our cattle hunting.

Alvarado was the principal embarcadero at that time. A grand ball was given there at the hotel kept by Capt. Fritz Rocco on the day of Mexico's independence. From miles around the farmers attended, wearing their trousers tucked into their boots, red silk scarfs around their waists, and broad sombreros on their heads. Swallow-tail coats were unknown. We danced to the music of the violin, harp and flute till my friend reminded me that it was long past midnight. When about half-way home on our four-mile walk we encountered about fifty "greasers" in a beastly state of intoxication after the celebration. As we neared them they raised their knives in threat, but mistaking the click of our knives for pistols, they let us pass, much to our relief.

My brother Herman and my sister Hermine came out here at the instigation of my brother Edouard, who hadn't mentioned their coming to me. They were a surprise to me, and I to them, believing, according to my brother's letter, that we were rolling in wealth. Instead I was living in a tent on an unimproved farm and almost without money. But to their credit I must say they took it very philosophically and gave us very little trouble. Hermine found a splendid home with Mrs. C. Meyer, and Herman started a blacksmith shop in Mount Eden, repairing reapers, wagons, or any kind of machinery. He even renewed the carriage of Guillermo Castro to his highest satisfaction. My sister made many good friends

in San Francisco, for she was well educated and quite fascinating. Once at the request of Senator Cole she took part in a German play to help Mr. Wohler, who had the misfortune to lose one of his actresses unexpectedly. Because of her clever performance many people believed her to be a professional, though she was but an amateur. Frequently she wrote humorous articles for the German newspaper and that added much to her popularity. She had many suitors, but Henry Gerstung, a merchant in San Francisco, won the prize.

Another arrival with letters of recommendation addressed to me from my brother August was Baron von Winzingrade. He said he was an agriculturist and knew how to run a farm. This was more than I knew, so I offered him a partnership in the next crop. He cheerfully accepted and we did well. He attended to the plowing and I to the cooking. Each of us made a few hundred dollars as the result of our honest labor and dissolved partnership. Winzingrade went into a hay and feed business in San Francisco. Herman went back to Germany. I sold the ranch and took a position in Henry Gerstung's store to become a son of Mercury.

Soon I renewed many old friendships, among others that of Otto Sevening, and very soon I met his sister, Johanna. Six months later, in June, 1856, she became my wife. At her brother's home in Tuolumne, under the blue and cloudless skies, among the lofty pine trees of the Sierras and in the presence of many miners, my young bride of eighteen and I were married. No happier couple ever lived to be showered with blessings from all sides.

Henry Sevening, who was mining at the time, threw up the shovel and pick and joined partnership with me in a general merchandise business in Campo Seco. Three years later I sold out my interest to him and moved to Columbia, the largest town in the county. I met with splendid success there, business prospered, and I became City Councilman.

By now Henry began to feel homesick in his lonely burg and sold out to his clerk. I took him in as my partner and his sister helped to find him a wife, Miss Louise Wedel, a handsome young girl. She was the daughter of the old gentleman we had met in 1850 on the Sacramento River. Unbeknown to them my wife had arranged that they should meet at our

house and her plan succeeded. They came, they looked, they blushed, and all was over. Soon they were married and a more loving, devoted wife and self-sacrificing mother never lived.

In 1865 after the death of our little son, we made a trip to Magdeburg. My mother was still living and we found all our relatives prospering. I had intended to sojourn there for some time, but the war between Prussia and Austria prompted me to cut our visit short and return to California.

Buying a block of ground on Park Street for our future home, we located in Alameda in 1868. Just as our house was completed the earthquake shook down our chimneys and broke up things generally. Nevertheless, Alameda's population increased rapidly and the saw and hammer could be heard in all directions as houses sprang up like mushrooms. Each year I added a new business house on my property until it was a solid business block. Alameda soon grew from a hamlet to a city and when it was incorporated it had for its first Board of Trustees Henry H. Haight, Edwin B. Mastick, Jarvis Clement, Henry Robinson and myself. At the next election I became a member of the Board of Education along with Dr. Gibbons, Cyrus Wilson, M. Peck, and Mr. Becker. During this administration Alameda's first high school was built, and a fair was given which netted eight hundred dollars to be set aside for the future Free Public Library of Alameda.

A little later with several others I began the manufacture of red metallic paint, and in order to obtain the necessary materials we bought ninety-two acres of land from the Laundry Farm Syndicate, upon which we found great quantities of hematite ore for our purpose. We built a large mill equipped with the best modern machinery to supply the market with the finest pigments used in paint manufacture. Business looked prosperous, but just at that moment the mill burned down and my partners left me with the whole property on my hands to fight it out alone. The land was in a hilly and romantic country with a beautiful view, fine soil, and healthful climate, so I had it surveyed and divided into villa lots and sold them readily for homes. For a general improvement and for the pleasure-seeking public I put up a rather handsome hotel and store and both were patronized liberally especially on Sundays and holidays. In excavating for the

hotel site I became the lucky discoverer of a rich deposit of pyrites of iron, containing about fifty per cent of sulphur, which is very valuable in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. The Stauffer Chemical Company was a ready buyer of all the ore I could take out of the Alma mine, so named for one of my daughters. Later they bought the mine and the greater part of my ranch. It is said to be one of the largest deposits in the United States, and I was rather proud to be its discoverer, just fifty years after James W. Marshall discovered gold at Sutter's Mill.

Respectfully submitted,

FRITZ BOEHMER.

NOTE:—Mr. Boehmer resided in Alameda until his death, May 21, 1910, a successful capitalist and conscientious citizen who took a hand in almost every public enterprise, holding various official positions. He was also a member of many social organizations including the Elks, Odd Fellows, Masons, Knights of Pythias, Ancient Order of United Workmen, and the Society of California Pioneers.

Vol. IV. No. 3

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE
Editor
HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Assistant Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
SEPTEMBER 30, 1927

OFFICERS

OF THE

Society of California Pioneers

FROM JULY, 1927 TO JULY, 1928

President

OLIVER P. STIDGER

Vice-Presidents

Dr. Joseph A. Oliver.....San Francisco
James K. Moffitt.....San Francisco
Robert R. Russ.....San Francisco
William T. Hale.....San Francisco
J. H. Skinner.....San Francisco

Treasurer

CHARLES J. DEERING

Secretary and Historian

HENRY L. BYRNE

Marshal

J. H. P. GEDGE

Directors

JAMES P. TAYLOR
JOHN J. LERMEN
CHARLES S. CUSHING
L. J. SCOOFFY
E. A. DOUTHITT
H. L. VAN WINKLE
FRED. G. RUSS
DR. G. N. VAN ORDEN
F. de P. TELLER

QUARTERLY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

CONTENTS

PAGE

Remarks of President Oliver P. Stidger at the Annual Banquet of the Society, held at Hotel Mark Hopkins, July 7, 1927 113

Louis H. Bonestell, an Autobiography 117

Through the Straits of Magellan in 1849 137
By Edward E. Chever

Remarks of Oliver P. Stidger, President of the Society, at the Annual Banquet Held at Hotel Mark Hopkins on July 7, 1927

—o—

Mr. Toastmaster and Members of the Society of California Pioneers:

My first duty is to express to you my grateful appreciation of the honor you have conferred on me in electing me to the post which has been filled by so many distinguished men, and which brings each successive holder of it into such friendly contact with this historic Society.

I stand in the midst of men who have doubtless been the critics—I hope indulgent critics—of successive Presidents of this Society, the value of whose addresses on matters appertaining to the welfare of the Society has been most important, for by means of their deeper knowledge they have been able to submit to you more mature advice and counsel.

We are here to remember reverently those pioneer men and women who made our lives possible and who have now passed to silent and pathetic dust. Can you not see them dauntlessly moving over the trackless prairies, the roses of heaven deep on their cheeks, the fire of glorious conquest in their eyes? That which made them, and men and women like them, is imperishable. The hands that guided the empire of the prairie schooner are indeed motionless, the eloquent lips that counselled it are hushed, but the lofty spirit that concurred, resolved, and maintained it, lives on.

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

In these, our simple services of commemoration, we set forth not their worth, but our gratitude. It is not too much

to say that although ages may pass, and the population of this State overflow its outermost confines, each succeeding generation of American citizens will bear some trace of what those hardy pioneers of 1828-1849 advised and accomplished. I shall not on this occasion attempt a detailed narrative of their lives. To relate their history is to tell the story of this great West as it is today. Even to dwell on the more conspicuous incidents of their lives would cause me to trespass too far on the proper limits of this occasion.

"They came—the Founders of a State,
The men with spirit brave and free
Who snatched the magic wand of Fate
And shaped their own high destiny."

This evening we have with us four of our seven living Senior Members. The declining years of their lives present their characters in most delightful aspect, and furnish the happiest illustration of the clean, wholesome lives they led. Their evening of useful and honored leisure follows upon a youth and manhood of hazard and service, of long years of alternate trial and success.

With kindred lineage, principles, and ambitions we cannot emphasize too strongly the aims for which we stand. While honoring the past, our thoughts are toward the future. I am confident that you, all true descendents of our Pioneer fathers and mothers, will loyally co-operate in the plans and work of your Board of Directors for the coming year. I particularly want to emphasize the thought that we should not be confined to the narrow limits of any traditional policy. Blind adherence to tradition is not wise. We should not let the past hinder our progress. This Society can not stand still. It must move onward. From its founders in the "days of old, the days of gold" we have received certain inestimable rights, and to them we owe certain definite returns. We must not hide behind the selfish policy of isolation for we owe a great deal to civilization and should be potential in the councils of our City and State.

The glory of California is not alone in her institutions which our fathers founded and gave to us as a real heritage, but in that thoroughbred posterity which has descended from them, carrying with it the heart, the conscience, the will, and the power of our fathers to DO. I should like, with your help,

to write the history of California into the minds and hearts of all her children now and for all time. Let us see that the wonderful history of California shall be a mandatory study, that the Legislature of this State shall place in the curriculum of our schools, both public and private, a history of the men and women whose deeds made this great State the Commonwealth it is today.

I accept the Presidency of this Society conscious of my limitations and shall endeavor to emulate and carry on the work so well exemplified by Ex-Presidents Byrne, Lermen, Taylor, Gedge, Van Winkle, and Cushing. I am particularly proud to take up and carry on the historical program of my predecessor, Mr. Cushing, with whom I have had the pleasure to serve for the past several years. He has worked with determination for a definite purpose, and I feel I must indeed spur myself if I, in a measure, am to keep up the pace he has set. I am glad, too, to have the advice and assistance of the Grand Old Man of The Society of California Pioneers, our genial, capable and efficient Secretary and Historian, Henry L. Byrne, than whom no man is more revered and respected by the members of our Society. He has just reached the age of four score years. May we find him hale and hearty for many years yet to come.

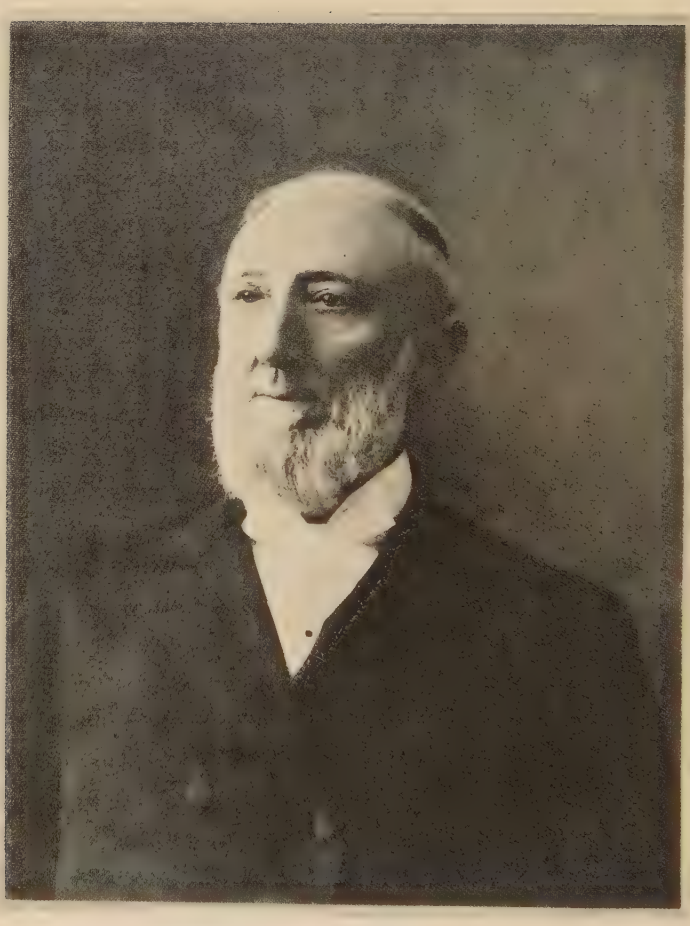
Let me repeat to you again the objects of this Society:

"To cultivate social intercourse among its members;

"To collect and preserve information connected with the early settlement and subsequent history of the country;

"To perpetuate the memory of those whose sagacity, energy and enterprise induced them to settle in the wilderness and become the founders of a new State."

Through prudent and capable management the Society of California Pioneers is in a sound financial condition and with your continued support and assistance can be made one of the most influential institutions in the West. As a historical Society we are well established, but as a social organization, without your aid, we will become extinct. It is for you, the youth of the Society, to carry on. We are in the proud possession of a glorious past, and are, I believe, resolute in purpose to meet the duties of the hour and of the coming year with an abiding faith in the ties of friendship that bind us together.



Louis H. Bonestell

Louis H. Bonestell

An Autobiography

—o—

Father's ancestors had emigrated from Holland about 1715 and settled on the Hudson River in New York. Hardy and rugged, fearless and adventurous, they had come determined to subdue the soil in these mountain fastnesses. Thus I was born a farmer at Catskill, in Green County, which lies in a small picturesque valley at the base of the Catskills. March 28, 1827, was my birthday, and I was the fourth of a family of nine children.

My first recollection is of being sent to school when I was four years old. Until I was eight I attended regularly. After that I could go only during the few short winter months, for boys in those days were supposed to work during the summer.

Induced by his younger brother to go into the tanning business, father leased our home place and we moved one hundred miles south to Sullivan County, driving our cattle, a pair of oxen hauling our household furniture and the family itself. He had bought three hundred acres, mostly mountain land covered with timber, within half a mile of a tiny village supported largely by the operation of three tanneries, because of the abundance of bark procurable there. Our tan factory was in the backwoods almost out of civilization, and was, of course, run by water power. The bark was brought to the mill in four foot lengths, my work being to feed it into the crusher.

From now on I did many things. At times I tended store, labored in the flour, saw, or lumber mills; again I assisted in the blacksmith's shop, in the tannery, on the farm, driving the team, or whatever the necessity required. And during the winter I went to the district school, though I learned little, for the "Pike Pond" school was a poor one.

Four years later father sold out his interest in the tannery and we moved back to the old home. There I found my old

friends so far ahead of me in education that, bitterly disappointed, I determined to better my own condition. Soon I found a place where I could work for my board while attending a good school. My duties were the care of some horses and cows, cutting the firewood, and doing the general work about my employer's home. Later I engaged myself to his son-in-law, a carpenter and builder, to learn his business—the first year to receive thirty dollars, the second, forty, the third, fifty. I was to live with him but to buy my own clothes.

I remained with this Mr. Joseph Heard for two years. When his business fell off alarmingly on account of his dissipated habits, I left and went to work for Mr. Barton Kinney, who had just contracted to build a hotel in the vicinity. From him I was to have eleven dollars a month. We went into the woods, cut down the timber, hewed it out, and after it had been hauled to the hotel site, rehewed it to the proper size. I did all the hewing. A disagreement with Mr. Kinney sent me back to the village where I had lived the past two years, and I worked there at my trade until the middle of the winter before returning to my father's home. All the family were still there. That winter, father, never a robust man, died of what we'd now call appendicitis.

I had managed to save two hundred dollars, but had loaned all but twenty-five to father earlier in the winter. So with that amount I went to New York City in March, 1846, and entered into a partnership with Henry Williston to do building and carpentering. His brother had married my sister and we boarded at their home until the fall of 1848.

Then news of the gold discovery reached the Atlantic. In spite of the doubts as to the credibility of the reports, Henry and I decided to be in the lead. We discussed various routes, first planning to sail in the old ship Apollo, but because of its suspected unseaworthiness we abandoned that idea. A Dr. Williamson was holding some meetings and giving information about the feasibility of the proposed route of a party who planned to go across Mexico from Vera Cruz to one of the ports on the west coast, Mazatlan, Acapulco or San Blas, and we promptly joined that expedition.

Including ourselves the party consisted of one hundred and thirty-eight. The barque "Mara" was chartered to take the

company to Vera Cruz for the sum of seven dollars each, each one to procure his own provisions for the voyage, which cost us about as much more. The vessel was fitted up with bunks along each side of the space between decks with a table running through the center and a stove at one end where we were to do our own cooking. We assembled on board at nine in the morning, though we didn't get started until three. Then all arrangements having been perfected, the vessel sailed from New York on January 31, 1849.

Nothing was ready for cooking and all being famished, the captain set out a supply of crackers and cheese to which we all helped ourselves. By evening no one seemed to want any dinner. That night we were extremely uncomfortable. There was no ventilation. Cooking, eating and sleeping in the hold of the ship did not bid fair to be agreeable. So Williston, observing two or three empty berths in a small house on deck, asked the Captain what he would charge to let us sleep there and eat at his table. Willingly we each paid seven dollars extra and were very comfortable throughout the trip.

After a pleasant twenty-one day voyage we reached Vera Cruz. Immediately we called on the American Consul and were advised that it would be the height of folly to attempt to cross the country with less than five hundred dollars each. I had one hundred and fifty, Williston had two hundred and fifty, which was the limit of most of our party. Some three or four were discouraged and returned home on the "Mara." However, with few exceptions we were young men of energy and pluck, and willing to undertake the journey and undergo whatever hardships and privations we might have to encounter.

After a good deal of consulting it was decided, owing to our limited means, to walk across the country, camping where we might be each night. We divided into clans of five men and each clan bought a mule to carry its baggage which consisted of bedding, clothing, provisions and cooking utensils. By the time we were ready to start it was two o'clock.

Our road led along the beach for a couple of miles before turning inland. None of us were experts at packing, so naturally the loading had been done rather indifferently. No sooner had we started than the pack saddles began to shift, the cooking utensils to rattle, the mules to kick. In a few minutes a

general stampede took place and the beach for two miles was strewn in maddening confusion with flour, sugar, coffee, hardtack, clothing, pans, and miscellaneous articles generally. And a more discouraged set of young men was seldom or never seen in the land of the Aztecs. A little consideration, however, was sufficient to convince all that but one thing remained to be done—to gather up the fragments not too much mixed with sand and reload the fractious mules. Happily we accomplished this by calling to our aid some Mexicans who knew how to pack, and soon we were again on our way.

About eight o'clock we camped for the first night a few miles from the coast. Mules were picketed, supper cooked, and, tired out, we lay down in our blankets to sleep, except those of us detailed for picket duty. This precaution was considered necessary inasmuch as we had been informed in Vera Cruz that the country was infested with guerrillas, and that we were liable to be attacked at any time of the day or night. So the vigilant squad pursued their weary rounds in the still dead of the night with eyes and ears alert to catch the first sound of an approaching robber or lawless bandit. An opportunity was thus given us to consider whether this pursuit of the Golden Fleece in the unknown wilds was not all a mistake, and whether a pleasant home was not far preferable to this pacing back and forth in the stillness of the night in a strange country, where at any moment a stray bullet from a straggling marauder might terminate one's existence. As the night wore away and the sun came out bright and cheerful the next morning, the somber shadows passed and buoyancy took the place of doubt and gloom.

So the party journeyed up to Jalapa some fifty miles from Vera Cruz. Tramping along, driving or leading the pack mules all day through the heat and dust, we camped when and where night overtook us. Eternal vigilance was necessary in guarding our animals lest the dreaded guerrillas, though not harming us, should steal them away.

On arriving at Jalapa it was questioned whether we had adopted the best mode of traveling. Some twenty-five of us, mostly from New York and calling ourselves the Manhattan Division, decided not, and accordingly determined to make a change for the better. Gathering together our extra baggage,

consisting of dress suits, white shirts, fancy cravats, dressing gowns, embroidered slippers, such as were not calculated to be useful in a mining camp, we offered them for sale on the sidewalk in front of the Maison. The Greasers bid for them freely and a few moments sufficed to close out the entire outfit at remunerative prices. The proceeds of the sale we used to buy us each a good horse. Then we started to ride across the country instead of "footing it" as first intended, carrying only such necessities as an extra hickory shirt, cotton overalls and a pair of blankets, all securely strapped behind the saddle.

The rest of the party finally bought a team to carry their baggage but continued their first plan of walking and camping. How they made out after leaving Guadalajara I never learned.

Our plan was to start in the early morning, by four o'clock, when the air was cool, ride thirty or forty miles, until it became too warm for comfort—usually we reached a town by that time—and remain there till the next morning. At such places we could find what they termed a "messuage" where they had rooms furnished only with tables and benches, and stalls for horses in the rear. We slept in our blankets on the stone floors, a cheap mode of living, but little money, little luxury.

Our route led along the main road from Vera Cruz to Guadalajara, through Pueblo, to the City of Mexico, Leon, and other places, till we reached Tepic. From Guadalajara to the Pacific there were no roads, so our party divided, some going to San Blas hoping to find vessels there bound for San Francisco, others journeying to Mazatlan. All transportation in Mexico at that time was carried by pack trains, each mule bearing from two to three hundred pounds, and a train would consist of from twenty-five to fifty mules. As the loads of many were longer than the animals themselves there was constant danger while winding up and down the mountain defiles of losing both animals and packs, for a misstep would tumble one down among the rocks below where if the brute escaped death he would have to be shot by the muleteer to put him out of his misery. Such accidents were not uncommon for the loads were so heavy that the slightest slip was sure to be disastrous.

An amusing incident took place which is worthy of mention. On the way from Guadalajara to Tepic we lost the trail one afternoon and after wandering for some time in a swamp, turned back to find it. We had just started on the right road when a jingling noise was heard behind us. On looking around we saw a party of six or eight of the most desperate looking men ever encountered in that land of desperadoes. They were dark, swarthy, and most repulsive, and all well armed and well mounted. That we were frightened, in fact badly scared, there was no doubt. The strangers were close upon us and we had but a moment to decide what should be done. We turned to one side, headed the horses to the trail and stopped, awaiting the attack. One man of our party who had been looking for just such an opportunity to display his heroism, now found his courage oozing out of his fingers and he exclaimed, "My God, my God; what shall I do?"

Directly I took hold of his arm or he would have fallen from his horse. Now for the joke. The party passed by without giving us more than a mere glance. They spurred their steeds on and then we feared they'd get ahead far enough to pick us off. So we also put spurs to our nags and followed as if in hot pursuit. On reaching the next town we found that the news had already been spread abroad that WE were the outlaws and were chasing the innocent Mexicans whom we had suspected were about to take our own scalps. In fact, we had some little difficulty to put the occurrence in the correct light before the authorities, for one of that company was a merchant of Guadalajara on his way to the coast, and carrying twenty-five thousand dollars to purchase merchandise. The others were his escort. He was perfectly safe though, for no sane man would care to attack such desperate looking characters.

The next place we reached was Tepic, the inland town for San Blas. Nearly all seaport towns in Mexico had a business base some twenty or forty miles inland. At Tepic we learned there was but one vessel at San Blas bound for California, and as she could take no more passengers, we continued to Mazatlan where two vessels, a brig and the schooner Dolphin, were loading for San Francisco. The latter was a craft of about sixty tons burden. Two of our company, who claimed to have

been sea captains, made an examination of the merits of the two vessels and reported that the schooner was by far the better craft. Agreeing with their decision we took passage on her, each paying sixty-five dollars fare to San Francisco. It turned out later that Captain Winslow, who claimed to be the owner, had really made himself so by the use of our passage money, and had not had enough left to buy sufficient water and provisions for the trip. We didn't know that and most of the men, with their passage assured, had gambled away what money they had left at the Monte tables at Mazatlan. There really was a scarcity of water tanks and little room in which to place them, so two long dug-outs were placed at each side of the deck, filled with water and canvassed over.

When all was in readiness we went aboard and sailed out of the harbor. Then we found that neither of the "sea captains" who had reported on the superiority of the schooner were sailing with us. There had been room for two or three to go on the brig, and to secure these places for themselves they had misled the less knowing ones off to the schooner. The brig reached San Francisco in thirty days. The schooner never got that far. It rode the waves well enough in rough weather but was not properly rigged to make headway against the strong coast winds, and after having been out twenty-eight days some of us began to get uneasy as we seemed to make very little northerly progress.

Besides, no sooner had we gotten out to sea than the motion of the vessel loosened the covering of the canoes on deck and our water was thrown out when the canoes were pitched overboard. Now we were indeed uneasy when we realized that our entire water supply would only last us about ten days longer. The captain was advised that our only safety lay in putting the vessel about square before the wind, so as to make land as quickly as possible. He was unwilling, insisting that he could make the Sandwich Islands. But after a little further consultation one of the men walked back to the helm, put the vessel about, and headed for land. Then only he reluctantly consented. We were put on an allowance of half a pint of water each per day. With strong favorable winds we reached the coast in six days at a point about a hundred miles north of Cape St. Lucas.

Landing was effected about five in the afternoon. Each of us had a claret bottle half full of water, half a pound of rice and two pieces of hardtack, and that constituted our entire supply of provisions.

Fruitlessly we searched for water. Then Mr. Kline, one of the older men of the party, more experienced and wiser, advised that our safety depended on journeying inland where there was a probability of finding timber and with that, water. We started and when darkness came pitched camp a few miles back from the coast. Each man had a pair of blankets. There was a hatchet or two in the company, a small spade, and a very few simple cooking utensils.

Next day we traveled over hill and down dale. The face of the country was rocky, bleak and barren. Cactus was the only vegetation and rattlesnakes the only animal life. We journeyed until noon and then halted to rest in the shade of some projecting rocks, the first shelter offered against the rays of the burning sun. The heat was intense and the members of the party came straggling up, some footsore and weary, others completely exhausted, disheartened and discouraged. The weaker had thrown away their blankets, and even with their scant supplies of rice had had great difficulty in keeping up with their stronger companions. Having been on short allowance on board the Dolphin, and having exercised so little, they were in no condition to endure a tramp so exhausting as this.

Our only thought was to find water, and after resting a bit we began a search among the rocks. Two of the men had brought their dog all the way from New York and 'twas he, who sniffing around found moisture at the edge of a rock. Excitedly he barked and dug until he unearthed an abundance of water. We spent the afternoon and evening cooking what little rice we had and filling every utensil that would hold it with the precious fluid. Some of the boys who had rubber blankets even attempted to pack an extra supply, but found them as impractical as the canoes on board the Dolphin.

Next morning we started early and hiked until ten when we reached the edge of a deep ravine. A silvery stream ran through it, and, shimmering in the bright sun, it thrilled our hearts. The hillsides were steep, rocky, and dangerous of descent, but all reached the bottom in safety. Then to our dis-

may we found that the water, though clear, was so strongly impregnated with mineral that it was impossible to drink it. This was most disheartening as many had thrown away their tiny stock on seeing the beautiful stream which had deceived us so lamentably. We thought that perhaps the water would improve nearer the source, so followed it up, but the search proved unsuccessful. Now the situation was indeed dark and gloomy.

Many who had held on carrying their blankets, now cast them away. Some of the more courageous picked them up only to discard them again speedily. Every man made his burden as light as possible, trusting to luck for succor. Early in the afternoon as we continued up the ravine we discovered some mule tracks. They were like an electric shock to every one of us! When we camped for the night four of us dined sumptuously on a stew made of a tiny bird about the size of a sparrow. I had shot it, the only animal life, excepting snakes, that we had seen. Some who were entirely out of provisions made a soup of rattlesnakes. Curiosity prompted me to taste it, and had I not known what it was, assuredly would have thought it chicken soup. It became a regular dish for some and all admitted it was palatable. Distressed as we were, we made merry, told stories and sang songs which made the welkin ring, and that night we all slept the happier sleep of earlier days.

In the morning we discovered a trail which later proved to be the Lower California trail. Though many were footsore and lame we made an early start. The trail was rough and rocky and steep. The sun poured its fierce rays down upon us, but we soon came to a brook and halted to refresh ourselves. Though the twigs of the prickly pears we found proved edible, they were difficult to eat, for their nettles lacerated our mouths and lips.

By this time our condition was truly dispiriting. The more dejected would have yielded to utter despair had it not been for the encouragement of the rest of us who took a more hopeful view of the situation. Towards night we missed Williston. No one had any idea of his whereabouts. Another fellow and I retraced our way and found him a few miles back in the shade of a large cactus. We let him sleep until toward

evening, and when we awakened him he was a sad spectacle. Although somewhat rested he was sick and lame and ready to abandon hope itself. He wanted to be left alone to die, but finally when night came and it was cooler we induced him to accompany us. About nine o'clock we saw a light ahead and concluded our party had found some habitation, but on reaching them found they had come upon an old horse left there near water and pasture. They had killed him and were dividing up the meat. No one seemed to object to eating horse-beef. The brute had been abandoned by a Mr. Gleason whom I had the pleasure of meeting some years later in Marysville. He was much interested in what had become of the poor horses he had been compelled to abandon when they became too lame to travel over the rocky routes on the Peninsula. What a boon they proved to our party of semi-starved emigrants! We spent the next day drying the meat so we could carry it for food enroute. All of us were refreshed, reinvigorated, and hopeful save one poor fellow named Melville who had been taken ill the previous day. So we left him behind with two companions to care for him.

With three or four others I went on in advance of the party and after a tedious march of two days we came upon a good camping ground about eight o'clock in the evening. Now came an agreeable surprise. Just as we were unrolling our blankets for the night's repose, one man thought he heard the sound of bells in the distance. All listened intently for a few minutes. Nothing more was heard and it was concluded he had heard imaginary rather than real notes of a bell. But I was fully convinced shortly after that the sounds were really those of a bell, and soon, when the wind became favorable we all heard it ringing. In a few minutes we resumed our march and went almost on a run for about two miles over a rocky desert-like region until we came to a deserted Mission known as San Fernando. It was in ruins save for one arch over the main doorway in which hung the venerable bell that had led us again to civilization. Its only residents were an aged Indian and his wife who still rang the bell at eventide. Never were hearts more gladdened than when its dulcet notes allured us to this spot. We made it ring as it had not been heard in years and gradually the rest of our party came straggling up.

The Indians had nothing to sell except about eight quarts of corn, which we soon put in a large kettle and boiled. It was midnight before the last man arrived to take his supper and then lie down to dream of the promised land now so near, yet still so far.

The next day we purchased part of an acre of wheat, just ripened, from the Indian, and, helped by his wife, some of our lads pulled it up by the roots, whipped it out, parched and ground it up as the Mexicans grind corn for tortillas on a stone somewhat similar to an ordinary washboard without grooves, and a stone the size and shape of a rolling pin. It gave us each about half a pint of parched wheat, sufficient for two and a half days' provisions. We were told that with smart walking we could reach Rosario in that time. As we now knew what was to be accomplished and where we should come, the trip was a comparatively joyous one, especially since we were so much better equipped for traveling.

At Rosario, which lies two miles from the coast, we found the land of plenty, a broad valley, several rancherias, an abundance of real beef, frijoles, delicious cheese and other edibles. Men and horses were promptly sent back to bring up those left in charge of Melville, who was still very ill.

At Rosario we spent several days reconnoitering and heard with joy it was but three hundred miles to San Diego. We followed the trail that runs nearest the coast and the second night from Rosario came to the small bay of San Sebastian. There the schooner Dolphin was, having managed to get that far up the coast! Some eight or ten of the party, including the sick man, returned to the ship. The rest of us preferred to take our chances by land though the tramp onward was slow, tedious and tiresome in the extreme and the weather insufferably hot.

When we were ready to start again Williston was quite unable to travel. His wretched shoes were no longer fit for duty and his feet had given out completely. Between us we had six or eight dollars and a shotgun with which we bought a small horse, a mere pony. It could carry Williston, but nothing more. So he rode all the way to San Diego. I myself packed his blankets. Our route took us through San Ramon, San Rafael, Laguna and San Miguel. After leaving the coast

it was very hot through the day though cool at night. The country was more or less settled and we were able to find food and water as needed though our menu was not only simple but meager.

We reached San Diego on June 22nd and saw the Stars and Stripes floating from a flagstaff for the first time since leaving New York. At that time San Diego was a small place located some six miles from the entrance of the harbor, not at all its present location. Some United States troops were there under Major Justin McKinstry preparing to establish the boundary line between the United States and Mexico as determined at the close of the Mexican War.

We were now about six hundred miles from our final destination, penniless, among strangers. Williston and I had some very good letters of introduction to people in San Francisco which we presented to Major McKinstry when we asked him for work. After considering the matter he asked if I knew aught of carpentry. I did. He took me in to look at a small sixteen by twenty foot building that had the walls up about twelve feet. He wanted it finished off for an office and said that if I could do it he would pay me five dollars a day and furnish provisions for me, I to do my own cooking. I eagerly accepted his offer. Then came the problem of Williston who was in no condition for manual labor. However, I had the temerity to ask for a twenty-five dollar advance on my wages to send him on to San Francisco with the others and he started away on his pony.

It took me two months to finish the little building. There was lumber, though rough, and tools of all kinds and I was given a team and men to go some seven miles to cut timber for floor joists, ceiling beams and rafters. Most of the time the Major sat near watching me while I worked. He was a kind and generous friend and when I was through he asked me to go along as a general mechanic for ten dollars a day. He was quite disappointed when I decided not to accept, which I might have done had it not been that Williston was in San Francisco waiting for me. Instead, I went to camp on the beach to await the arrival of the Steamship Panama then on her way up the coast from Panama on her second voyage to this port.

Whilst there a strange vessel came into the harbor which gave the captain of the port no small amount of anxiety, the craft being neither ship, brig, barque, sloop nor schooner rigged. In fact, she had no rigging left and was taken for a sort of piratical cruiser. All preparations were made to give her a warm reception. Still, on she came and did not stop to drop anchor, but ran straight onto the beach. Lo, she proved to be the ill-fated Dolphin in which we had sailed from Mazatlan. She had worked her way up the coast, running in when opportunity offered to take supplies aboard, until she reached a point about due west from the Golden Gate. Then her bows parted and they had to put her before the wind, secure the break with chain and sail, and make for the first harbor they could find.

The vessel was condemned and sold for six hundred dollars and the proceeds divided among the few passengers then on board, all within six days from the time of her arrival. It did not take three hundred and sixty-five days then to get a case tried before a court after proceedings were commenced. The man who bought her floated her out into deep water on the first high tide and she at once sank out of sight. That was the end of the Dolphin.

At length the steamer Panama entered port and I took passage on her for San Francisco paying sixty dollars for a deck passage. It was neither first cabin, second cabin, nor steerage, but instead "Hobson's choice," a sort of standing deck passage. There were twelve to fifteen hundred souls aboard. Every room was occupied. I slept on deck rolled up in my blankets. For meals we had to stand in line waiting our turn to get a pint tin cup of black coffee, a little salt pork, and a couple of hardtack, the same food night and morning. August 18, 1849, we entered the Golden Gate. The small scow which took us from the ship stuck in a mud flat and we were carried to shore on the backs of men hired for that purpose. Williston had gone to Sacramento, so I left immediately in a small sail boat to join him, and for lack of steady wind we were six days on the way.

Williston and I secured a "cradle" such as was then used for mining and six of us—our luggage hauled by an ox team—walked some fifty miles to Coloma. For a few days we mined

there, but the ground had been about all worked over and we moved up toward the foothills to a ravine which showed good prospects but had no water. We had to pack the dirt nearly a mile to work it. I couldn't stand it—came down with ague which quinine, even at six dollars an ounce, didn't cure.

There was nothing to do but return to San Francisco, ill as I was and almost destitute. One October morning about ten o'clock I stopped on the corner of Jackson and Montgomery streets to watch some workmen tearing down a cloth shanty and preparing to erect a frame building.

Answering my request the foreman looked me over and said I didn't look as though I could do much. However, I got some tools, a hammer and a saw, and worked for him for three months for twelve dollars a day. Within a few days Williston appeared. It seems the rest of them became discouraged at the mine soon after I left and scattered, Williston following me to the city. He, too, arrived completely destitute and as he was unable to find employment I provided for him for nearly six months.

After three months the carpenters struck for sixteen dollars a day and were laid off. Then I started a shop to make "cradles" for mining and did quite a business, even hiring two or three men. After mining methods improved and the demand for "cradles" ceased I closed my shop, ending my career as a carpenter.

Next I bought out the newspaper route of the Alta California for six hundred dollars. Williston joined me as a partner and we hired boys to assist in delivering the papers. Six or eight months later the owners decided that the hired boys had no incentive to take on new subscribers and they wished each boy to own his own route. Seeing trouble ahead we sold out for twelve hundred and eighty dollars.

Williston had succeeded in getting a position on the Alta California, where he made from forty to sixty dollars a week. Even before leaving New York he had talked about going into the book and stationery business and I consented to go in with him in 1851. Soon we built up quite a business, while he continued his work on the paper. Next he wanted to start a newspaper of our own, arguing that we could use it to advertise our stationery business at small expense. While I

hadn't much faith in the plan I finally acceded to it and he went to New York to buy a printing plant.

We called our paper the "Wide West" and issued it weekly on Sunday. Williston edited and managed it. I continued to manage the stationery business. He had real ability as an editor but lacked business sagacity and soon ran us hopelessly in debt. However, when the creditors came for payment he was able to find some men who were willing to finance him for another year. Then the "Wide West" went out of existence.

The demise of our paper left me without a business or money, though my home on Stockton street, between Pine and Bush, was unencumbered. And, by the way, we lived in that same house, with some additions, continuously until it was burned in 1906.

I had married Miss Mary Libby in Marysville in 1851. One of the first public school teachers in San Francisco, she taught originally in Happy Valley, near where the corner of Powell and Eddy streets is now. Frequently on winter days the children had to sit on the tops of their desks when the water came in and covered the floor. The principal was William Denman, a very good educator but deficient in English grammar, which she taught him. She had come out alone from Maine in 1850 and lived here with some Maine people at the corner of Pine and Leidesdorff streets. This story she told illustrates the condition of the streets at that time. One day while in the back yard she heard a peculiar sound as of rushing feet. Alarmed, she hurried into the house and from a window she saw a troop of hundreds of rats that had taken complete possession of the sidewalk, while passers-by ran into the street to avoid them. In those days of hoop skirts and frills, of few women and many men, she said she was often conscious of being followed in a most respectful manner by miners whom she knew were watching her purely for the pleasure and relief to the eye that an attractive picture would have given them.

An acquaintance named White had a small hay and grain business and he thought that with a little more capital it could be greatly increased. So I borrowed a thousand dollars to put into it and entered his employ for seventy-five dollars a month for six months, at the end of which time, if the business warranted, I was to go into partnership with him. But when that

THE BONESTELLS AT HOME

Mr. L. H. Bonestell at the Gate, Mrs. Bonestell and Cutler L. on the Porch, Blanche and Chesley K. on the Sidewalk

time came I saw no future ahead for the business and resigned, losing my thousand dollars. The only thing I did get was a judgment, but in the meantime he had closed up his affairs.

I then joined Mr. Clark in the storage business. He was a brother of Grace Greenwood, the writer. We rented two large buildings on Sacramento, near Front street, and things promised well for we soon had them filled with goods. Then the Vigilance Committee was organized and they rented the building next to our warehouse. Inside of a week every dollar's worth of goods was withdrawn from our building, for all kinds of depredations were threatened against the Vigilance Committee's headquarters and our customers feared we would be fired, too. We had barrels and barrels of spirits of different kinds in the basement. They were on skids as the basement had six inches of stagnant water on the floor and while down there overseeing the moving I caught a fever and was very ill for two months.

After recovering I took a position in a book and stationery store at a hundred dollars a month—opened the doors at seven a. m., swept out and got things ready for business and stayed on the job till I closed up at ten at night. After a few months I went to work for Mr. J. J. LeCount, remaining with him till he went out of business. Two of his former employees, John G. Hodge and Frank S. Wood, had started a stationery business of their own. I joined them and became manager, for Mr. Wood died soon after and Mr. Hodge spent most of his time in New York.

Rather tired of business I left the city in 1878 to farm a ranch I had acquired near Bakersfield. My two sons went with me, but none of us had had any experience and after eight months of complete failure, we returned to San Francisco to the field I knew. I became the representative of the A. D. Remington Company, paper manufacturers of Watertown, New York. They had contracts to supply some of the daily papers of San Francisco. While associated with them I operated their paper mill at Alviso, near San Jose. It was, in fact, the mill originally built by James Lick for a flour mill. A year later I bought out their western interests and founded the present firm of Bonestell & Company.

Note: Mr. Bonestell's story was written in 1906, so to his son, Mr. Cutler L. Bonestell, we are indebted for the following brief account of his father's later years.

At the time of the San Francisco fire, Mr. Bonestell was still living in his old home at 512 Stockton Street and his business was located at Sacramento and Sansome Streets. Very early, of course, the fire reached his office and it was soon evident everything would be destroyed, so he had the safe opened and all the books removed to a delivery wagon. Having had experience in several early fires he knew just what to do and prepared to open an office in the basement of his home. Soon realizing that, too, was doomed, he made his way on foot to the ferry via the Western Addition and North Beach and crossed to Oakland. This when he was seventy-nine years old and had broken his leg in two places the year before, and was still obliged to walk with a crutch!

He found a location in Oakland and within a few days was doing business there, for he had merchandise in several warehouses in San Francisco, one of which was not destroyed, and other merchandise, ordered before the fire, was constantly arriving. Immediately he began to look for a location in San Francisco and as soon as the debris was cleared away he acquired a property on the corner of Sixth and Howard Streets, where he erected a building.

His joy at returning was so great that he wanted to give some evidence of it. He had the furniture of his office and salesrooms loaded into trucks at Oakland. All his working force, office assistants, salesmen, and porters climbed in, too. He hired a band, and arriving on this side of the bay he and his grandson, riding in a buggy, headed the procession up Market Street! It was one of the first bands heard in San Francisco after the fire and all along the way people came running out to applaud his spirit. Only a pioneer of '49 would at his age have had the courage to undertake a like performance.

Business prospered again under his active and careful management and it was not until his ninety-second year that he retired. His main interest in life had always been work well accomplished. With that he was content, financial return was to him a secondary consideration. He was indulgently interested in young people and there are many men in this city whose success can be largely attributed to the assistance and influence he exerted in their behalf. For a number of years

he was on the Board of Directors of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, the San Francisco Lying-in Hospital and Foundling Asylum, and the San Francisco Benevolent Association. Then, too, the Unitarian Church in San Francisco owes a great deal to him for his constructive work on their Board of Trustees.

His life was that of the average, normal, successful business man. There were no spectacular occurrences in it. To be sure, he encountered reverses that would have disheartened other men, but he invariably set about with undiminished energy to replenish his exhausted exchequer. He was a genial and companionable gentleman, strict and exacting in the counting room, nevertheless popular alike with all with whom he had business or social relations. He never accepted a political appointment though his interest in all civic matters led him to spend both time and money to further the growth and activities of the community. As a young man, in the days before our paid fire department, he was a member of the Sansome Street Hook and Ladder Company, and gaily responded to fire after fire until one day a fireman in the upper story of a burning building, kicked a drawer out of the window, which in falling struck him, both severely injuring his shoulder and killing his enthusiasm for firefighting.

That his life had been full and satisfying he himself reminded his family, gathered about him only a few days before his death (June 8, 1919), when he said he was entirely comfortable, had no worries, and was truly a happy man.

———o———

Edward E. Chever

Through the Straits of Magellan in 1849

—o—

BY EDWARD E. CHEVER

A book was published a few years ago in Boston by Edward H. Savage entitled "Five Thousand Boston Events, 1630 to 1880," and one of the "events" was the sailing of the "Saltillo," December 27, 1848, "the first vessel from Boston to the gold regions of California." It was my fortune to be one of the passengers on board the "Saltillo." At the time I kept a record of the incidents of the voyage and my first experiences of life in California, little expecting anyone would be interested in their narration forty years later.

The "Saltillo" was a brig of less than three hundred tons, with a cargo of general merchandise including a large shipment of alcohol. The Captain was a remarkably handsome man, sociable and possessed of many winning qualities, but unfortunately for himself and his associates, he drank to excess. The passengers, twelve in number, were a fair average of the advance guard of the gold hunters, and the voyage to the Straits of Magellan was long enough for all of us to become well acquainted. Together we had seen whales, flying fish and waterspouts; had caught sharks and albatross, and, near the equator, had fallen in with an English ship, an East Indiaman, which took letters from us for home, to be sent via England.

According to the entry in my journal at noon on March 15, 1849, we were in the South Atlantic, Latitude South 51° 59′, Longitude West 68° 05′. The cry of "Land Ho!" soon after dinner called everyone on deck, and in my eagerness I climbed to the main top. "The first bit of land," reads my journal, "resembles a blue cloud, but a landsman needs to get

much nearer before he would recognize it. Cape Virgins it is, a table mountain with precipitous sides three hundred feet high." It was the first land we had seen for eighty days.

The Captain had decided to go through the Straits, but we were disappointed in our expectations of anchoring there that night for a heavy breeze sprang up towards evening and we "stood off" again. The wind finally became a gale. It howled through the rigging, and the brig, pitching violently, was put under storm sail. Next day the wind moderated and we headed for land. Within a few miles of Cape Virgins the wind favored us and we tacked and passed by into the Straits.

Although the weather was cold everyone was on deck. Flocks of sea fowl were flying near and some of the passengers were shooting at them. Sea lions were numerous, hundreds of penguins stood erect along the shore resembling soldiers on dress parade, and near us several whales were spouting. At noon we ran in and anchored in ten fathoms of water, but barely did we furl our sails before a squall struck us. The brig dragged her anchor and drifted toward land.

A hail storm beat on our heads, and the waves began to roll with such violence and swiftness that before we had ridden one wave another would strike us, sending its crest over the vessel. The Captain ordered the anchor to be hove up and all hands, including the crew, passengers, and cook manned the windlass. There was not much merit in serving as a volunteer under the circumstances. We were being driven ashore in an uninhabited country on a rocky, dangerous coast in cold weather, and our exertions, however well intended, accomplished nothing. We would gain a few fathoms of chain when a wave would strike, go over us and take out more chain than we had drawn in.

The Captain ordered, "Let go the other anchor!"

The crew was sent aloft to send down the topmasts. Until night the work of securing and stowing away spars went on in the rain and cold. The vessel pitched so violently that the bowsprit was often under water. But at six o'clock the anchors held and we had dinner and supper as one meal.

Then I turned in for sleep with a pillow on each side of me to keep me in my berth. The sailors were very much

fatigued having been on duty forty-eight hours, so my offer to stand watch during the night, if needed, resulted in my being called before morning. My companion was an old salt who had seen service as a sailor on the Atlantic coast and throughout the night he told me tales of his voyages.

By morning the storm was over and orders were given to heave up the anchors. It was done in true nautical style, all hands working the capstan, keeping time to a song of the sailors, the passengers joining in the chorus. One of the anchors was polished as bright as silver by being dragged so far through the sand. After breakfast the cry of "Sail Ho!" caused quite an excitement. It proved to be a fore and aft craft, a schooner, and we were pleased at the prospect of having company during our voyage through the Straits. We kept our relative distance ahead of her until late in the afternoon, then anchored near Cape Possession, three miles from shore. Not a breath was stirring by this time and the Captain offered the use of a boat to any who might wish to go ashore. Quite a number of us accepted eagerly. Hastily we unfastened it, pulled off the lashings, threw out the firewood which had been stored in it and finally launched the boat, ten of us making the crew.

We had a long pull before we reached the shore. The beach which at a distance looked like sand, proved to be cobble-stones of considerable size. Some distance out, where the surf was breaking, the boat grounded and we had to jump out into water waist deep, and drag the boat up on the beach. Exploring the country within short limits we found the sand hills were covered in places with a low growing, aromatic, evergreen shrub. Between the ridges were valleys containing a varied vegetation. The land had seemed dismal enough to us from on board ship when the wind was howling through the rigging and clouds of sand were drifting over these hills.

It was quite dark when I returned to the boat which the tide, in going out, had left a long distance from the water. A heavy squall was coming and I called many times before getting an answer from my fellow explorers. It took our united efforts to carry our boat back to water, and at first we were uncertain as to our direction. The wind was rising and occasionally the bow of the boat would fall from a sea

and take in water. Some of the boys were pretty badly frightened and to keep up their spirits we sang several songs, but the rowing was such hard work we had to stop singing. By this time a light was hung out from the brig for our guidance, and when we reached her it was to find the Captain very anxious about us, for when we stopped singing he had feared an accident. The wind had increased to a gale and we congratulated ourselves on having reached safety. The schooner had anchored a few miles from us before dark, and had hoisted the American flag. Next morning she was missing.

The wind blew a gale all day and the brig lay at anchor. As it was very cold we tried to keep warm by putting on extra clothing and visiting the fire in the galley. Next morning with a favoring wind we sailed, running across Possession Bay in full sight of Mount Aymond and the Asses' Ears. The latter are appropriately named for the similitude is easily recognized. They seemed to be mountains of considerable height in the interior, and served as landmarks for navigators. The tide and wind were in our favor and we moved along at fourteen miles an hour. By afternoon we reached the "First Narrows," whose breadth is a trifle over two miles wide. The cliffs on either side were high, white in color, and full of holes and with our spy glasses we could see that they were occupied by sea fowls. Farther on we saw many Guanacos.

In leaving the Narrows the Captain ran his vessel near the growing kelp which marks a shoal described in our charts. He usually was fearful of shoal water, but he had been drinking to excess and had become quite reckless. The wind was dying away, the sky was black and threatening and it was about time for the tide to turn. In the bow the second mate was taking soundings. He called six fathoms. There was absolute stillness except for the shrill cries of the sea fowl. Each sounding gave less and less water until he called four and a half. Much frightened, the man at the wheel misunderstood orders and we were almost on a shoal when a sudden squall struck us and sent us flying from danger. Sail was shortened and we ran in until we were opposite Gregory Bay where we anchored four miles from shore in an open roadstead fronting the "Second Narrows."

Night, accompanied by a drizzling rain, came on very dark,

and we anticipated trouble with the Captain. He should have sailed into the harbor instead of anchoring outside in threatening weather. There was no one else competent to manage the vessel. In his maudlin state he fancied the sailors were dilatory and trying to shirk, and for punishment ordered them into the rigging to take in the studding-sail booms. After some delay this was accomplished in the dark, but when additional punishment was threatened three of the best sailors refused to do duty. Furious, the Captain took out his pistols, ordered all hands to come out from the forecastle, and then had it searched and every bit of food removed before imprisoning the disobedient sailors therein and nailing the doors. He was as crazy as a lunatic. Said he would kill the first man who came aft the mainmast, and walking up to me, wanted to know what I thought of the matter.

"You're excited," I told him, "I'd rather talk some other time."

He stamped his feet and swore that the brig might remain there until his hair grew gray. It was a tempestuous night in more ways than one. The winds drove the waves from the Narrows against us, the vessel pitched terribly. There was insufficient chain paid out to the anchor and at times the brig would surge downward under a wave when the chain would render around the windlass, making a dismal complaint against such ill usage. I kept my clothing on as there was every chance of shipwreck before morning.

Mason, son of one of the owners of the brig, and I talked over the trouble and its cause in the morning. On deck was a cask of sherry wine we had found floating at sea, also a demijohn of brandy. We emptied both, and as the weather continued stormy, remained at anchor all day. The sailors were returned to duty. That day a vessel flying the French flag came out from the Second Narrows and sailed on toward the Atlantic.

We had more squalls the next day. Our anchors were raised for they were fouled, and after we had drifted nearer shore we anchored again. A boat was offered and six of us set off for shore on an exploring expedition. The surface of the country there was undulating, and mountainous in the distance. All about us we found a small red and white berry,

very palatable, growing on a low evergreen vine. Also we killed a good many ducks and geese to take back to the ship, a very welcome addition to our menu.

That night my watch on deck was from two o'clock until four in the morning. The weather was clear and cold. Squalls continued all the next day so we sailed nearer the shore and dropped anchor again.

"Sail Ho!" proved to be a schooner coming from the Atlantic. She was in full sight all day beating against the wind and tide, but by night she had passed us and dropped her anchors four miles beyond us. She sailed like a witch and we saw so many men on her decks that we concluded she must have passengers.

In the morning we left our companion at anchor and beat through the Second Narrows with the tide in our favor. We crossed the Royal Roads and anchored on the north side of Elizabeth Island. Snow-capped mountains twelve hundred feet high were in sight. There were Indians in this vicinity and a fresh water lake where ducks and geese were plentiful. The next day we beat into Laredo and anchored. Here all the passengers went ashore, armed to the teeth, expecting to meet hostile Indians. We followed the Indian trail for miles but did not meet any of the redskins. The country proved to be very interesting and attractive. The temperature was delightful. Many varieties of flowers were yet in bloom, and there were trees with lovely fragrant leaves. We found a lake enclosed by wooded hills which sent back the reverberations of the reports of our guns. Far away in the distance were dark mountains whose snowy peaks reflected the sunshine.

When we returned to the beach the schooner, now anchored near the "Saltillo," was sending a boat ashore so we hastened down to welcome the newcomers. Their vessel was the "Anthem," owned and sailed by a company of forty-five men who had started from New York twenty days after we left Boston. Also they told us the name of the first schooner we had seen was the "Iowa" from Sag Harbor, and that she was at anchor only a few miles distant. We had a pleasant talk and after supper our Captain accepted an invitation to visit the "Anthem." The gathering reminded me of a town meeting.

Nothing but an El Dorado could have drawn such a curious crowd so far away from home. One man wearing a long drab coat and slouch hat with an indescribably comic air had been the skipper of a down east sloop. There were several professional looking gentlemen who wore glasses, some who shaved clean, and more who had full beards, and one boy with bright blue eyes and light hair seemed to be there by accident. Best of all we saw newspapers published since we had left home that confirmed the stories of the gold discoveries. All that night I suffered with a toothache.

Quoting from my diary: "Sunday, March 25th. The "Anthem" sailed at daylight. We followed. Favorable winds and warmer weather. Soon after the "Iowa" came in sight. Until noon we kept the same relative distances apart. Then the wind died away and the "Anthem" left us behind. The water was like a mirror reflecting the steep wooded mountain sides with the snow on their summits and the fleecy clouds which often settled below them. Mount Sarmiento, in plain sight, is over 6800 feet high. At sunset the snow on the mountains reflected the colors of the clouds in a gorgeous illumination, a scene to be remembered for life.

"In company with the "Iowa," we anchcored at Point St. Marys. Near the shore was a ship flying Chilean colors and on the beach were men, women, barrels, boxes, and cases of luggage of all kinds. There was but one house there behind which lines and lines of drying clothes fluttered in the gentle breeze. To our surprise, we learned this was the beginning of a Penal Colony, to be settled by Chilean convicts. There is another colony of this kind at Port Famine, thirty-five miles from here. Some of us wanted to land, with permission to walk to Port Famine, but the Captain was obdurately unwilling."

Next day we got under way early with a land breeze laden with the fragrance of trees. At noon, with the "Iowa," we anchored at Freshwater Bay, and here the Captain surprised seven of us with permission and provisions to travel overland to Port Famine. We carried guns and crackers and cheese.

The air during the day was warm. In Indian file we trudged along an old tree shaded horse trail, our hats in our hands. Once we met a Chilean on horseback driving a hog

which had a lasso over its shoulders. Behind him, on a pony with a colt following, was a very pretty Spanish girl. When night came we camped near fresh water and built an enormous camp fire. Firewood was abundant. Each of us was to take a turn at guard duty and replenish the fire, but as a matter of fact all stood guard at once. The night was cold, the air keen and biting. Your side next the fire scorched while the other one seemed cold as ice itself. Cries of wild cats were heard, but we were not disturbed by them.

The trail we followed was the most primitive kind. It led in some places through dense dark woods where sunlight could not enter, at other times it came out near the shore in sight of the beach. The only animal I saw was a sea-lion sunning itself on a rock. In one place the trail zig-zagged around and over a steep hill where the earth had been washed away and we stepped from one tree root to another. I was far ahead of the others when I met some Chilean boys who went with me to Port Famine, a settlement of four hundred persons. There was an adobe fort there with palisades whose armament consisted of some old iron cannon. Although there were a few wooden houses, most were of adobe and none seemed designed for comfort. The smoke was expected to pass out through a hole left in the roof for that purpose and the appearance of everything suggested a camp.

The "Saltillo" and "Iowa" were in sight coming in under sail. In the harbor below was the "Anthem" at anchor. She had arrived the day before. A Chilean man-of-war, the "Condor," was also in the harbor. I met an intelligent-looking Chilean who addressed me in good English with "How do you do?" However, he wouldn't answer any of my questions for with those words he had exhausted his English vocabulary. Fortunately for me he understood my Spanish and I gained a little information. Their habits were similar to those of other people of Spanish descent on this continent. They ground their wheat by hand and baked it as tortillas in the ashes. They had money but used the skins of llamas and cougars for trade and were keenly anxious to trade for "habon," or soap, which was at that time very scarce and in great demand. We saw two tame llamas in an enclosure near the fort.

The officers and passengers of the several different vessels visited each other while we stayed at Port Famine; the other Chilean ship also arrived and when we left, a day or two later, the American ships sailed away together. The following day a "williwaw," or sudden squall that blows from the mountains, drove us into Saint Nicholas Bay. It rained all day and night, but we went ashore and found the first Indians we had seen. There were four men, two women and a child, and they had come from the southern side of the Straits in canoes. Except for the skins of wild animals thrown over their shoulders they wore no clothes. Later they paddled their canoes to our ship and feasted on sea biscut. To our surprise one arrived in semi-civilized garb, a shirt and a blanket, and when he danced with one of our passengers, a chap of ministerial countenance and garbed in a long black surtout, it convulsed the crowd. One very ugly-looking Indian assented to everything we told him, admitting without argument that he was a tough customer, a great rascal, and finally, a liar. The squaws seemed to do all the work, paddled the canoes, bailed out the water as it came in, and looked after the fire which burned on a bed of coarse gravel in the bottom of the canoes. Two of the girls were fairly attractive. They would study us when unobserved, but when we looked at them they drew their skin robes closer and stood with eyes cast down.

That evening the American vessels got under way by mistake. We had seen the Chilean ships coming and supposed that by keeping in their company we would have the benefit of their knowledge of the Straits. However, as we sailed out they ran in and anchored. The weather was squally all night, some of the time very stormy, but we reached Fortesque Bay, a land-locked harbor, the next day. Here, seen from the water, the mountains seemed to be destitute of vegetation and nearly covered with snow, so when we went ashore we were amazed to find, skirting the shore, a fringe of trees tangled with vines and sheltering many varieties of beautiful and delicate flowers.

We came upon an Indian camp infested with numerous snapping, barking dogs. The huts were constructed of a framework of saplings, the heavy ends of which were secured in the ground, while the pliant tops were bent in and bound

together and the whole covered with seal skins. They had five canoes and their weapons were bows, arrows, and clubs. I visited them again the next day and after I had gotten past their dogs, found them friendly. They exhibited a "treasure bag" filled to the brim with small pieces of iron, some flint, bits of obsidian from which arrow heads were made, pretty shells, and necklaces made of red heads of ducks. I gave them some plug tobacco which they crumbled and put on a mussel shell over the coals to dry. Their smoking ceremony, for ceremony it was, was curious. When the pipe had been filled all the bucks formed a circle, sitting on the ground. The first one to smoke placed a live coal on the pipe, then drew the smoke into his mouth and swallowed it. Closing his eyes and bending his head forward he passed the lighted pipe to the buck next him. Thus the pipe went to all in turn. It was not offered to me, however. A young and rather pretty squaw came and talked to me with great animation. She put her hand next mine as if fascinated by the contrast in color. Then she held up her baby for inspection and admiration, and at last, using signs, asked for the oilcloth coat I was wearing. As it had a long rent in the back it seemed a small gift to bestow, but its possession made her happy.

The "Saltillo" and the "Iowa" sailed together the next morning, but winds and rains forced us back and we made a second start twenty-four hours later. The "Iowa" outsailed us and the "Saltillo" came to anchor on the south side of Rupert's Island. We passed several islands covered with vegetation and saw a number of whales. The next afternoon we overtook the "Iowa" at York Roads. From there we tried to ascend the Bachelder River in small boats. The current was too strong, however, for rowing, and we were compelled to haul our boat ashore and proceed on foot. In the morning after a pouring rainstorm the "Iowa" sailed. We remained because our first and second mates were both ill. Some of the men went ashore to hunt and fish. The Indian camp interested me more, though those here were evidently unfriendly. They commenced to shout before I reached their camp and a girl, much lighter in color than the others, was hurried out of sight. A few seemed well disposed and offered me fish and berries, one even gave me a bracelet made of shells.

Returning to the brig we stuck on a bar at the mouth of the river but fortunately didn't capsize.

"Sunday, April 9th. Heard the cry 'Sail Ho!' A steamer coming from the Atlantic. Our boat manned by a picked crew pulled out to meet her and if possible to get some late papers. 'Twas the "Panama." Our Captain sent an offer of five hundred dollars to tow our brig through the Straits, but the steamer Captain replied that he had no authority to do so. We did get some papers of February 17th. After much trouble, having to anchor three times, for the wind was ahead, we got under way and ran as far as Three Island Bay in Jerome Channel."

Next day we sailed through Crooked Reach as far as Snowy Sound, but the wind changed coming dead ahead, and blew so hard we were compelled to run back to find shelter. We let go both anchors in Borja Bay. That evening three new boats came into the bay, anchoring near us. They were the schooners "Empire" and "Sea Witch" from New York and the pilot boat "Anonyma" from Boston. We visited both the "Empire" and the "Sea Witch." The latter had been built for a fishing smack with a well that was closed and calked for this voyage. They had made the trip from New York to the Straits in fifty-five days. Although she was advertised to carry passengers, only one man had the courage to embark on her. I asked Captain Lewis, a typical skipper, bluff, hearty and honest, for the privilege of being his second passenger, and we arranged terms in short order. That night was dark as pitch but the schooner's boat brought my trunk from the "Saltillo" to the "Sea Witch" and I was ready for the adventure in a little craft of less than one hundred tons.

We sailed in the morning but the wind proved too strong and we returned to our former anchorage. The "Empire" and "Anonyma" also returned and made fast to the "Sea Witch," one on either side of us. That morning another schooner, the pilot boat "Eclipse" (Captain Norris) from Baltimore, came into the harbor. Captain Lewis, Captain Ingram of the "Empire," and I went ashore to attempt an ascent of St. David's Head, a steep mountain several thousand feet high. We climbed above the timber line as far as a wall of rock rising above in precipitous cliffs and dared not go any higher.

The vessels seemed to be directly beneath us and very small. Through the trees we saw a cascade. Ingram took the lead and when we had nearly reached it we came to a "jumping off" place, a sheer fall of fifty feet. After a little deliberation we caught hold of branches of trees growing below and let ourselves down from branch to branch not knowing where we would land. We finally reached a gulch where we could look up to a cleft in the rock above us. Through this opening the water fell in a sheet of foam and rushed by and under us as we crossed the gulch on a fallen tree. Returning was even more difficult, for we traveled over a thick crust of moss through which we frequently fell onto the fallen timber beneath.

In the evening I visited .the "Saltillo." "Commodore" Treadwell of the "Anonyma" was there, too, very facetiously calling the Straits of Magellan "this creek" and alluding to the newspaper advertisements which had promised safe and expeditious passage through, thereby avoiding the tedious and dangerous passage around Cape Horn.

All of the ships excepting the "Saltillo" sailed in the morning. It was a beautiful scene with so many swift sailing craft passing and crossing each other's course, the height of the mountains dwarfing the apparent size of the schooners by contrast and making them seem as pleasure boats. We came to anchor in Swallow Harbor in the afternoon, where we found the "Iowa" and the schooner "Velasco" and passed a very pleasant evening. All of the vessels remained at anchor the next day. It was very stormy.

The mountains here seemed composed of solid granite. Another day passed and my journal notes, "continues stormy with wind ahead as usual." The second day we sailed although the wind was still blowing from ahead. The scenery had become wild and desolate. The mountains were masses of rocks. Peaks and ridges rose in slim serrated crests seeming the incarnation of desolation. The "Iowa" and "Velasco" ran in and anchored at evening but the rest kept on. Toward morning the wind had increased to a gale. The alarming cry of "hard up" was heard during the night when we were running on the rocks. The Captain decided to turn back after daylight as the storm was increasing, so we ran into Tamar

Harbor and let go both anchors and all the chain. The "Eclipse" and the "Anonyma" also anchored there. The "Eclipse" dragged her anchors and was in danger of drifting into the "Anonyma." We were afraid she'd go ashore but fortunately her anchors held. The gale became a hurricane, raising the water and hurling it through the air like dust in dry weather. We were now within thirty miles of the Pacific Ocean.

Sunday, April 15th, all the vessels sailed further into the harbor to secure safer anchorage. On Monday we got under way at noon. The "Velasco" and "Iowa" overtook us, the former had struck the rocks and lost part of her keel and one man on the "Iowa" had his leg broken. All the vessels, in trying to find a harbor, sailed into a passage. "Commodore" Treadwell said that he sailed the "Anonyma" in until her bowsprit nearly touched the rock and still he could find no bottom with a forty fathom line. He named it "Port No Port." We were all compelled to keep under sail until morning when we were off Cape Pillar, the western extremity of the Straits. The sea was terribly rough. When we were in the hollow of the waves we could barely see the tops of the mountains above the water. In the Harbor of Mercy, the last harbor on the western end of the Straits, we found shelter. The mountain peaks there were bold and rugged in outline, covered in many places with snow and often concealed by clouds. They appeared to be principally granite and very precipitous, although there were benches and numerous crevices filled with varigated vegetation, and some cascades fell from snow fields above, striking the rock occasionally in their descent.

My journal notes: "We have had rain and williwaws now for a week. We rowed to shore in the Harbor of Mercy and found a cave in the rock which appeared to have been inhabited. We couldn't explore it for want of torches. Another stormy day."

Continued storms kept us all at anchor and for diversion the passengers exchanged friendly visits to each other's ships. One morning two boats were driven by a sudden squall to the leeward of the vessels and the crews were unable to make any headway against the wind. They rowed until exhausted

without nearing the vessels, all of us watching anxiously. Captain Ingram was on our schooner at the time and he in company with our mate, who was an athlete, took our boat and started for the rescue. The wind was terrific. Clouds of spray frequently hid the boats. The oars were thrown from the oarlocks, the men holding on to them as best they could with the blades overhead. Heavy breakers rolled in and dashed high on the rocks. Our boat reached the nearest boat and helped them to the "Velasco." The other boat was fast going ashore and finally disappeared from sight. Our boat was rowing toward it and it, too, suddenly dropped out of sight. The suspense was agonizing. Then we saw both boats appear through the surf. They had both gone ashore and were too exhausted for some time to come back through the surf. That afternoon the "Anonyma" dragged her anchors and our crew assisted in warping her nearer to us.

Refering again to my journal: "Sunday, April 22nd. Pleasant, with an occasional gleam of sunshine, the first we have seen for weeks. All of the vessels sailed with a light breeze. We now realize that we are nearing California. We are on the Pacific Ocean with the ship pointing for the first time toward California. In taking a last look at the Straits of Magellan and our little fleet of schooners, we also feel that we are taking leave. One of our companions is nearly out of sight astern. Our vessel is leading all the rest."

As the breeze freshened, the "Sea Witch" seemed to leap from wave to wave. The next morning we were alone on the blue ocean, neither land nor sails to be seen, and our craft skimming over its surface like a sea-bird. We were accompanied by numbers of Cape Pigeons (Stormy Petrels), and occasionally an Albatross circled and wheeled in easy flight, borne lightly on wide expanded wings.

My journal states: "We live on the "Sea Witch" in simple, homely fashion. Our dining table is a board shaped like a half circle, which, when in use, is laid on the top of a sea-chest moved out to the center of our little cabin. The table has cleats to hold the dishes and keep them from sliding off. Our seats are sea-chests on three sides, while on the fourth the cabin stairs serve the same purpose. The meat and potatoes (boiled together in the same kettle) are brought to

the table in a tin pan. Butter is served in a broken yellow bowl, vinegar in an earthenware jug, sugar in a tin cup, and pepper in a wooden box. Each person has a quart bowl for coffee, an iron spoon of large size, and knife and fork. The prongs of the forks are very dull and irregular in length from repeated breaking. The bowls and dishes are also diverse in size and color."

Our bread was peculiar. The crackers were old and the weevils had taken possession of and woven webs in them. The cook found plenty of obstacles in his department. The schooner lay over so much when the wind was abeam that the stove oven was on an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. He would pile sticks of wood, one on the other, under the lower side of the pan of dough trying to raise the pan to a level but the result was invariably disappointing. A wedge-shaped loaf was brought to the table, one edge very brown and thin, the other twice its thickness and only partially baked. The thin portion was altogether too thin and my rations of unbaked dough gave me my first knowledge of dyspepsia. It was a difficult feat to drink coffee from a bowl when seated on the windward side of the "Sea Witch," for it persisted in staying on the wrong side of the bowl and seemed to do this in defiance of the law of gravitation. When not in use the table was fastened to the ceiling overhead by the aid of cleats and a wooden hook.

The passage from the Straits of Magellan to San Francisco was uneventful. The winds were generally favorable. The Captain was a thorough seaman, and the little schooner a perfect sea-boat in storms and very fast with favorable winds. We made the trip in fifty-four days, arriving in the harbor of San Francisco on June 15, 1849.

Captain Edward A. King, who was Harbor Master, came from shore and from him I learned that my brother, David A., was in San Francisco and that another brother, Henry, was at Sutter's Fort. David, who was always known as "Gus," had served as a midshipman in the U. S. Navy. He was several years older than I and had seen service in the war with Mexico. He had resigned his commission when the war was over and was making me a visit at my farm in Illinois when letters from Henry, who had lived in California since

1846, gave us both the "gold-fever." Gus returned to Salem, Massachusetts, our home town, and sailed from there in a brig named the "Mary and Ellen." He had been to Sutter's Fort, where Henry was living, and had just bought a whale boat with sail and oars to take with him up the river.

The "Sea Witch" was advertised to sail as a packet to transport passengers and freight to Sacramento City on the 20th of June. We engaged passage on her and now had five days' time to see San Francisco. It was a strange place to a newcomer at that time. Passengers were rowed ashore in a boat, and jumped from the bow to a sand beach where Montgomery Street is now. Brush covered the land, or rather sand hills, between Kearny and Dupont Streets, near Sacramento. In fact, the winds swept across a series of sand hills with such force that at times the sand was driven in clouds along the main traveled roads. I noticed that horse shoes and pieces of metal lying on the surface were smooth and brightly burnished by the attrition of the sand. There were a considerable number of adobe houses, many built of wood, but more numerous were cloth structures and tents. None of the houses had the appearance of homes. Stores and saloons were everywhere. And such a mixture of races! There were no mosquitoes in the more settled portion of the town, but fleas abounded, savage, bloodthirsty, seemingly insatiate. There was no escape from them and their elusiveness, when hunted, was exasperating.

The harbor at that time was a forest of masts. Not only had vessels arrived from Atlantic ports, but from South America, Mexico and the islands of the Pacific Ocean every available craft had sailed to California, and as each anchored in the Bay, all her sailors started for the gold diggings. In Ward & Company's store I was shown a water pail one-third full of gold. The "dust" was a mixture of scale gold, fine and coarse, with rough lumps from dry diggings, and probably represented the output of a dozen different mining camps.

The people you met could not be classified by difference of dress. Everyone depended on himself for the carrying of his trunk or the protection of his person. A request made to a stranger to perform some menial service might lead to a fight. A roughly dressed man might consider himself a mil-

lionaire. Gus said to me one day as we walked on the beach, "Ned, a few years from now when a passenger lands here he will find men who will rush up calling 'Hack, Sir! Cab, Sir! Take your baggage?'"

It seemed then a great effort of the imagination to picture the vociferous, persistent drivers of hacks and cabs plying their trade in California.

The "Sea Witch" sailed for Sacramento on the 20th, as scheduled. From the Straits of Magellan she had carried two passengers. Now the little craft had a hundred and forty-seven besides her crew. The decks were filled with men and baggage and mining implements. Our ship dog, Watch, a beautiful Newfoundland, was much distressed. He thought he was in everybody's way. When the booms jibed everyone seemed in danger. Gus and I and twelve others had cabin passage. All the others slept on deck. Next morning we were at Benicia, which only seemed to have six or seven houses. The deck passengers complained of being trod on during the night and the Captain told me that it took him fifteen minutes to walk fifteen feet in the dark stumbling over sleeping men on deck.

The scenery here was new to us. The hills, high and rolling, were a light straw color, for a luxuriant growth of grass had been killed by drought. Oak trees with wide spreading branches covered with dark green foliage were scattered here and there. And the banks were green with a dense growth of tall rushes. The wind was light all day and the first breeze we had the pilot ran us aground. Gus and I asked the Captain for provisions, so we could go on the whale boat. He helped us in every way, but just as we were ready to leave, the "Sea Witch" floated again. After a short sail at good speed we struck once more, this time hard and fast.

Two other passengers wanted to go with us in our boat when we bade the "Sea Witch" goodby, and hoisted our sails. The wind was light so that we did not sail very fast but the bends of the river soon hid the schooner from our sight. We had intended to sail all night, but the wind died away after dark, compelling us to lay up. We rowed until we came to a vessel anchored in the river and made fast to her. The banks on either side were dense walls of tule. That night I

will never forget. It was sultry, which is very unusual in California at night. Mosquitoes by the million attacked us. The hum of such numbers was terrifying. It was a fight for life. We killed them as fast as possible, but it was a hopeless contest. Their numbers seemed to increase, and so thickly did they fill the air that they even got into our mouths when we talked. There was no escape for us, and no protection. The battle went on till morning, the constant hum of the mosquitoes mingling with the groans and curses of men totally deprived of sleep and rest, but who fought from sheer compulsion. In desperation we began to row the boat upstream, hoping to find a place where we could land. We landed at daylight, built a fire and broiled some meat by fastening it to one end of a stick which was made to hang over the coals by thrusting the other end in the ground, and managed to dodge our enemies by eating our breakfast in a thick smudge. Then we started again.

We had now reached the entrance of the "Slough," as it was called. It was about nine miles long, deep and narrow, and had a strong current. The trees were high on each side so that wind was of little service and vessels were compelled to warp through it, taking ropes on ahead and making them fast to trees. We pulled through by rowing, but it was hard work. The current would sweep us backward downstream the moment we stopped rowing. At last we came out into the broad Sacramento River.

We stopped a short while at an Indian Rancheria. The Indians were semi-civilized, wore clothing, and were gambling with as much earnestness as their paleface brothers in San Francisco. We made another landing above the village, trying to find a place to rest. The mosquitoes had annoyed us continually. We had some netting with us, but it was not made up, so we held a consultation regarding the expediency of making a mosquito-bar protection. Before we decided to make the bar, one of our party who had been scouting about, returned with the welcome news that he had found a place where there were no mosquitoes! We went with him some distance up the river and soon were sleeping soundly under some shady trees. On awakening, I went to the river, found our boat safe, and then called the others. We hesitated about

starting again in the heat of the day, but a slight breeze, coming from below, made everyone in favor of going on while we could use our sail. The wind was baffling at first. We'd sail only a little way, then drift back, but finally it freshened, the mosquitoes left us, and we sped along, resting from our labor. In some places the banks of the river were wooded with splendid trees, in other places overgrown with rank vegetation. The river seemed to abound with fish. They were constantly leaping from the surface or splashing the water near the shore. We saw a California lion watching them. He was on the bank just above the water and whenever a fish came within reach of shore, he would crouch, spring forward and strike sideways at it with his paws. After each spring he would trot back to higher ground to resume his watch.

A more remarkable sight, perhaps, on a wild unsettled stream like the Sacramento, was the number of bottles we met floating down stream. Sometimes a dozen would follow each other along. Every launch threw out hundreds. In the towns cartloads of them accumulated in the rear of stores and saloons. Many streets were covered with glass macadam as the wagon wheels crushed and pulverized it to dust.

The wind failed after dark and we ran the boat ashore. The mosquitoes were there waiting for us, but we made the boat fast and slept soundly until morning, when we were much improved in condition and better prepared for work.

We started early and by noon were about fifteen miles below Sacramento. Eagles were numerous, several being always in sight either perched on dead limbs over the water or circling in the air above.

When passing Swartz's place we saw him lying on the grass near the river. Bryant wrote of him as using words of many languages, but not one correctly. From here on the breeze sent us flying along. We passed several vessels also sailing upstream. Passing Sutterville we saw several large ships tied up within ten feet of the shore. A garrison of United States troops were quartered there in tents.

After rounding another bend of the river we saw Sacramento City. Arriving there we tied up our boat and climbed the bank to look at the city. A funny sight greeted us. Some

Californians were ferrying wild cattle across the river, and whenever a steer, dashing through the brush trying to escape them, caught sight of a red-shirted American (all the Americans wore red shirts) there was some fast running for the nearest tree. The Californians were magnificent horsemen, their motion of throwing the lasso was exceedingly graceful. It was whirled around the rider's head while his horse was running at full speed, and thrown forward with wonderful accuracy. When the steer was lassoed, away went the horseman and steer past trees and stumps, over logs and down ravines at breakneck speed. The Californian would manage the steer like a plaything, seemingly running away from him, then, with one motion of his hand throwing him heavily to the ground. In taking these wild cattle through Sacramento, two horsemen worked together, the first catching the steer by his horns, the second rider catching a hind foot, each throw of their lassoes being made with horses and steer going at full speed. The horses understood the work and seemingly enjoyed the excitement.

Gus and I went to Mr. King's (James of Wm.) store, which was near the Embarcadero. Mr. King told us Henry was in town. We soon found him and while we were talking out on the street we saw an American chased and caught by one of the wild steers. It rolled him over on the ground trying to raise him on his horns. The man was trampled on and bruised but escaped serious injury as the steer's attention was called to other men whose red shirts excited his antagonism. He chased this crowd to a large sycamore tree, behind which too many men had sought shelter. Although there was actual danger, the situation was one that recalls laughter. Each man wanted to keep that tree between himself and the steer. The steer tried his best to work around the tree to catch any one who came in sight, but was baffled by that swaying wavering line of faces, each man looking over his file leader's shoulder as they moved sideways around the tree, while the end man was compelled to make the most extraordinary jumps to keep his position in the line!

Henry's room was one of those which was made by utilizing the walls of Sutter's Fort to economize space. A tier of apartments, built of adobe, ran along the inside of the fort,

the doors opening into the square. Small grated windows through the outer wall near the roof furnished light. There Gus and I had our first full night's sleep since leaving San Francisco.

The weather during the latter part of June was very hot in the Sacramento Valley. During the day the thermometer registered 113° in the shade. The nights were cool, though, and we were not troubled by mosquitoes at the fort. A member of the unfortunate Donner party, the man who took a child to bed with him and was found in the morning to have eaten a portion of his dead bedfellow, was one of the characters at the fort while I was there. Strangely enough he was engaged in keeping an "eating house." He was a spare, strongly built man, rather tall, with tawny hair and moustache.

I met Andrés Pico at the fort and lunched with him. He showed me a curious relic, a beautiful silver mounted gun, presented to the King of the Sandwich Islands by George III when he was Prince of Wales.

The evening of the 3rd of July was celebrated by setting off such fireworks as we could buy or manufacture for the occasion. A keg of gunpowder was fired by means of a fuse, but the report was less than we expected. The Fourth was devoted to drinking. Sober men were scarce before noon. The great event of the season was the grand ball that night in the house near the center of the fort. Henry A. Schoolcraft acted as Master of Ceremonies. Some of the ladies came nearly a hundred miles to participate.

On the 8th of July we made preparations to go to Hock Farm in the whaleboat. The Indians who had been engaged to row our boat failed to come. Major Snyder (Jacob R.), Henry and I waited all day in the blistering heat. In the evening we returned to the fort and met Mr. Barlow, the civil engineer who was to survey Yuba City. He proposed to go there by land. In the morning Mr. Schoolcraft called to say that our Indians had come. We hastened to the Embarcadero only to find they had gone. Disgusted, we took the boat and started to sail up the river accompanied by an Indian boy belonging to Major Hensley. We landed near an Indian rancheria and the boy went to the village to find our

crew. An hour or so later a party of Indians, including one who claimed to be an "alcalde" and another who declared himself to be "El Capitan" came to the boat and demanded liquor before we could take the Indian rowers.

The matter was finally arranged in some way and we started. Our party consisted of Major Snyder, James King of Wm., Henry A. Schoolcraft, my brother and myself and a crew of five Indians. We camped on the west bank of the river at night and had a supper of coffee, bread and ham, all of the best quality. The mosquitoes annoyed us considerably and at two A. M. we started hoisting our sail, as we had a favorable wind. It was moonlight. The water was still and very clear and the trees and shrubs on the bank easily visible. I was stationed in the bow, where with a buffalo robe over my shoulders, I was to keep a sharp lookout for snags. We sailed through bends and around points until daylight with scarcely a sound save the rippling of the water. At sunrise we landed for breakfast. There was not a house or a human being in sight, though in the distance we saw a band of elk.

After we resumed our journey the wind failed and we were compelled to use our oars. The river banks had become much higher as we advanced and were now considerably above our heads. Trees were growing on both sides, and in some places grapevines climbing over bushes and trees formed a close network of dense foliage. Sycamores and oaks were the most common near the river. We passed the new town sites of Fremont and Vernon and entered the mouth of the Feather River a little after noon. For several miles this river appeared to be wider than the Sacramento. Its water was beautifully clear, and the vegetation growing on the banks was reflected below with charming fidelity, and creating a scene of great beauty. We landed again on the west side of the river, and as the weather was very warm, the Indians were allowed some time to rest.

There were many beautiful views on Feather River. In places the Buttes were in sight above the trees at the end of the broad expanse of clear water which mirrored trees and sky on its unruffled surface. The river banks were clothed with varied and attractive vegetation. Some time after dark we landed at Nicolaus Alger's ranch on the right side of the

stream. Here the bank was high and steep, which made it difficult to pack our blankets. We camped at Nicolaus', starting up the river in the morning. The river was pretty full of snags and the current was very swift. We made several landings on account of the heat and the difficulty of rowing against the current, and reached Hock Farm at five o'clock.

Captain Sutter and his son came out to meet us, the Captain apologizing for the roughness of his accommodations. He invited us to occupy rooms in his house, but we assured him that we had every convenience for camping. Captain Sutter told us that since the discovery of gold in California he had received letters of inquiry from all parts of Europe and America, and that hundreds of letters of introduction were constantly being handed to him. He said that this visit from old friends was very pleasing, and he was pleased to call us old friends. We were invited to take supper with him in the house and accepted his invitation. We met Mrs. Richards, the wife of the "Major Domo," who was away on a trip. After supper we went to the Captain's room to pass the evening. In describing Captain Sutter I should say that he was about five feet seven inches tall, rather stout and somewhat bald. He had a high forehead, blue eyes, and wore a moustache and imperial. He was very hospitable. We enjoyed his description of early days in Missouri and California and his reminiscences of noted men who had been his guests at the fort. It was late when we retired and we slept comfortably in the dooryard. After breakfast the whole party except myself started for Sacramento. Captain Sutter had been expecting to go there before we came.

I had come with the intention of seeing the new townsite of Yuba City. As no horses could be procured that day, I made Hock Farm the scene of my observation. The location was grand. The house fronted on the Feather River, whose banks were very high at that point. The view was charming. The whole country in all directions looked like a park. Scattered, wide-spreading oaks diversified the landscape and the Buttes and mountains formed a noble background. A large number of Indians were employed by Captain Sutter. Some were vaqueros who broke horses to ride and watched the horses and cattle, others cut wood and worked in the fields.

The girls, under Mrs. Richards' care, did housework in the morning and sewed in the afternoon. A short distance above the house was an Indian village where many of the residents still lived in aboriginal nudity and simplicity of nature. As my paper on the "Indians of California" was published in the "American Naturalist," Vol. IV, it seems unnecessary to repeat the same here.

Some of the Indian vaqueros were breaking wild horses the day I spent at Hock Farm and I saw some good riding done, but it was not equal to that of the native Californians, the descendants of the Spanish settlers. One of the Indians was seriously hurt by a wild horse that was blindfolded. Some vaqueros were saddling the horse when he started to run. The Indian was in front and ran, too, but in the same direction and was overtaken just as he reached the adobe wall of the corral. The horse was screaming with rage and fright, and when he struck the wall both he and the Indian were hidden in a cloud of dust. After falling, the horse quickly regained his feet and, with blood running from mouth and nostrils, began to plunge and kick at the saddle which had turned beneath him, and continued to kick long after the saddle had been torn to fragments. The Indian rose to his feet, staggered, and fell to the ground groaning. We took him in our arms and carried him out of the corral to a place of safety. One of his arms was cut and he was bruised in many places, but fortunately he had escaped without broken bones.

The next day young Sutter ordered a vaquero to lasso a horse for me to ride and after breakfast I went out to the corral to see the horse. The brute would not let me touch his head and his eye was full of mischief. He had to be held while I mounted, and soon commenced rearing and plunging. "Bucking" they called it. I watched for a favorable chance to get off while the horse's feet were on the ground. As I landed on my feet the horse jumped again breaking a bridle rein, but he did not succeed in getting away. I told Mr. Sutter that whoever rode that horse must use the spurs. One of the vaqueros gave me a large Spanish spur. When I mounted again and the horse tried to pitch me over his head he felt the long rowels thrust into his flank. That sent him leaping

on the run. Several times I tried to hold him in and ride with moderation, but every kindly overture on my part was responded to by the horse with a vicious attempt to break my neck, and so we continued to run at full speed. The trail I followed was one of the Indians and led from one village to another. I met some Indians who could not speak or understand Spanish. After a while I was overtaken by two fine dogs that had followed me from Hock Farm. I rode on up the Feather River until I came to the Indian village opposite the mouth of the Yuba River.

This was the site that had been selected for Yuba City whenever the city should be built. Not a single Indian in the village could speak Spanish and I couldn't speak or understand the Indian language. So my opportunity of gaining knowledge was limited to observation. The same park-like country which I noticed at Hock Farm extended to and included the Yuba townsite. It was attractive even when all the grass was dead, and I thought, "How charming it must be in the springtime, when the grass and flowers cover the ground with beauty."

When I returned to Hock Farm I learned that several fowls had died from the intense heat. I had been uncomfortably warm, but as the riding had been hard, I had concluded that my discomfort was due to exercise. The gray horse I rode was still as fractious at the end of his long run and apparently as fresh as when he started.

In the afternoon a party of Chileans came down the river in a boat on their way to San Francisco. I engaged passage with them to Sacramento. It was late when we left Hock Farm, but the weather was still very warm. On our way down the river we saw two deer standing on the bank. One of the men fired at them but they bounded away unharmed. The snags gave us a lot of trouble after dark and we ran aground twice. When we reached the Alger ranch we landed with the understanding that we should go on when the moon rose. As a matter of fact we started an hour after sunrise, and the day was excessively hot. We made many stops on account of the heat and reached Sacramento at sundown. I was glad to reach the fort to recuperate. An aching tooth on the trip down the river had caused me so much annoy-

ance that I resolved to prevent future distress by having it removed. I called on Dr. Cragan in Sacramento and survived the torment of having a tooth twisted from its socket by one who never could become a dentist. His fee, however, was equal to the rest of the suffering—one-half an ounce, eight dollars!

I met Captain Sutter again at Sacramento and was introduced to Marshall, the man who discovered the gold at Coloma.

The brig "Saltillo" arrived at Sacramento in four days from San Francisco. My journal records: "News from San Francisco only twenty-four hours old brings information received by steamer just arrived from Panama. Cholera is raging in the States, and there were several cases on board the steamer. Great fire in St. Louis. New Orleans under water. The partisans of 'Forrest and Macready' caused a riot in New York. In San Francisco the citizens have organized a Vigilance Committee to protect the community from the depredation of the Hounds, who have been a scourge to the city since last winter." These were the last entries in my journal which I closed at Sutter's Fort in July, 1849.

Soon after this I went to Coloma and to Greenwood's Valley and from there to Grass Valley on a prospecting tour with a party of Oregon men, and finally to the Yuba River, where I engaged in placer mining with the two brothers of Judge William Blackburn of Santa Cruz. Our party averaged two ounces of gold to each man during the time we worked on our claim. When we were driven out by rain and snow I went to Sacramento. Here the dust was stifling, the water nauseating, and the sickness and sufferings of the emigrants were worse than any ever described in print. As soon as possible I rode to Yuba City, where Tolman H. Rolfe and my brother, Gus, had started a store, and I became the third white settler in Yuba City in September, 1849. The name Yuba on the original map was spelled Yubu. It was intended to preserve the Indian name. The Indians pronounced it Yubum and called Sutter's place Hockem, but the Americans shortened those names to Yuba and Hock.

The first rain storm after my arrival at the "city" was accompanied by a high wind which caused a lot of excitement.

The store was made of posts set close together in the ground. These were covered with canvas, which, passing over a ridge pole, formed the roof. The rain moistened the earth that supported the posts forming the sides of the structure. It also loosened the pins which secured my tent, so I was awakened in the night by the falling of my tent and it was some time before I could get out from under the wet canvas. On entering the store I found that the side was being pushed over by the wind. This structure was our last chance for shelter, and our total population of three stood as animated braces with our shoulders against the house and toward the storm. Several times we were crowded backward by severe gusts of wind, but we managed to hold the house up until daylight when we made it safe by the use of guy-ropes.

John Bidwell, who owned a ranch above on the Sacramento River, came by on horseback after the storm. He reported two sick men above us whose condition was desperate, and who must die if not relieved soon. He said he had stopped and gotten water for them, but that they were without food and were helpless. As soon as we could get our oxen hitched to the wagon we drove over and brought the sick men back to the store. One was unconscious and died the next day. The other was very weak but able to talk. He was the first to be taken sick while traveling with a party from the mines. The other man volunteered to stay with him, but soon became delirious with fever, too. That severe storm found them without shelter or cover excepting some rain soaked blankets. We buried them side by side under an oak tree, the first white persons ever buried in Yuba City.

A little later in the season a large number of emigrants who had crossed the plains in 1849 made Yuba City their home during the winter of '49 and '50. The "Lawrence," the "Linda," and later on the "Governor Dana, all small steamers, made daily trips from Sacramento. A large side-wheel boat, the "El Dorado," made regular trips from San Francisco to Yuba City, and a full-rigged brig sailed in from the ocean and unloaded her cargo of lumber at Yuba City that winter. Hotels were built, houses went up as if by magic, and for a time the "city" bade fair to become the third important city in the State.

Note: This lecture, hitherto unpublished, was read before the California Historical Society at the Palace Hotel on January 13th, 1891.

AUG 3 - 1939

Vol. IV. No. 4

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE
Editor

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Assistant Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
DECEMBER 31, 1927

Vol. IV. No. 4

QUARTERLY

OF

The Society

OF

California Pioneers

HENRY L. BYRNE
Editor
HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Assistant Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
DECEMBER 31, 1927

OFFICERS

OF THE

Society of California Pioneers

FROM JULY, 1927 TO JULY, 1928

President

OLIVER P. STIDGER

Vice-Presidents

Dr. Joseph A. Oliver.....San Francisco
James K. Moffitt.....San Francisco
Robert R. Russ.....San Francisco
William T. Hale.....San Francisco
J. H. Skinner.....San Francisco

Treasurer

CHARLES J. DEERING

Secretary and Historian

HENRY L. BYRNE

Marshal

J. H. P. GEDGE

Directors

JAMES P. TAYLOR
JOHN J. LERMEN
CHARLES S. CUSHING
L. J. SCOOFFY
E. A. DOUTHITT
H. L. VAN WINKLE
FRED. G. RUSS
DR. G. N. VAN ORDEN
F. de P. TELLER

QUARTERLY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

CONTENTS

Rudolph Jordan, an Autobiography - - 174

William Wellington, an Autobiography - - 202

Announcements and Reports - - - 217

Letter from President O. P. Stidger - - 217

Accessions to the Library and Historical Exhibit - - - - - - - 219

Vol. IV No. 4

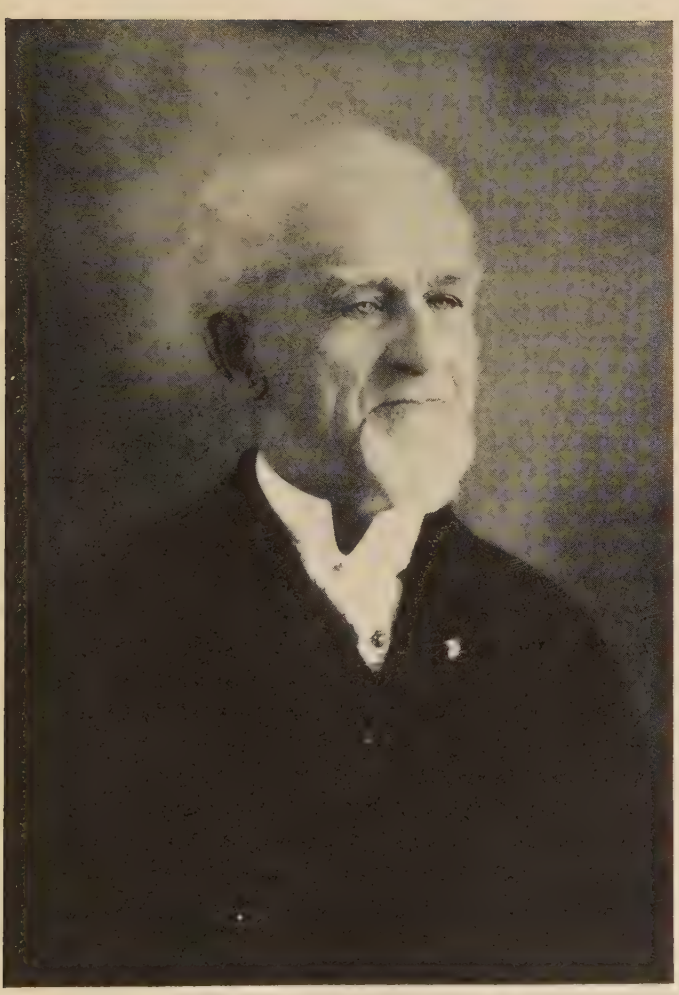
Errata

For William Wellington read William Wellington White.

Foreword

In 1901, in response to the request of the Historical Committee of the Society of California Pioneers, many of our Senior Members wrote very interesting accounts of their own experiences and observations during the days of the Gold Rush and the beginnings of California. It is from this material that our Quarterlies have, for the most part, been compiled. While some of these accounts were sufficiently complete for publication, it has been necessary to amplify many of them considerably. Mr. R. Jordan, Jr., prepared the article we are printing in this issue to supplement his father's own story. In it Mr. Jordan has pleasantly combined the anecdotes and reminiscences of the various members of the family regarding their pioneer father and grandfather.

Though the careers of the men whose stories we present this time were in no way spectacular, both were typical of the prosperous business men and successful citizens, who with energy and enthusiasm laid the foundation for the economic development of this State.



RUDOLPH JORDAN

Rudolf Jordan

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

—o—

I was born in Halle, Germany on December 10, 1818. My father's name was Jean Pierre Jordan. He was of French Huguenot extraction. Mother's maiden name was Henrietta Sophia Weinstrauch. Her father was Dutch and her mother German, though both belonged to the Herrnhuter, or Quaker sect.

After a good common school education, I entered the commercial house of F. Durking and Company as a boy of fifteen. At the age of twenty-one I complied with the military regulations by reporting for duty as a one-year volunteer, then passed an examination as a Lieutenant of the Reserves, quit service and re-entered my commercial career. I visited the large cities such as Hamburg and Berlin, and also traveled to Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Antwerp, with the idea of obtaining a position in one of the large trans-Atlantic shipping houses, if need be as a volunteer, as I had good recommendations with me. Not meeting with success I returned to Hamburg and with another young fellow commenced a commission business. After a couple of years' trial this did not turn out to be satisfactory, so we wound up our affairs in 1844.

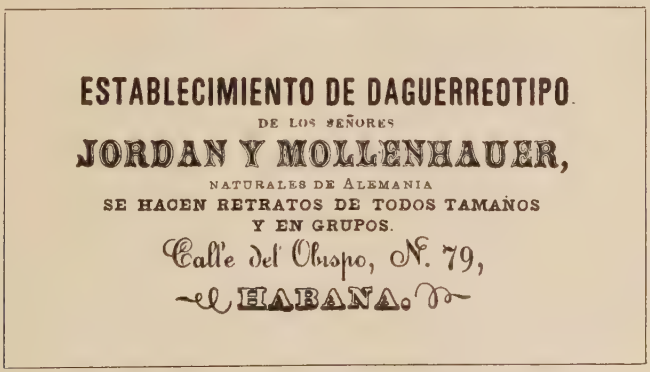
Tropical countries, and particularly the West Indies always had an attraction for me, and my desire to travel beyond the confines of my native land was finally rewarded by receiving letters of introduction to Godefroy and Company of Havana in Cuba. I took passage on the Prussian bark "Camilla," Captain Kleinworth, which sailed from Hamburg on November 29, 1844, and arrived in Havana on January 12, 1845.

I was well received by the members of the firm, and offered a position on the south coast of the island in the town of Trinidad de Cuba. After a pleasant journey by rail across the island to Batabano, and thence by steamer to Trinidad, I entered the service of Conradi and Lehmkuhl. I was soon well installed and weatherproof, and thus spent a couple of years very pleas-

antly in lovely Trinidad. Owing to a quarrel between the partners, and as I saw no advancement in the near future, I finally resigned.

Just at that time an artist in daguerreotype photography, a German by the name of F. Voelker, made me an offer to buy him out. He appeared to have a splendid trade, but had to dispose of his business, as he had received a call from Germany. My condition was that he should teach me the business, leave everything belonging to it in my possession, and promise to leave the island forthwith. The bargain was struck, and soon after a countryman of mine, George Mollenhauer, joined me in the enterprise.

After two months of practical work and diligent study in the town of Villa Clara, where we had gone with the owner, we departed for Havana and he for Europe. Nicely established in the Calle del Obispo of Havana, we did a satisfactory business in spite of the strong competition by artists from New York. The method we employed gave particularly clear pictures, and we were so fortunate as to see our pictures receive the award of a silver medal at the great exposition at Havana in 1848. This was our businss card:



One morning in July of that year, when glancing over the daily paper, El Diario de la Marina, my attention was drawn to a brief article headed, "Alta California." It announced the discovery of gold in that new territorial acquisition of the United States. A great future was held out for that new country, and excitement ran high. Flour sold there at twenty

dollars a barrel, carpenters' wages were quoted at an ounce (sixteen dollars) a day, and so on.

This news was generally discredited in commercial circles of Havana. I found that out quickly enough by calling on the chief of the firm of A. Bastian and Company, with whom I was well acquainted. This firm had received a cargo of Spanish Gallego flour during an exceedingly depressed condition of the market, and I tried to persuade my friend to reship it to Alta California, offering myself as supercargo. I was laughed at for my so-called visionary schemes, and the article was referred to and looked upon as a mere newspaper puff to invite immigration to this new El Dorado of the United States.

Nevertheless, my partner and I gave credence to that article, and from that very moment laid our plans to proceed to the City of Mexico as daguerreotypists, and thence, as best we could, to Alta California. Acting on that resolution, we settled our affairs in Havana and on November 19, 1848, sailed for Vera Cruz aboard the Spanish brig "Luchana," arriving there December first in the evening. We requested the captain to land us that night which he did reluctantly, the other passengers remaining on board. During that night one of those fierce West Indian storms sprang up and an attempt was made by the captain to land the other passengers. In so doing the boat was lashed against the stone dock and all were drowned. This is one of my many miraculous escapes, which I can ascribe only to a kind Providence.

With great interest we viewed the old city of Vera Cruz, whose walls still bore evidence of the late war with the United States. We felt that we were in a strange land when we saw the Mexicans in their picturesque costumes, and observed their manners, their excellent horsemanship and handling of the lariat. Everything was so different from anything we had seen, either in Europe or in Cuba. The hotels were kept in European style, but the three zones of Mexico enabled them to serve at their tables all kinds of fruit at the same time.

The next objective point in our journey across Mexico was Jalapa. We dispatched our things by muleteer, and took the stage coach ourselves, arriving there December 10th, 1848, unmolested by road agents. Here we got some reports about California confirming the discovery of gold, but lacking authen-

ticity. We were also informed that Congress was in session and that President Polk's message would contain the truth about California. So we concluded to stay and await the message. About a week afterward the stage drove up and the driver, an American, sang out, "Message on board!"

We quickly followed to the Casa de Diligencia, bought a New York Herald and hurried back to the hotel. The feeling which ran through our veins while reading that famous message, in which President Polk congratulated Congress on the acquisition of Alta California may be imagined. On the very next day we purchased two horses, one of Mexican breed, a mare, which bore me through to Mazatlan, the other of American stock which gave out on the journey and had to be replaced.

In company with a Mexican, who knew the road and people, we arrived in the city of Mexico after a seven days' trip in the saddle, on December twenty-fifth. We greatly enjoyed the beautiful mountain scenery, and the villages and ranches through which we passed. In Mexico we found still better proof of the discovery of gold in California in the official reports which came into our hands there. Besides, the news had been corroborated by the narratives of eye-witnesses given in these reports, and furthermore there were in this city many Americans and foreigners, all anxious to get to that new El Dorado as quickly and as best they could. After the arrival of our photographic apparatus and goods from Vera Cruz we were lucky to be able to dispose of them to a resident daguerreotypist at a satisfactory figure. This done, we turned our attention to the selection of traveling companions. Highwaymen were reported numerous and daring, and it was considered best to form a party for mutual protection. The result was a company of ten men, all well armed and bound by the promise to fight when halted, and not to surrender. It was a mixture of nationalities, there being in it two Americans, two Italians, three Spaniards, and three Germans, including my partner and myself. The report, afterward found to be erroneous, that provision for tools and cooking utensils for our final destination should be made there, led us to secure two pack-mules and purchase such an outfit.

The feelings of the Mexicans toward the Americans were very bitter, due to the recent war, and to prevent any possible clash we resolved to avoid the use of the English language in their hearing. Being quite familiar with Spanish, and knowing a good deal of English, I offered my services as go-between to look after our wants in kitchen, quarters, and stable. The last was quite necessary, for I found the stable boys thievish and unreliable. My offer was accepted and accordingly on February 5, 1849, the company started on the long cross-country ride.

Following the main road we passed by much cultivated land, over arid and sandy places, and again over many mountain ranges. We went through and stopped at various towns such as Queretaro, Celaya, Salamanca, Leon, San Juan de los Lagos and so forth. On the twentieth of February we reached the large and fine city of Guadalajara. Our poor pack mules had already shown signs of distress and now gave out altogether, obliging us to forward our equipment by regular muleteers to Tepic, near the port of San Blas on the Pacific coast.

In Guadalajara we remained two days to rest our horses and have some recreation ourselves. I cashed my draft to the firm of T. Lemmen there, and on the twenty-third we were on the way again. We were all still in good condition and found the climate around there more congenial than in Central Mexico. At Amatalan, which we reached on an evening, we took quarters as usual in a "meson." During my conversation with the hostesss (amiable as Mexican women are) to whom I had to address myself for supper, she told me in a confidential way that roundabout were bands of deserted soldiers robbing and endangering the lives of traders.

Upon consultation with the rest of the company we decided to call on the Alcalde of the place and ask for an escort, at our expense, through a deep ravine we had to pass the next day. However, we met with a refusal. In due time we came to the gulch, we halted, formed into twos, made sure of arms, and with some distance between each pair, followed down a zigzag road to the bottom where a clear and cool creek flowed peacefully along. Though alert to danger, we were still impressed with the lovely woods on either side, and thus reached the top again on the other side of the gulch. There, coming

toward us we saw a body of twelve men splendidly mounted in all the showy glitter and color of which the Mexican horsemen are so fond. We drew up quickly in a line facing them, and with cocked revolvers in hand, greeted them with, "Buenas dias, Señores."

They returned our salutation in a like manner, but never swerved from their road and entered the gulch. They looked disappointed, and may have been chagrined at missing us and seeing us prepared.

Going through Magdalena we passed the beautiful Lake Istlan, surrounded by wooded mountains, and at this altitude our eyes surveyed a large area of cultivated fields of sugar cane and orange trees. Then passing an old burnt out volcano we rode over beds of lava and reached Ojocote and thence finally Tepic, the commercial town of the port of San Blas. From there the company continued without my partner and me as they intended to ride to Mazatlan, a distance of one hundred leguas. We chose to go, if possible, by sea.

I had letters of introduction to the firm of Blume and Company in Tepic, and from them heard of the brig "Caroline" lying at San Blas, and billed to sail to California. Under promise of a speedy start, the requisite number of passengers was secured. We paid our fare, sold our horses and were ready to embark at a moment's notice. Finally on March nineteenth, we were notified to have our effects on the beach at San Blas. I shall never forget the impression which the first sight of the great Pacific Ocean made on me as it hove in view before me —the same vast blue sea that washed the shores of Alta California, the land of promise.

We took quarters with an Italian hotel keeper, and only after one whole week's waiting were we advised to be ready on the beach at four one afternoon. All the passengers were there. The ship lay quietly at anchor in the bay, but no stir on board was visible. The tide rose, time passed. It became necessary to move the baggage up the beach. The people became indignant at the neglect of the captain. A meeting was held and resolutions passed to send a message to the forgetful master. I was appointed to be the delegate, but refused to go alone, so was given the negro servant of an American as an escort.

Upon reaching the house, I heard a great hilarity, but duty bound, I asked to see the captain. He came, but after listening to my message from the passengers on the beach, told me gruffly that he could not comply with my wish. My temper rose and I told him that "a gentleman's duty is to keep his promise." Then it came to blows. I knocked him down against the iron railing of the window, and this brought the company to their feet. The fight continued in the street where the captain hurled a big stone at me, but fortunately missed me. The crowd called me all sorts of names, as Mexicans alone can do. The captain threatened my life, but I had a witness in Don Jose N———, who was one of our party from Tepic. We both went to the office of the Alcalde and stated the case. I waived all claims against the captain, but insisted on the reimbursement of our passage money amounting to several hundred dollars. In the end the captain was arrested and the money refunded to me the next day.

That evening as my partner and I walked along the beach for an airing, we were approached by the brother of the captain, demanding satisfaction in a duel, I to name the weapons. I chose the next afternoon, and pistols. Then happened a wonderful incident, proving to me again the existence of a kindly Providence, for I answered, "If the captain really wants to fight, let him come. And to prove that I can shoot straight, look at that cactus leaf way up there."

Out came my pistol! Bang! Bang! and two holes showed up against the sky! I don't know how I did it. An invisible power guided my hand, I am sure. The next afternoon at the appointed time I was on the same spot waiting and waiting in vain for my adversary. He never showed his face again.

Rather disgusted with this whole experience I hired mules and returned to Tepic on March twenty-eighth. We succeeded in buying back our horses at an advance of five dollars, and after a few days of needed rest, started on our trip to Mazatlan. On the roads near the ocean we suffered much from the heat and want of water, one day being compelled to make twenty-five leguas, or seventy-five miles, to reach water. We had as a companion an express rider, who knew no other way for water either. Then passing on through and stopping at Acaponeta, Esquinapa and Rosario, we at last reached Mazatlan April fifteenth.

The "mesons" or hostelries; were crowded with people all anxious to get to California. We found, to our joy, some of our former traveling companions. General meetings were held and discussions of plans and devices to reach San Francisco were in order. Some suggested crossing the Gulf to La Paz, thence onward by land. This seemed too hazardous a journey to us, and we rejected the proposition. Having letters of introduction to the firm of Kuhnart and Ewald, we were given some sound advice to go by sea. Soon after, the Peruvian bark "Fanny" entered the port, and her arrival caused general enthusiasm among our waiting numbers. Meanwhile we had been very pleasantly entertained and had enjoyed our stay. The rush for passage was great. Our chance for cabin quarters was spoiled and we had to be satisfied with steerage room. The bark was to sail on April twenty-fourth. Again we sold our horses, and I was much pleased with the twenty-five dollars which I got for my fine little mare, who had carried me so bravely all the way from Jalapa to Mazatlan.

With twelve cabin and two hundred and ten steerage passengers, we cleared port. It was a very motley company and altogether too crowded. The fare was miserable. I subsisted mostly on hard-tack and jerked beef, slicing the latter very finely with my jack knife all day long. Our progress was slow and the crowd noisy and quarrelsome. Time lay heavy on our hands, but early on May twenty-fourth we sighted the Pines of Monterey. Nearing the entrance to the harbor, a heavy fog made the captain shift his course northerly. On the following day we found ourselves near Cape Mendocino. From there we ran back close to shore and entered the Golden Gate at last on the twenty-fifth of May, 1849. My actual arrival opposite the Gate I have always taken to be May twenty-fourth. A marvelous sight we witnessed when we passed Alcatraz Island, for it was literally covered with sea birds which rose as one mass at our approach and obscured the sun. Their cries sounded to me like a welcome to port. Among the birds especially to be mentioned, was the pelican, or Alcatraz in Spanish, after which the island was named. Here we were at last, at Yerba Buena, with its glorious "Bahia de San Francisco"!

We found many large ships in port, in all about twenty, whose crews we afterward ascertained, had deserted for the

placer diggings in the interior. Yerba Buena proved to be a settlement of all sorts of buildings, shanties and tents. We stayed on board over night, disembarking early the next morning when row boats took us and our luggage ashore at three dollars a man. We landed at the corner of Jackson and Montgomery streets. Then we bought a tent and pitched it nearby, got some provisions and enjoyed being, at last, on the firm soil of the land we had longed to reach. After a few days' sojourn we resolved to strike out for the mining districts, for we were anxious to verify the reports which had, since February, filled us with wonderment and curiosity. For our remittances from Mexico, which could not have reached us for months, we had no time to wait.

Mollenhauer and I then took passage on a sailing vessel whose route was up the Bay via the San Joaquin River to Stockton. We had to stop over at Benicia for the night. The next day proved to be a very beautiful one, and, as we sailed upon the limpid and inviting waters of the San Joaquin, many were anxious to call a halt and have a wash day. There from the banks we could see herds of antelope and elk peacefully grazing and curiously watching the intruders on these rich and quiet plains.

In Stockton we did not tarry long, but procured a saddle mule and one for the pack, such as the miner's equipment consisted of, and we struck out for the so-called Sonorian Camp in Tuolumne County. We were advised to take the Lone Tree Route passing over the Stanislaus River at Heath and Emery's Ferry, and going along its southern side to Chinese Camp and finally to Sonora. The contrast between the hill district with its running creeks and green trees, and the valley covered with sage brush, caused us to press on with good cheer. We little imagined then that those seemingly arid San Joaquin plains would one day become great wheat fields.

At Sonora we found the mining laws of the camp posted on a tree, and accordingly laid out our two claims, each ten feet by ten feet, in a little gulch near by. Water was not very close and we had to carry our dirt several hundred feet to wash it out. We didn't find very much, but once struck a four-ounce piece with which we bought a little burro, and we continued to work a while longer with this improved way of moving the

pay dirt from the claim to the water. Soon, however, we gave up our claim and headed toward Jackass Gulch diggings. There we found a lot of sailors who offered us a pile of dirt which they had discarded. Out of it we cleared about forty dollars, then staked our claims and worked with success.

In this first year of placer mining excitement ran very high. New discoveries were made every day, and true to human nature, the farther off the origin of the reports, the greater attraction they seemed to have. One of these rumors reached our camp by a Mexican, who told wonderful stories of Rich Gulch on the Mokelumne River, and our crowd of sailors grew very enthusiastic and excited. They resolved to quit and proceed to the new placer. Notwithstanding our entreaties, they packed up in high glee and left us three, Mollenhauer, Masson and me, alone in the famous Jackass Gulch on the Stanislaus River.

Silence now reigned supreme in the canyon, for no new arrivals came for weeks and weeks, and I, for one, immensely enjoyed this peaceful and unrestrained mode of living under the deep blue sky of lovely California. During the night we heard strange noises and sounds of animals we knew nothing about at that time. Often wild cats were just outside our tent. Even the grizzly bear passed through the gulch several times during the night, feeding on the offals of the camp, and left his immense tracks as evidence of his nightly visits.

I generally rose early, when the sun barely gilded the brows of the high surrounding mountains; when the morning wind sang in the stately pines, and the busy woodpecker hammered on the boughs and began his angry morning talk. To me this early morning stillness was always inspiring. I prepared coffee, made biscuits and flapjacks, and by the time my companions appeared, breakfast was ready. The preparation of our dinner, which consisted of pork and beans one day and beans and pork the next, fell to the lot of Mollenhauer, while supper of tea and bread was attended to by Masson.

In this way the summer months passed quietly away, since it was our good luck to remain unmolested by other prospectors. We were satisfied with the gold we found, though the results might have been still better had we only been used to the hard work which was connected with placer mining. Every

Sunday we and our little Jack, with his leather pouches on his back, climbed the mountain trail to Sonora, nine miles distant. There we bought our provisions for the coming week, and after having spent the day pleasantly in social intercourse with friends and acquaintances, not forgetting to let Jack have a full Sunday meal, we strapped our load and wended our way back to the solitary gulch.

During the latter part of October when our prospects increased, for we had discovered a rich stratum of gold under an overhanging embankment (which would have given us a great deal of dead work, the which we shirked, I am sorry to confess), we were annoyed by heavy fogs. They were so persistent that our tent and clothing proved hardly sufficient. However, by keeping the fire going, we managed to keep fairly comfortable. As for our good-natured four-legged friend and companion in woe, I may remark that he was blanketed with sacks against this dampness. Under these weather conditions I thought it best to clean up our holes, and from the bedrock of one I had the satisfaction of picking up a fine three-ounce specimen. Soon our hopes for clear weather were dashed by heavy rain drops.

A passing Mexican, whom I hailed in Spanish, was cordial but emphatic in his warning against dallying there any longer. The following night it rained heavily and a fine spray fell continually on us through the canvas. The morning found us in a rather pitiable plight. We felt damp, the fire was out, our matches were moist. The water had washed our diggings and partly filled them, and apparently there was nothing else to do but to pull up stakes in a hurry. With the slippery uphill road before us we could put but a light load on our poor drenched little Jack, so what we couldn't personally carry we left behind. Late in the afternoon of the day before we left, I went to the embankment and shoveled out some of that promising dirt and spread it out for the rain to do its work on during the night.

And so, before starting the next morning, I took my shovel and pan and hurried over to the spot where I had spread out the dirt both from the holes and from under the embankment. Upon reaching the place a bewitching glitter burst upon my eyes, reminding me of the tales of the Arabian Nights. For

the rain had done well the work expected of it, and the mass of glistening specks of yellow metal was a sight to behold. I summoned my companions, and this friendly smile of Dame Fortune, though her last in Jackass Gulch, proved exhilarating to our depressed spirits. We quickly scraped together what we could carry, and with this last golden harvest, bade adieu to the famous Jackass Gulch, firm in our resolve to return the next year. Drenched to the skin we started back to Sonora. There we stayed a week at a lodging house waiting for a chance to get to San Jose where we intended to spend the winter. The opportunity soon offered itself and we went with a pack train through the Livermore Pass to San Jose.

This was my first experience with a rainy season, and it came on so quickly and brought such quantities of water that I have always believed it to be the wettest winter we have ever had. The outdoor life and hard work, together with the more or less primeval condition of the woods and fields, the hills with their typical canyons, and withal the flora and fauna of the region, had an indescribable charm for me. And more than that was the fascination of finding the yellow metal (which until now we had only seen in coin form), here in its original nugget shape. After all we were satisfied that we had left Cuba, and I, for one, have never regretted coming to our beautiful State.

The life in the mining camp was unique and always interesting. A motley crowd it was, but law and order seemed to prevail. Because of the apparent abundancy of gold there was little distrust and dishonesty among the men of that pioneer period in the hills. Nuggets were left in tin cans near the diggings during the dinner hour, and a brother miner could always examine them without molestation.

My partner, Mollenhauer, managed to find something suitable to him in San Jose, and a friendly separation followed.

Meanwhile I had made the acquaintance of one Martin Waterman, and being offered a co-partnership in his business, accepted it. This took me back to San Francisco. We traded profitably with San Jose, and on January 14, 1850, made up a cargo for San Diego. I accompanied it as supercargo on the schooner chartered for that purpose. After disposing of the goods with a good margin, I returned home on the steamer "Panama."

While at San Diego I witnessed the ceremony of establishing the boundary line between Mexico and California. Soon after, I got acquainted in San Francisco with Col. Francis E. Pinto of New York, who became our partner then. The firm's name was now "Waterman, Jordan & Co." Favorable reports from Stockton induced us to open a store there at the end of February. In San Francisco our store was located on the east side of Sansome Street, near Halleck at the edge of the bay. Here we kept a small speedy schooner for communication with our Stockton store, but lost it afterwards because it was run down by the steamer "Mariposa," intentionally, as we presumed the evidence in our damage suit showed. We lost our case, however.

From Stockton I had occasion to make numerous trips to the mines on horseback. Within my route lay Columbia, Sonora, Vallecito, Murphy, Mokelumne Hill and other towns, and I saw much of the hospitality and generosity of those good times.

In January, 1851, I made the acquaintance of a German mining engineer and geologist named Tiedemann, who thereafter lived in my house, and with my consent set to work on a scheme for the construction of a gold-washing machine. Judging from the model which he constructed, the idea was convincing, and the machine itself was later constructed at a great expense to me. Meanwhile and in order to locate the spots which I had in view for operation, we determined to start on an exploration tour, and on January 30, 1851, set out for Calaveras County on horseback. We first went to Mokelumne Hill, where I had some business to settle, and then went on to San Andreas, Jackass Gulch (my former stamping ground), Murphy, Sonora, and on to the Tuolumne River.

One afternoon we partly lost our way, and in the vain attempt to find a ford over the river we tried a short cut over a hill. On the other side of the hill we came to a bluff, and looking down into the little dell we saw, in the dusk, some campfires. Instantly I realized that we had chanced upon hostile Indians in camp, and did not tarry a second, but turned to retrace our tracks. I bade my companion follow quickly, and we zigzagged over the hill till finally we struck the trail

again. A little farther on, close by the trail, I spied a little hollow with a clump of trees and bushes. It was roomy enough to afford a safe hiding place for us. I knew that our horses were too tired to outspeed the Indians, should they come, and since approaching darkness protected us, I almost intuitively decided that this refuge was our only salvation. We were well covered there and after a few minutes of rest and whisperings began to think ourselves safe, and proceeded to unsaddle our horses. My mare was wont to whinny when thus about to be relieved, but that night she was too tired. Hardly had we begun when we heard the ominous Indian "whoop! whoop!" coming toward us!

We both stole quickly to our horses' heads, and there we stood motionless! We "froze," as the hunters say, to deceive the pursuer. Through the tall wild oats the bucks zigzagged, dogging our tracks, whooping all the while. They had struck the trail and now their calls died away in the distance. We were safe for the moment. Until early dawn we stayed there quietly and fed our horses as best we could, for the next day's ride was to be a furious one. By daylight we were riding hard, returning on the same trail over which we had come. At last we reached a white settlement, very grateful that our ignorance of the country had not cost us our lives. A kind Providence had again guided me in a marvelous escape from death.

This hostility of the Indians which induced Major James D. Savage to institute a campaign against them, also caused us to abandon our plans for further explorations with our machine. We returned to Stockton and then had the machine forwarded to Vallecito, where I had found a suitable location for a test. After all, the trial proved very unsatisfactory because, for lack of iron, most of the parts were constructed of wood, and the water caused them to swell and finally to break down completely.

Meanwhile our business had prospered, and was only checked in its expansion by the great fire of May 4, 1851 in San Francisco. We suffered a great loss then. Part of the salvage, however, my partners succeeded in shipping to Stockton by steamer and it arrived on the following morning. The goods were unloaded, but by a decree of the town council had to be removed from the levee at once. We took them to

a small warehouse in the outskirts of the town, intending in the same manner to lighten our stock in our store for fear of fire. With that resolution I retired at the store about eleven o'clock on the night of the sixth of May. I had hardly pulled my blankets over me when calls of "Fire! Fire!" made me jump up again. There was a big blaze nearby, and I had but time to dress, take my little truck, and wheel out our small safe, which contained our books and considerable gold dust. All the rest went up in smoke.

Soon after we started business again in one of those imported ready made eighteen hundred dollar frame buildings, which were brought up from San Francisco. But somehow times had changed in Stockton. Our principle customers at the mines had gone to San Francisco for supplies at lower rates, so early in 1852, after having wound up our affairs in the mines, I returned to San Francisco. Here a change in the firm took place. Col. Pinto withdrew, and Martin Waterman and I continued the business.

Right here I wish to record a very happy event of my life, the happiest of all in fact, my marriage with Miss Maria R. Drenckhahn. She was a native of Hamburg, Germany, a sister of Martin Waterman's wife, and had come around Cape Horn during the previous year in company with another sister, Mrs. A. C. Weber. Our marriage took place on April 3, 1852, Rev. John L. Vermehr of Grace Church, officiating. The happiness of our married life only came to an end when my companion and life long friend joined the silent majority on August 14, 1901.

Reports from Lower California and Mexican ports, and personal business connections in those quarters encouraged us to undertake a large expedition to that region. Accordingly we chartered the Danish bark "Courier," Captain Krabbe, master. With a properly selected cargo, both Waterman and myself put out to sea on April twenty-third for Cape San Lucas, the port of San Jose del Cabo, where we arrived at the end of the month.

While Waterman took charge of the goods at that place and arranged for shipping goods from there back to San Francisco, I took the balance over to Guaymas, according to our charter, and disposed of them there. At La Paz we made

inquiries concerning the resources of the country, and had the pleasure of being very kindly received by the governor of Lower California, Senor Don Rafael Espinosa, from whom we received a very welcome and truthful description of the district and things in general. The outcome of it all was that we started a pearl fishery, first receiving therefor, a license from the governor, as all foreigners were compelled to do. Concessions for cutting logwood, or Campeachy wood, we also obtained. Waterman engaged the divers for the season, which lasted from May to October. He also engaged the men for cutting the wood. Then he left for San Francisco.

The next vessel brought my wife and her sister to La Paz, and we were soon well established in the enterprise. I gave my personal attention to the pearl fishing. The season proved to be full of work, and with my able manager, George Reynolds, an Englishman by birth, and an old resident of that locality, we did pretty well. The result of our logwood cutting was five thousand quintals, which was shipped to San Francisco. The cunning and untrustworthiness of the men and muleteers, however, caused us much delay and annoyance. Also the pearl fisheries did not develop as we expected. During the next year we bought pearls from the divers, instead of fishing ourselves, but the beds seemed to have been pretty well raked over. Besides, we lacked sufficient capital to conduct this business on a large enough scale, so it seemed better to give up at the end of the season. By October 8, 1853, we had returned to San Francisco thoroughly dissatisfied with this enterprise, so laborious and full of hardships had it been.

During my long cross-country jaunts, when supervising the logwood cuttings, it was my habit to carry a gun and shoot whatever game I saw for home consumption. Our larder was rather monotonous in variety, and an occasional rabbit was welcome indeed. One day I shot a good sized one, and fat it seemed to be, too. But upon taking it up I found it to be a female with her udder full of milk. The thought of the starving young ones made me resolve never to go hunting again, and I have kept that resolution.

In San Francisco Martin Waterman and I dissolved our partnership by mutual consent. Subsequently I obtained a position with Wm. Meyer Elton & Co., for whom I often

had occasion to travel in the interior. When in Santa Clara Valley I frequently visited my old friend Adolph Pfister at San Jose, and there had the opportunity of meeting James Lick. Mr. Lick had then built his flour mill near Alviso and did considerable business with Pfister & Co. After several conversations with him and after visiting the mill several times, he asked me one day if I would agree to attend to the exclusive sale of his flour in San Francisco, and also keep his books at the mill. I consented and immediately set to work to find some one for a partner. One Hirschfeld accepted my offer, and we did a very good business in the sale of Lick's flour, which was then admittedly the best here. Once or twice every week I visited the mill, examined the books, and reported to Mr. Lick.

On one of these occasions I found Mr. Lick working very hard setting out trees in his orchard, and asked him why he did not send for his son John, then living in Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania. He answered very abruptly, "Why doesn't he come? I have no objection."

Thereupon I asked permission to write to his son. He consented. I wrote, and John H. Lick came out. Calling first at my house on Second Street, he asked me to take him to his father, who happened to be stopping that day at Dr. Zeile's home on Pacific Street. Accordingly I was present at their meeting which was not a very cordial one. For reasons unknown to me John's stay here, however, was of short duration.

My partner, Hirschfeld, was compelled to start to Germany to settle some family affairs, but unfortunately lost his life in the wreck of the steamer in the Gulf of Mexico. At this juncture Mr. Joseph Frank, a dealer and importer of tobacco, whom I had known very well for some time, offered me a partnership and I accepted. The flour business was in no way neglected, since with Mr. Lick's consent and under my guarantee, I had put my old friend, George C. Peterson, in charge of it, and had the satisfaction of seeing it carried on in the same successful way.

At this time, Mr. Leonard, Lick's agent here, resigned, and I was offered the position of serving him as general agent. I hesitated at first, rather doubting my ability to do him justice in the position, but after consulting my partner, Joseph Frank,

I thankfully accepted. During my incumbency as his agent, the Lick House was built, and I then often met and consulted with the architect, Henry Kennitzer, and Lick's lawyer, Hall McAllister.

It was the habit of Mr. Lick to visit our flour store every night when he was here, and after closing our tobacco store, I went regularly to look over matters and report to him. Often after business was settled, he liked to indulge in talks about the topics of the day, especially religious tendencies. He showed a broad mental grasp of things, and seemed particularly interested in science and the progress of mankind in general. He was then quite different than he appeared to the superficial and casual observer, to whom he may have seemed a somewhat reticent and diffident man.

Thus I had charge of James Lick's interests here until March, 1863, when an intended trip to Germany to see my old mother again, as well as some misunderstandings with him, forced me to resign. Reviewing my business and personal relations with James Lick, I cannot but give expression to my satisfaction in having gained and held his confidence so long, despite a certain distrust in men which this eccentric man showed in his otherwise noble aspirations.

In my own business I had been very successful up to the time of my departure for Germany, when I severed my connection with the firm of J. Frank & Co. on April 1, 1863. Settling my affairs and leaving them to the care of my brother-in-law, A. C. Weber, I left with my wife and three children on June 6, 1863, on board the steamer "Constitution" via Panama and New York to Germany. Twelve years later, soon after the death of my mother, I returned with my wife and four children to my former field of activity, this city, on June 5, 1875.

Since then I have looked after my real estate interests and have engaged in mining enterprises in Yuba and Sierra and Calaveras Counties, and at the Stickeen River, B. C. For nearly twelve years I also owned and developed a vineyard and olive orchard in the Napa Redwoods, called "Lotus Farm." The latter enterprise brought me in contact with our agricultural interests, and gave me an insight into the possibilities of their development such as had never been presented to me

before. My early impressions would not then let me forecast such a future as our present conditions in the interior show. During that time I was also interested in the Schmolz patent fan-wheel for fruit drying. I built a dryer to prove the efficacy of the wheel, and had the satisfaction of seeing it adopted at various places. Some difficulty about making the patent on the wheel hold, took the construction of the wheel out of my hands and virtually brought this undertaking to a close. However the wheel is used extensively today in practically the same form.

For some years I have been unable to get about much because of rheumatic lameness, and have confined myself, with the assistance of my son, to the management of my moderate estate.

Looking backward to the early days, I remember that the prevalent opinion was that California was only good for mining. The possibility of cattle raising on the range was conceded, but the summer seemed too dry to give much promise for that essential condition of general growth and prosperity, namely an extensive rural home life. It was commonly thought that as soon as general mining gave out, everything else would stop. However, the prime inspiration for California's real development was its glorious climate. Its spell filled all newcomers with the desire to settle down and turn their attention to other industries besides mining. The pioneers paved the way, and in all new enterprises the men of '49 had a hand. Our prosperity today and our fine prospects everywhere are mainly due to the fact that the fertility of California's soil was proved and all branches of agriculture have been diligently developed. Under new conditions and far from the great markets of the world, the task has been difficult, and though we are in many instances still behind the times, a new era of progress is unfolding itself, for we have recovered from the peculiar and long after-effect of the flush times of early days, and from the excitement of the "Bonanzas." The spirit of legitimate enterprise has taken the place of the desire for speculation.

California has always seemed to me to have a great future. The longer I have stayed here the more I have become attached to my new Fatherland. I have always believed that with this

This charcoal cartoon, drawn by an old friend for a birthday gift during the 90's, depicts seven milestones in Mr. Jordan's career: 1—Arrival in Havana. 2—Leaving Trinidad de Cuba. 3—Dreams of Golden California. 4—Maria Rosaline chooses. 5—Twelve years visit in Hamburg and Halle. 6—Home again, bag and baggage. 7—The Promised Land, "Lotus Farm" at Napa, California.

climate, with this soil, and with these splendid bays and harbors, we should become a thriving people. The Pacific Ocean to bring trade and irrigation to insure against lack of moisture, will add vastly to our State's prosperity. I am happy to see the rise and advance of many industries for I have an abiding faith in their future in California. And last of all I hope the characteristic hospitality and helpfulness of the days of '49, so well embodied in James Lick's gift to the Society of California Pioneers, will endure in this new era and be handed down to posterity as a precious tradition and heritage.

The data of this narrative was taken from my diary, and this short resume was in part written, in part dictated, and finally carefully revised by me, so that it presents in as concise a form as possible a truthful account of my life to 1901.

To my Brother Pioneers, I send greetings.

R. JORDAN.

Beneath the outward evidence of strength, energy and determination of the old Pioneers there was always a strain of gentleness and charity. What may be said of one of them applies equally to all of those Argonauts who chose to make this State their home and struggled on, as best they could, through failure and misfortune. While luck was often a decisive factor in their success, their pluck was ever a notable feature of their lives under those shifting conditions of the early days. A grateful memory may wish to magnify the achievements of one, but there is due to all of them an appreciation of their endeavors to build up a community in the spirit of fellowship, by an undaunted intentness of purpose best designated as character. To illustrate its meaning in this instance a few reminiscences of human interest are added to Rudolf Jordan's own story by the members of his family.

During his stay with the firm at Trinidad de Cuba it was their custom to board their employees, and the two partners of the house sat at the same table with them. One partner seemed to have been of a fault-finding disposition and had aroused his dislike by unfair treatment of a fellow employee. The climax came one evening at dinner when he was made the target of a volley of sarcastic remarks about putting

sugar on his eggs. Incensed at the liberty taken, he arose, delivered a scathing reply and left the table. Despite the entreaties of the more affable partner, he resigned because he considered this undeserved ridicule an insult to his personal freedom. New occupation now became imperative, and quite by chance, daguerreotype photography, then a sensational new discovery, attracted his attention. Presently, however, President Polk's message about the discovery of gold in California made him abandon his silver plate negatives for the more alluring nuggets of the yellow metal.

While in Cuba he was fond of playing the guitar, an instrument lending itself well to the romantic tropics. The use of ammonia, however, in this method of photography inflamed his right index finger and caused him to lose its tip joint. Unable to do justice any longer to his beloved guitar, he applied himself diligently again to the piano, since a fine and natural sense of harmony demanded expression. His improvisations on the piano as well as on the organ, his favorite instrument, are gratefully remembered by all the members of his family as delightful reveries of a musical soul. Upon his return to this city from Germany, he instituted weekly musicales at his home and for many years made them a nucleus for gathering his friends about him. He was also the organist of his Masonic lodge for twelve years.

He related that in Cuba the Negro slaves were given one free day each year. For its celebration they would form long processions during which they sang their own native chants and songs. He would follow them because he was deeply attracted by their natural sense of harmony and their skill in blending their voices in perfect chords with striking combinations of disharmony falling back into the dominant key. The under-tone was droned by the old men, over which rose the rather sad sounding themes in minor key intoned by the younger men. It was somewhat in the nature of our own Negro spirituals, full of the longing for perfect happiness beyond, and for the deliverance from bondage.

When the yield of gold in the placer mines became less, and required larger enterprises with hydraulic machinery, many disappointed gold seekers turned their attention toward Mexico as another possible El Dorado. Questionable and politically

irritating filibuster expeditions drew away the more adventurous ones from this state, much to its benefit. Those, however, who had learned to recognize its more permanent values took up commercial and agricultural pursuits. In 1851 we find him established in a business at Stockton, but soon after a fire wiped it out. It was then that he joined an enterprise to La Paz, Lower California. From the pearl fisheries there, which did not prove very remunerative, he retained some very fine pearls and had them made into a brooch and ear rings for his wife, jewelry that is still highly prized by members of his family. While at La Paz he won the warm friendship of the Governor, Don Rafael Espinosa, who made him an Honorary Citizen of Mexico. The certificate has this legend: "Given me as a token of friendship by the Governor of Lower California, Senor Coronel Don Rafael Espinosa, June 12, 1852."

Upon his return to this city he formed various partnerships in business, and also served James Lick as agent for many years, as elsewhere related in his own story. Upon his final resignation in March 1863, before leaving for Germany, he requested an acknowledgement of satisfaction pertaining to the books and accounts and thus received the autograph of James Lick whom he had always highly admired as a great philanthropist. A memorable partnership in the tobacco business was that with Joseph Frank. This brought him into close contact with the Jewish people. He always spoke highly of their intellectual honesty and their keen ability of seeing through appearances. He mentioned, notably, their devoted family life and the great respect shown their aged people. Incidentally he learned how to take them and to join them in their peculiar and funny way of scrapping with each other. He had many friends among them, and used to say, "If you do a Jew a real favor he will never forget it as long as he lives."

His home was at Second and De Boom Streets, so called Rincon Hill, and his oldest daughter has a faint recollection of an episode about a pig, a story often retold by her mother. He was always a great lover of animals and defended their right to fair treatment. In fact, he demanded justice for them rather than mere maudlin pity. In this particular instance he had a theory—fully verified today—that hogs naturally loved to be clean, and that only man's improper care was responsible

for their undeserved notoriety for unclean habits. With his usual and abundant energy he set out to prove his contention by buying a pig and installing it in a carefully constructed pen. Daily attention to its well-being, with fresh, clean straw and frequent, personally conducted baths, gave his beloved pet a blissful existence. In spite of its untraced pedigree it became a distinguished and immaculate looking hog as time went on, with its bristles shining in the sun like soft silk. His indulgent wife looked on with patience, but when the pig had grown up into appetizing proportions she developed an uncanny interest which foreshadowed a sinister end. With a woman's more practical estimate of its value for the larder, she put down her tiny foot one day and terminated the demonstration of his theory by calling in the butcher. It is said that the helpless caretaker absented himself during this atrocious interference with his edible pet's right to live, and that the sad memory of his departed four-footed friend kept him from eating pork for a long time.

Having declared his intention previously, he finally became a full-fledged American citizen on October 21, 1853. Disliking all pomp and show, and particularly the clap-trap splendor of royalty, he was a true and sincere democrat by nature. Regarding the provincial spirit and deferential demeanor of his home town people in Halle, Saxony, he used to say that the very tiles of the roofs seemed to fall upon and oppress him with their weight. While revisiting his mother in Germany he lived for many years in Hamburg where it rains nearly every day in the year. There he continued to uphold the traditions of his adopted country by always celebrating the Fourth of July. On that day the Stars and Stripes would float beneath the German flag as etiquette required, and he would show his children how to raise these flags tied up in bundles which, by a tug at the rope, would unfurl to the wind at the top of the pole. This flag pole stood on a large lawn in an extensive garden with a big portion of it as a vegetable plot. Besides asparagus beds and strawberry patches, there was always a yearly crop of American corn, a vegetable whose palatableness had to be demonstrated to doubting guests because it was considered unfit for human consumption.

He had brought to Germany many specimens of plants col-

lected here while a member of a scientific organization. These plants, together with a special collection of mosses from a Mr. Bolander here, were submitted to the scrutiny of Professor Karl Mueller at the University of Halle. Among them was also a variety of maidenhair gathered by him in Napa Valley. After careful examination and comparison with known varieties, Mueller declared it to be a new species and issued a pamphlet concerning it, naming it Adiantum Jordani. As proof of the discovery of marvelous lumps of gold in California he often exhibited a large nugget about the size of the palm of a hand, and weighing nearly a pound and a half. It is well remembered that its display always caused intense interest and gasping wonderment on the part of the beholder.

While abroad his attention was drawn to the invention of nitroglycerin by the famous Alfred B. Nobel. He visited Nobel, who demonstrated to him the terrible explosiveness of it by daubing a little on a hammer and detonating it on an anvil. They seemed to have become mutually interested in each other, and it finally ended with a proposition by Nobel of a partnership in a shipment of it to California for the mines. Though there would have been a small fortune in the enterprise, his natural sense of danger and concern for the safety of others made him refuse the offer. His wisdom was proved, for the ship carrying the nitroglycerin, was blown up. A subsequent shipment consigned to this city met with the same fate, causing death and destruction, at the old office of Wells, Fargo & Co., the express company at the northwest corner of California and Montgomery Streets. These results caused Nobel to give up its manufacture until he found a way of converting it into what came to be known as dynamite. With this explosive, he made the great fortune that led to those generous gifts, known as Nobel prizes, annually paid to men and women in recognition for distinguished service to mankind.

Returning to this city in 1875 he looked after his investments and lived to the ripe old age of ninety-two. His death occurred on July 26, 1910. When he was eighty-eight his courage was again tested in the devastating earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906, by which he sustained heavy losses. He met this calamity with his former resolution and lived long enough to see his old Yerba Buena rise out of the ashes again. He had

long been confined to his room by rheumatic lameness and also suffered from partial blindness. For information about current events, for which his wideawake mind ever longed, he depended on readings by the members of his household. In spite of these distressing handicaps he sat cheerfully at his large desk, which had served him so long, and always had a friendly word for all visitors. Many callers came away with the impression that here was a man who had lived his creed of the Golden Rule, one who was loud in his protest against all injustice and soft spoken in his genial charity toward the transgressor, one who tried to see the best in men and in things; and lastly, one who, though free from dogma, thought the world would be better off for heeding the call to peace by Jesus: Love ye one another.

He loved little children and knew how to tell them thrilling stories. In an upper drawer of his desk he kept an ever ready box of chocolate wafers, by which he adroitly fostered not only the love of these little ones, but also the good will of grown-ups. They served as an "Open Sesame" for the treasures of the heart.

Besides German he spoke and wrote Spanish as fluently as a native, and loved it fully as much as his German. Whenever he made remarks to his wife about the children in their hearing, or about other matters not intended for them, he used Spanish words — cryptic communications, quite irritating at times. He also spoke French and English with scarcely a noticeable accent, and used to say that speaking to persons in their native tongue opened the way to their good will. Whenever occasion required, he could make a good off-hand speech, and on account of his skill in languages, he liked to call himself a cosmopolitan or world citizen. It is needless to say that he had a fine conception of the term "gentleman" as comprising courteousness and sincerity, and as to the exterior of such a person he used to say that it required three marks of distinction, namely, polished boots, a spotless waistcoat and a flawless hat. This quaint definition probably had its origin with the Southern element of early society who preferred politics and the professions to the manual labor of gold digging.

His natural trust in people made him at times quite naive and unable to discern deception. A story is told that one eve-

ning at a card party he complimented an old Californian on his magnificent head of hair. A painful silence followed this remark. After the game was over he was taken aside by another friend and told what had long been considered a well known secret, namely, that the possessor of that abundant hair had three wigs, worn at successive stages of its supposed growth. While not given to ridicule, he had a good sense of humor and enjoyed this joke on himself. Many a heart-rending tale of a beggar was implicitly believed and opened his purse, but there was more back of this unsuspecting giving. For, he who had roughed it in the open had graven in his heart the deep meaning of warmth, shelter and a satisfied stomach. His own escape from similar predicaments he was ever ready to lay to a kind Providence, by which he had been protected from danger and misfortune. This belief did not, however, prevent him from taking wise precautions against mishaps and fraud. In this respect it is worth mentioning that he considered his signature proof against forgery. A fac-simile of it appears at the end of this sketch, and from it one can see that his capital letters were made inversely, that is, they started from below or from the rear and had their shadings in the wrong place.

The great adventure of the search for gold had its coarse and ignoble features of turmoil, violence, crime and misery, but as time recedes it stands out as a necessary groundwork of the more precious achievements of today. The descendants of the Pioneer men and women may well remember the endless difficulties of building up a community out of the mixed elements thrown together from all the corners of the world, and particularly bear in mind the buoyant spirit of hope and tireless energy by which order was brought out of chaos. Keen interest in affairs, alertness of action, clear thinking and an open-minded quest for truth, not only characterized this Pioneer, but also all the others who by steadfast faith in the future labored to make this state what it is today. Though many of them, like this one, left no great fortune, they left something infinitely more valuable—a generous example and an honorable memory.

Some time after his death a grandson wrote me: "To your synopsis of his character, I should like to add a few words about his appreciation and admiration of women." That was

fully proved by his devotion to our splendid mother, and is a reminder of a just tribute due to all those brave Pioneer women who came here either by the tedious voyage around Cape Horn or by the more trying journey across the endless plains and mountains. Honorable women they were, who hoped to establish their home life amid more promising environments than their old homes had offered. To them belongs the unquestionable achievement of bringing to this rough and ready assembly of men, the finer values of life, and of creating a better balanced social order. It seems, therefore, quite fitting to close this sketch with the dedication prefacing his own story, as contained in the original copies distributed only among the members of his family.

— R. J., Jr.

To My Children and Grandchildren:—

In giving you the account of my life in this form, I am not actuated by any desire to perpetuate the memory of my arrival here in 1849, but rather to place before you the record of one who, like many other human beings, has struggled as best he could for a living and a competency.

Life is everywhere the same, and what may appear romantic as a reminiscence was often nothing but a severe trial, and possibly an aimless, though bold reaching out for fortune's gifts. Disappointment, dismay, and loss of all hope have played their parts well throughout the wanderings here set down, and this avowal should serve as a consolation to any of you who at times may fail to realize your expectations or wishes.

At best the record is but a statement of facts and dates; it is but an outward show. For of the thoughts within, it does not deal. The finest and best part of life—the uplifting moments of the soul which dispel life's dreariness and drudgery—must be left to your imagination. But there was one powerful element in the greater part of both the recorded and the unrecorded portion of my life which gave it meaning and worth, and that was the long and true companionship of your beloved mother and grandmother. To her influence and advice were due most of my achievements; and this presentation of my short narrative to you is chiefly made to commemorate her high spirit and unfailing devotion.

In reading this little book, therefore, do not forget to include her in the memory of,

Ever yours affectionately,

B. Jordan

William Wellington White

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

—o—

"Father was a well-to-do business man until the great financial disasters of 1835-1845 left him, like thousands of others, in poverty. He died soon after, leaving his family without means, so before I was twelve I left home to earn my own living. Shortly after I was fifteen I went to Erie and engaged for three years as a blacksmith's apprentice. About the time my apprenticeship expired, the news of the discovery of gold in California had set the country wild with excitement, and from all I could learn regarding this coast, I believed it was a good country to go to, whether the stories of the great riches to be made in the mines were true or not. Therefore I determined to go. My cousins, Peyton and Robert Cook, merchants of St. Louis and Louisville, were intending to cross the plains, so I immediately communicated with them and made arrangements to join their party. Thus on the fourteenth day of March, 1849, I left Erie on the stage coach for Pittsburgh, there being at that time no railroads west of Dunkirk, New York.

At that season the ground was frozen several feet deep all winter, and now the mud was as deep as the solid frozen earth had been. The wheels cut down into it to their hubs, and the team stalled again and again, forcing the passengers to get out and take rails from a nearby fence to pry the coach out. After three or four days and nights of that kind of traveling, we arrived at Pittsburgh, a hundred and thirty-seven miles from Erie, and I immediately boarded the Steamer Telegraph No. 2 bound for New Orleans.

Congress had just adjourned, and there were a number of western Senators and Congressmen on their way home. Men of renown they were, but the one who most attracted me was General Sam Houston of Texas. He was a large, powerful looking man with plain unassuming manners and kindly pleas-

ant ways that have caused me to remember him always as one of the greatest and best men I have ever met.

A trip down the Ohio River in those days was what now would be called a regular picnic. We had good accommodations, good fare, fine scenery, agreeable company, and after a pleasant trip, arrived in Cincinnati. I stayed over one day to visit friends, and then secured passage on a boat to St. Louis. This boat proved inferior in every way to the other. She was slow and had poor accommodations. Arriving safely at St. Louis we began preparations for our long journey across the plains. We found that all the wagons suitable for the trip had been sold to a party just ahead of us, so we had to have three built in the shortest time practicable. Wagon building was in my line, so I attended to it and saw that every stick of timber and piece of iron was good, and our wagons proved as good as the best. They gave no trouble by breaking down, but we made the same mistakes that others did in building them too large and heavy.

We had expected to start in April but were delayed because my cousins had to return to Cincinnati on account of the sickness and death of their mother.

All this time the cholera was raging fearfully, people were dying by the hundreds every day. I sometimes met and talked with men in the forenoon, and before night would hear of their deaths. It was a serious situation. Fortunately I escaped and when my cousins returned had things nearly ready for the start. Soon our outfit was assembled and placed aboard a steamer bound for St. Joseph, our twelve yoke of oxen, three wagons and other luggage making a large part of the ship's cargo.

After a tedious voyage we arrived at St. Joseph and were landed on the opposite side of the river in Indian Territory, where on May 28, 1849, we loaded up our wagons, yoked up the oxen, and tried to make a start. But most of our cattle were young and but half broken in, and none of us had ever driven an ox team, so we finally had to engage a professional bull puncher to assist us. With his help two of the wagons got through the river bottom that evening, but the last wagon, the one I was with, ran foul of a tree and as it was dark and rainy, it proved a very disagreeable first night out. The next

morning some of the others came back to our assistance and we went on to the Sae and Fox Indian Mission where we camped and bought three Indian riding ponies. In bringing in our cattle we found that several were missing and they could not be found until we offered the Indians a few dollars reward for them. Then they were soon brought out from hiding.

The members of our party were Peyton, Robert, and Augustus Cook; P. C. Strickland, their nephew; Carick and Ned Booth; Coulard, our steward, and myself.

Learning that there was a party of emigrants at the forks of the St. Joseph and Independence roads about to organize a company to travel together for better protection, we yoked up and drove all night to join them, but before ten o'clock I was taken with that dread cholera. They put me in the wagon and gave me such remedies as they had with them and we hurried on and came up to the camp of the party we sought before daylight next morning. By that time I was nearly gone, unconscious and helpless, but luckily for me there were two good physicians, the Drs. Conduit of Palmyra, Missouri. They immediately took me into their tent and went to work on me. They pried my mouth open, poured medicine down my throat, and with the assistance of several others who rubbed me, brought me to. It was a close call, and only for those doctors I would have been buried there as hundreds of others were who died of the cholera that year on the plains.

That day, the first of June, the company was organized by electing Mr. Dickey of Tennessee as captain. He had been captain of a company of volunteers in the Mexican War. Our party now numbered about a hundred men with forty wagons and some carts. There were small parties from several states, one from Missouri, two or three from Tennessee, two or three from Kentucky, several from Ohio, two from Illinois. We were divided into messes of from four to eight men each. The captain put the men under a kind of military rule at once. Guards were selected for the night, some for the camp, and others for the grazing cattle. The wagons were formed into a corral when camping, by stopping them close behind each other in a circle. Each wagon was in advance and then in the rear in regular rotation; in lead today, in the rear tomorrow, and so on until each had been in the lead at least one day.

As we were late in starting (I think we were the last ox train expecting to go through to California before winter), we tried to make as much speed as possible, the lead team setting the pace as fast as they could. Each day there was an advance guard, who with the captain selected the camps; and a rear guard to help any who failed to keep up. At times there were scouts on each flank.

For the first day or two I lay on a bed in the wagon suffering intense misery, for the cholera had left me very weak and sore. The only time I ever regretted starting, or wished myself back in the States, was at this time, but after a few days I was well again and drove a team every day without rest.

The first part of the journey was through what is now the eastern part of Kansas and Nebraska. It was a beautiful prairie country covered with fine grass and wild flowers, groves of trees and many running streams. We frequently met parties returning to the States, discouraged by the hardships and dangers of the journey, and reporting Indian hostilities and other frightful obstructions along the way. We saw a great many graves by the wayside, mostly of the victims of the cholera. However it did not discourage us, and we made good progress and soon overtook trains that had started ahead of us. The further we went, the poorer we found the country and the shorter the feed for the teams. At old Fort Kearny there were a few adobe buildings, the first buildings we had seen since leaving the Mission near St. Joseph. A company of United States troops was stationed there. A little beyond Fort Kearny we passed a large camp of Sioux Indians, several of whose chiefs came to talk with our older men and to smoke the pipe of peace. They were the largest, finest Indians I ever saw, and were armed with bows six feet or more in length, with which they could shoot an arrow clear through a buffalo.

About this time we first saw herds of buffalo, and for the next two hundred miles the whole country was alive with them. As far as we could see and in every direction were vast herds, yes hundreds of fat buffalo, savage looking bulls, cows and calves of all ages and sizes. We ate and grew fat on buffalo meat, roasted it, broiled it, fried it. One day while in the buffalo country we passed a large camp of Indians who

had come from some distance to hunt and who seemed to be entire strangers to the white man. After watching us intently for some time and satisfying their curiosity, they commenced by signs to offer us not only furs and dressed skins but finely beaded and painted moccasins and robes. They were eager to trade for sugar and flour and tobacco. One old warrior wrapped in a fine beaded robe bound around the edges with fur and painted with all kinds of animals and birds, came up to me as I stood by my team, and pointing first to his robe and then to my old jeans coat made me understand that he wanted to exchange. I pulled off the coat and he gave me the robe. He was then entirely naked, but he squeezed himself into the coat which was too small for him, and strutted off as proud as a lord and as happy as though he had taken a scalp.

The next Indians we met were not so friendly. One day we rounded a sharp bend in the river where the bluff comes close to the river and the valley widens out beyond. As the first wagon turned the point it found the Captain and the advance guard drawn up watching a band of Indians on horseback. They were charging toward us, giving their war-whoop and brandishing their spears and bows. As they drew near they divided and circled so as to surround us, plainly showing their hostile intentions. But by this time all our wagons had come up and formed a corral as usual on camping. The Indians, seeing that we were well prepared to meet them, and stronger than they had thought, changed their minds, drew off, and held a parley among themselves. Then some of them came to us, held a talk and rode away leaving us in peace, but we fully believed they had intended to attack us.

At Fort Laramie there were a few adobe buildings and a detachment of United States troops. Here we were to leave the valleys and cross the Black Hills and Rocky Mountains. As the teams were poor and weak it was necessary to lighten the loads. To do so all the surplus provisions and baggage and all articles that could be spared had to be abandoned as there were no purchasers. I set up my blacksmith outfit as I had done whenever we laid over a day, and made all the necessary repairs and some extras so as to leave things in good order for whomever might take them. We left two of our heavy wagons and took a light one in their place. Four

pair of cattle were hitched to it and eight pair to the large wagon that I drove.

We crossed to the north side of the North Platte River, followed it for some distance, then over the Bitter Water country to the Sweet Water River and through South Pass to Green River and on to Fort Bridger. I saw and talked with Captain Bridger, the owner of the Fort. He was one of the oldest and most noted of the trappers and traders of the Rocky Mountains and the plains, and had lived there for many years. I found driving eight pair of cattle over the rough, rocky roads, around sharp curves, down steep hills, and along the sides of deep precipices, a little the liveliest work I ever tried to do. It took about as much endurance, strength, activity and skill as a modern college football game or boat race.

At Salt Lake there was a settlement of several hundred Mormons, some of them having come four years previous. There was a flourishing village in which we remained several days to recruit our worn out teams and to have some of them shod. As the Mormon blacksmiths had very little help I volunteered to assist them and boarded and lodged with them so we could work early and late, for we were in a great hurry. I found them a very good, kind and intelligent people, although there have been horrible tales told of the way they treated the California emigrants in 1849 and 1850. They certainly treated us well except that Brigham Young, their leader and prophet, wanted as many as would, to go by the southern route, and to hire his men as guides and road builders. His fee was ten dollars for each wagon guided. The Sunday we were there he stated in his sermon that the Lord had come to him in a vision and told him that no emigrants starting after that time over the northern route to California would arrive there, but would leave their bones to bleach on the plains or in the mountains. Some trains were frightened and went by the southern route, though to their sorrow. We came safely through the northern route, but by a tight squeeze.

We left Salt Lake about the first of September. The time was short until the snow would block the way so we pushed ahead as fast as our poor teams could travel and made good time. The roads were bad and feed very short and the water of the Humboldt hardly fit for use. We were never out of

sight or smell of dead cattle and mules and horses. The prospects looked gloomy, but now we had the first positive proof of the truth of the stories we had read at home of the riches of the gold mines. We met Mr. Rhodes, an old Mormon, and his party on their way to Salt Lake. They had been in the diggings since the first discovery, and as our Dr. Conduit was an old friend of Mr. Rhodes, having befriended him when the Mormons were driven out of Missouri, he gave us much information about the mines. He finally took a buckskin bag of gold dust and a pair of steelyards out of his wagon and showed us he had one hundred pounds weight. It was good evidence to us of the riches awaiting us, and most encouraging.

In the Sink of the Humboldt we camped two days to rest and recruit the teams before starting into the desert. A lot of Piute Indians were living there and their young boys spent most of their time swimming and diving in the pools of deep water. They would often remain under several minutes, and then come to the surface with a trout between their teeth, which seemed a queer way to fish.

Now commenced the hardest part of the long, hard journey, crossing the forty-mile desert through drifting sands and alkali plains and dry lakes, with no water for man or animal, and no grass to keep up the strength of our starving teams. Many of them fell by the wayside and died, and but few of them were able to haul the wagons through. Many wagons were left some miles from the Carson River to be brought up after the teams had been driven to water and grass to regain their strength. The men suffered as did the teams, but were better able to stand the heat and thirst. My tongue was parched and protruding from my mouth, and I seemed to be on fire with fever, but after arriving at Carson City the delights of pure drinking water soon restored my health and spirits. I have tasted many good drinks in my life, fine wines and others, but never any that equalled the Carson River water.

As so many of the cattle had died on the desert several of us, eight or ten I think, determined to push on through, leaving the train to follow as soon as they could. Taking a pair of blankets, a few cooking utensils and as much food as we could conveniently carry on our backs, and agreeing to remain

together, to help one another in case any of the party were wounded, sick or lame, we started off hoping to send assistance to those left behind if they were not able to come through without aid. We were warned of the hostile appearance of the Indians, so went as well armed as we could. The first day old Mr. Lancaster, a preacher, became lame and we all ate from his pack to lighten his load, and the next day lightened his son's load so he could carry his father's blankets. The third day three of the party went ahead with their full packs, and we never saw them again! This left us short of provisions and as the old man's lameness continued, it looked rather desperate for us. The Indians were hovering about and we had several narrow escapes from them. Finally we got safely to and over the summit but were out of grub. We overtook a train from Marion County, Missouri. They had plenty of provisions, but positively refused to sell any to us. They had been told and they believed, that on their arrival in the diggings they could exchange their provisions pound for pound of gold dust, and they were going to make the trade as soon as they got in, intending to return straightway to Missouri to buy negroes with the money. They did, however, let us have some biscuit and bacon for supper and breakfast. We marched along our dreary way and at night camped without food, except some bread crumbs we found in our packs. The next day's journey was slow. We were worn and weary and hungry. Fortunately I shot a hawk which we cooked and divided between us five!

After resting until nearly daylight we started on again. It was snowing and we didn't know how far we were from the nearest settlement. Things certainly looked blue, but before noon we met a relief train sent out by Governor Riley. They had orders to go on until they met the last of the emigrants. To us they gave the news that we were only three or four miles from Weaver Creek Mining Camp. They offered to stop and unpack a mule and give us food, but we declined, begging them to hurry on to assist those far behind. We gave them all the particulars concerning those still out and about how far back they were. They immediately pushed on and were the means of rescuing all those still out, in fact they brought them in through a heavy snow storm.

October tenth we reached the diggings, grateful and happy. The charge for our first meal was one dollar and a half, but I never ate a cheaper meal and I think the landlord lost money on the contract. Amongst other good things were raw onions sliced in vinegar. Onions themselves sold for a dollar and a half a pound. We had not tasted a vegetable of any kind for several months and I guess we made away with a pound each.

Next morning young Lancaster and I borrowed a pick and pan, and dug dirt and packed it to the creek and tried to wash it. We worked till noon, saving the gold as well as we could, then took it to our landlord to be weighed. It was worth eighty cents! As our meals each cost three dollars for the two of us we naturally concluded it would take a long time to make our fortunes there. So we joined a party starting for the southern mines. Arriving at New York Store, two miles below Dry Town, we were offered five dollars a day and board to mine for Mr. Sterling and Mr. Carroll, the proprietors of the store. We worked for over a month for those wages taking out from twelve to fifteen ounces a day, giving them a very nice profit.

I then concluded to go to Sacramento to try for a letter from home, and drove an ox team down for Sterling. The rains had fairly set in and the roads were very muddy. Every little while some of the oxen would mire. When I came to Sutter's Fort I was greatly interested, having read of it at home. Nearby was a fellow with a mule team stalled in the mud. He didn't give me time to look at the Fort, but hailed me and offered me five dollars to haul him out of that "mud hole." I would have done it for nothing, but I pulled him out in half the time it takes to tell it and took his five. As I drove into Sacramento I was hailed several times and asked if I wanted a load. Time and again I was offered a dollar a pound to haul supplies to Auburn, Hangtown, Coloma, and other places. I was even offered that price to Mormon Bar, but I wasn't seeking freight and answered "No."

I next drove down to Sutterville where I loaded in part, and then finished my load in Sacramento, the liveliest town I ever saw. While we were there the Steamer Senator arrived from the east by way of the Straits of Magellan. Many sea-going vessels were lying there. On the way out to Dry Creek

I joined a Mr. Shores and another chap with a team, and by doubling up our teams in the worst places, we made the trip by way of Ione Valley and on to the mines. The other men and teams were going to their camp twelve miles east of Dry Town near what has since been called Fiddletown, where their partners were building cabins and had found gold diggings.

I made arrangements with Mr. Shores to mine with him and his company for the winter. These were new diggings and proved fairly good while the winter rains lasted and the snow did not stop the work.

There were many Indians, hundreds of them, in the vicinity. Many of them had never seen a white man. They dressed in nature's garb, stark naked, except that the squaws wore a narrow buckskin girdle. They were inclined to be ugly at first, but we managed to get along without bloodshed. Several of them died that winter and were cremated on piles of wood while all the tribe, with their faces blackened, howled and lamented. Their principal food was acorn mush cooked in a basket on heated stones. They were armed with good bows and arrows, but killed very little game. After watching us pan our gold they soon became experts at it and usually had gold to exchange for food when they could not beg or steal it. The diggings paid fairly well and when they no longer yielded an ounce a day to each man, we quit and went to a new place.

On Christmas Eve on my way home from work I shot a hare and while I was skinning it an Indian captain came along and wanted to buy it. He offered me two ounces which I refused, preferring to make a Christmas dinner of it for our mess, for we had nothing but bread, bacon and beans. That hare was good enough for us but too good for an Indian.

In March the water in the gulches began to fail and our party to scatter in different directions. I went to Sacramento and bought a mule and a pack load of provisions and departed for Rancharee Creek and then to Volcano. The prospects there didn't please me, however, so I sold the outfit to a miner for a good profit and returned to Sacramento. Next I went to Marysville in company with Hargrave and his son and started a blacksmith's shop, but after a few weeks became tired of shoeing wild mustangs for sixteen dollars each, so we sold out and went to Sacramento. I bought a team the morning I

arrived and made two ounces that afternoon hauling goods about town. Next day I loaded up for Salmon Falls at one hundred dollars for the trip, two days' work, and after that I ran a regular express business to Dry Town, Rancharee and Amador Creek at ten cents per pound freight and one ounce for passengers. After a time when other teams came on the route and prices were reduced, I commenced to buy horses and cattle from the emigrants arriving across the plains. I expected to pasture them until fat and make a large profit by doing so, but soon I found that the thieves stole them as fast as I could buy them. That is why my brother and I determined to try farming in one of the coast valleys.

We fitted up a good four-horse team and wagon and camping outfit, and employed John Hailman, a young Illinoisan to go with us. We drove by way of Stockton, crossed the San Joaquin River at Bonsel's Ferry, paying twenty dollars, and camped at Livermore. There we had a long pleasant talk with Mr. Livermore and drank a glass of native wine. It was the first I knew that wine was made here. I was surprised to see so many fat cattle roaming about, for there was no grass in sight, and when he picked up what looked like a handful of dust and showed me the rich clover burrs and seed I was amazed. We next passed San Jose Mission and Pueblo San Jose, and camped in the suburbs near a market garden owned by Lewis and Day. Lewis was the engineer who later surveyed and located the San Jose and San Francisco Railroad, and Day was Sherman Day, afterwards in the office of the Surveyor General of this State, but at that time making his living cultivating a market garden.

After looking around for a few days, we continued on down the valley to Gilroy's Ranch and camped a day or two where the town of Gilroy now stands. A man by the name of Houk was then building a shake house, the first built in that town. We went on through San Juan Valley, stopped a day or two at the Mission and ate delicious pears from their orchard at two reals per pound. Journeying on we crossed the Salinas River at McCarty's Ferry, proceeded to Monterey and over to the Carmel Valley and Mission. Not finding any prospects of securing a ranch to our liking south of San Jose, we finally purchased about a mile west of the present town of Mountain

View. I then drove down to San Francisco to buy our winter's supply of provisions and some farming tools.

At the Pulgas Ranch House, then kept by an Englishman named Angelo, I stopped to water my team and make inquiries about the road to the city and where I could find a good camping place. He positively assured me there was no water or grass between his place and the city, so I took his advice and put up for the night with him. In the morning my bill figured up to twenty dollars. Then as I went on I found good water and camping places all along the way. He caught a customer by his lying, but I lost several hours and twenty dollars. At that time there were no houses on the road between the Pulgas Ranch and San Mateo where a good house was kept by Depister. Next was the Sanchez Ranch, then the Abbey, then a scattered house or two before one reached the Mission Dolores, where there was a lively little town. It was called three miles to the city and the way ran along Dolores Street, past the sand hills, the Hayes place, and the old Yerba Buena cemetery. I drove into the suburbs of the town and camped on a vacant lot about where Bush and Kearny Streets now intersect. Then I went down town and had supper near a boat landing on the lower side of Montgomery Street. There I washed the dust off my face and hands in the water of the Bay, the first time I had ever touched ocean water.

The most central business district then was around the Plaza or Portsmouth Square. There were many gambling houses. Bands played and games of monte, faro, and roulette were in full swing everywhere. Men with large stacks of coins or bags of gold dust crowded around the tables betting freely, often hundreds of dollars on one card. Numerous barkeepers served out drinks at fifty cents each while the bands played inspiring music.

I will mention here what may be of interest to members of agricultural societies in deciding the question of where the first public exhibition of agricultural products in this State was held. Strolling along Kearny Street, opposite the Plaza, I was attracted by a notice on a stairway entrance of an exhibit of agricultural products. The admission was one dollar. I went up and paid the fee, and considered it well worth the price, for I had a great interest in the subject. The largest

and finest vegetables I had ever seen were displayed there, pumpkins and squash as large as a flour barrel, turnips the size of a half bushel measure and cabbage as large as a bushel. Potatoes, both Irish and sweet, weighed several pounds each and stalks of wheat and barley were six feet or more in height bending low under the weight of well filled heads of grain. There was a great variety of farm products, each with a card stating where it was raised and the amount per acre. It was a revelation to me and I was assured then that California was bound to become a great agricultural state. The manager of this exhibition was a Mr. Seldon of San Jose who was later one of the victims of the explosion of the Steamer Jenny Lind. I purchased my supplies on Sansome Street which was then partly under water. The buildings were on piles and some old hulks of ships were anchored there. The sidewalks were planked, but the middle of the streets were not. We had to drive along the sidewalk to the store, load, and return along the sidewalk to the next corner as there was no chance of turning in the street without miring deep in the mud.

While I was in the city that trip, the steamer arrived bearing the glorious news of the Admission of the State into the Union, so on my way back I had the pleasure of telling the good news to a number of folks who had not yet heard of it. After our return we soon commenced preparations to put in a crop of grain, but as we had had an unusually dry season that year, only about eight inches of rain during the season, we were only able to sow about twenty-five acres. Showers came late in the season and the land was new, but our yield was about fifty bushels to the acre and we had a ready sale for it at ten cents a pound for barley and twelve for wheat. We had bought some hens for a hundred dollars a dozen and soon had a fine lot of chickens and eggs to sell. Our eggs brought two-fifty per dozen and spring chickens commanded five to eight dollars each.

Next winter we planted a much larger acreage and had a good yield, but prices fell and we received but four cents for barley and six for wheat. The expense for harvesting and threshing was much greater then than now, for the grain had to be cut with a cradle and thrashed by treading it on a ground floor by horses, there being neither reaping or threshing

machines in the country at the time. That year the overland emigrants brought many horses and cattle with them and they were very thin when they arrived. Pasturage in the mining regions was so scarce that the owners were anxious to sell at any price. Early in the fall I made a trip to Hangtown and brought a small drove back to the valley. After grazing for a short time they gained in weight and I sold them at a real profit, and went to Sacramento, where, after the rains, I found many more owners anxious to sell. So I invested all my capital in cows, horses and oxen.

Farming for the next two years was a losing business owing to the smut and rust and the depredations of the ground squirrels which gathered in the fields in vast numbers. In 1855 I became so discouraged with farming that I determined to sell my ranch and go to the mines to engage in quartz mining, which was then attracting a great deal of attention.

After advertising my ranch for several weeks I finally sold the four hundred and eighty acres for less than the improvements had cost me, and early in the spring of 1856 moved to Amador to buy an interest in a quartz mine and mill. There I put in about two years of the hardest work I ever did and at the end of that time found myself "busted." All my eight or nine years' earnings gone and no good prospects in sight for making another stake!

About this time reports from the Frazier River mines caused great excitement. Many were going there, so after getting all the information I could on the Puget Sound country I determined to locate there. When my business affairs were wound up I had just enough money left for a blacksmith's outfit and passage for myself and family to Seattle. I should have mentioned before this that I was married in August, 1854 to Miss Margaret Jepson.

We took passage on the Steamer Pacific and after a stormy ten days, my first sea voyage, we arrived in Olympia. Seattle was then too small a place for the steamer to stop, but in a few days we boarded a small steamer going there. We found it to be a village of some two hundred and fifty white inhabitants and probably two thousand native Indians camping along the beach. The prospects for business were not nearly as good as I had hoped, but I remained there until 1867 before return-

ing to California. Had I held on to real estate I had there in Seattle, I would now be a millionaire, but like many of my brother pioneers, I could not see as far into the future as I can into the past. After my return to California I cultivated a small farm in Contra Costa County for a few years and made a comfortable living for us. Again I was tempted by Seattle and spent the years between 1874 and 1888 there, engaged in various pursuits. Now I have returned to California to spend the remainder of my days.

Only once, after forty years, did I visit my old eastern home. By that time I was a stranger there. In conclusion I will say that I have been inclined sometimes to look upon life as a failure, but when I remember that I have earned my living since I was twelve years old, that I have always paid my debts, never gotten a dollar dishonestly, never received anything by gift or inheritance; that I have raised eight children and that I have helped in a small way to build two great States—California and Washington—I then hope that my life has not been altogether useless.

NOTE—William Wellington White was born July 8, 1830 in Crawford County, Pennsylvania. His death occurred in Oakland, California, October 18, 1905.

Announcements and Reports

Letter from the President

Fellow Members of the Society of California Pioneers:

Gentlemen:

It is with regret that we have to announce the retirement, because of illness, of our worthy secretary and historian, Mr. Henry L. Byrne, for we all fully appreciate what he has accomplished for the Society during his long years of service. As his successor, the Board of Directors has appointed Mr. Henry L. Van Winkle, to whom you need no introduction, for he, too, has served you well for many years as a President and member of your Board of Directors.

In availing myself of this opportunity to speak, not *for* the Society of California Pioneers, but *to* the Society of California Pioneers, I am impelled by a desire to serve you and to reawaken your interest in our changing problems. I trust you will not think that I am endeavoring to provoke contention, but rather to walk with you to the heights of historical interest in order to gain a wider view, and to see larger objectives than those which loom in the imagination of a part of our membership, concerning whether we confine our activities to historical research alone, or attempt to interest our membership also in social and club activities.

We cannot forget that in its origin our Society was an experiment, untried and uncertain. History has not furnished another example of a similar society charged with the general cause of charity, but with limitations to the power of the directorate and the future adjustment of the conflicting aims of a diversified membership. The seventy-seven years now terminating have tested the value of its Charter and By-Laws, emanating as they did from the best minds of that early time. For the most part the Society has been fortunate, and it will be the judgment of dispassionate history that no other society has more nearly justified the faith of its authors, or fulfilled with more signal success the purpose of its foundation.

What was the purpose? Its chief functions, in my mind, were designated to be, as they have been, to cultivate social

intercourse among our members; to collect and preserve information connected with California's history, and to perpetuate the memory of the founders of this State.

Experience has taught us that no organization has force and effect, nor can hope to stand without the independent determination of its members to enforce the precepts of its Constitution to the letter. This, in my opinion, is the foremost duty of every member of this Society, and it will be my policy until the membership declares a positive and determined wish to do otherwise.

We have seen the growth of societies without number based upon arbitrary power, for profit, for personal gain, and for charity. But for the most part we have seen them perish. They have illumined their little hour, but with the light of the comet and the meteor, not of the stars. The permanency of good they have brought forth has been as transient as themselves. Our permanency as an organization and our value to society will depend upon our historical features. If our policy be adhered to, by the logic of sound business principles it will follow that the rights of the membership will be served best, both individually and collectively, by that form of institution which is made, as far as any institution can be made, independent of avarice and greed, and invulnerable to the attack of transient majorities. Safely anchored to the idea that we will move forward as an historical society, with beneficial and social features merely as adjuncts to our greater purpose, we will find this anchorage the bulwark and the safety of our exchequer, and the protection against unadvised action of our own uninstructed will. This policy, continued until custom makes it our law, will save us not only from the lust of gain which may arise in the hearts of a few in the not far distant future, but also secure us from the temptations which may beset us now.

The view I take is not new, as appears more evident when we read the minutes of the earliest meetings and the annual reports of the Secretaries of our Society from the beginning. And, when we study the lives of the men whose names have added luster to the roll of our Society, we observe, what indeed human experience in the long run also teaches us, that our chief blessings lie in helping to bring about the greatest

good for the greatest number, not in planning only for ourselves. So let us, who are now living and planning with high hopes for a glorious future for this historic Society, left to us by our fathers, be able in our turn to bequeath to our sons a Society of which they may be even more proud.

You will be interested in the following lists of material which has been added to our library and museum during the year of 1927. Very sincerely yours,

OLIVER P. STIDGER,
President.

December, 1927.

Accessions to Library and Historical Exhibit During 1927

HISTORICAL EXHIBIT

The following gifts have been received:

Mr. J. L. G. Armstrong. Portraits of William L. Armstrong, Mrs. William L. Armstrong and J. L. G. Armstrong.

Mr. C. M. Baker. Old muzzle-loading pistol owned by I. M. Baker in Coloma in 1850. Copy of letter from General Vallejo, Sonoma, May 16, 1889, giving the history of the old adobe near Petaluma. Memorandum of gold bullion deposited in the San Francisco Branch Mint by I. M. Baker, 1855. List of California Pioneers who arrived between 1831 and 1848. Lincoln-Johnson ballot, 1864. Photographs of monuments and old landmarks of California.

Mr. Anson S. Blake. Copy of woodcut letterhead used by Charles T. Blake in 1854, showing Michigan City, California.

Mr. Harold G. Blankman. Rosewood writing desk said to have been used by Napoleon. Steel and flint carried by Dr. H. C. Blankman in the early '50s. Letters, documents, programs, etc., 1849 to 1861.

Mr. J. L. Conner. Seventeen Mariners' Charts of West Coast of South America, by Captain Robert Fitzroy, R. N., and the officers of H. M. S. Beagle, 1828 to 1836. Published in London in 1835 and 1840. A new chart of the Western Coast of North America. London: 1852.

Mr. W. R. Conrad. Lithograph of Mission of Loreto, and descriptive article by Rafael Espinosa.

Mrs. Mary J. Coulter. Copies of her articles on the California Missions.

Mrs. Charles S. Cushing. Oil painting of Ship "Venezuela" in carved frame, painted by a Chinese artist in Shanghai.

Mr. O. K. Cushing and Mr. Charles S. Cushing. Scrap book of press clippings concerning the Vigilance Committee of 1856, compiled by John M. Cushing.

Mrs. Grace P. Hayne. Circular letter, San Francisco, 1871, to the citizens opposed to the removal of the City Hall to Yerba Buena Park, signed by forty leading citizens.

Mr. Francis Doud. Lithographs of old Monterey, showing the old Cuartel.

Miss Emily Edgar. Photograph of Daniel J. Edgar, Pioneer Journalist.

Mr. Luke Fay. Copies of two of his articles on Old San Francisco.

Mr. J. H. P. Gedge. Portrait of Captain George Gedge. Portrait of General Vallejo. Petrified shark's tooth dug out of the bank back of Hotel Capitola in 1890.

Mrs. Laura E. Gowing. Original diary of Hiram B. Flagg, written during his voyage to San Francisco on the Edward Everett in 1849.

Miss Julie H. Heynemann. Portraits of Governor H. H. Haight and "Uncle" George Bromley.

Mr. E. Holden. Photographs of General Grant's cabin at Fort Seward; Steamer "Antelope" at Sonoma; Sausalito in 1871. Copy of letter from J. L. Sedgley, Veteran Stage Driver, describing the railroad and stages into Cloverdale in early days.

Mr. Charles H. Hosmer. Sun Pearl portrait of himself made in 1868; daguerreotype of Edmund M. Hayes; Photographs of William C. Ralston, Howard Coit and Lilly Hitchcock Coit.

Mr. Rudolf Jordan, Jr. Set of original documents, deeds, etc., relating to the property known as 508 Washington Street, San Francisco, held by the Jordan family since 1850.

Miss Elizabeth Latham. Group photograph of members of the Society of California Pioneers at El Campo, 1896.

Mr. William C. Latham. Bank of California check signed by W. B. Latham, Jr.

Dr. A. T. Leonard, Jr. Old style miner's lamp made at Ottumwa, Iowa, for use in California.

Mr. J. J. Lermen. Membership certificate of Jacob Lerman in the San Francisco Blues, 1856, showing that he was an Original Member August 4, 1852, the date of organization.

Mr. Henry E. Mathews. "Book of Chronicles of the Mathews Family," a manuscript genealogical scrap book containing photographs, compiled by Henry E. Mathews. Duplicate receipts (1883 to 1888) of the James Lick Trust, bearing original signatures of the officers of the organizations which were beneficiaries under this Trust. Three published articles on early San Francisco history. Copy of Charles M. Plum's reminiscences of James Lick and the formation of the third Lick Trust.

Mr. George A. Merrill. Photostat copy of the signature of James Lick on a cancellation of mortgage.

Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore. Photographs of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Dean.

Mr. W. L. Moore. Piece of masonry piping supposed to have been made by the Indians, found at Calaveras Big Trees.

Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy. Copy of la Perouse map, "Plan du Port de St. Francois," 1786.

Miss Jane A. Paul. Bullion chest of oak and iron. Indian Peace Pipe given to Almarin B. Paul by an Indian chief in Michigan. Nine volumes of clippings compiled by Almarin B. Paul (1858-1889) on mines and mining.

Mr. J. A. Peckham. "49ers' Home, Feather River." Etching by Mary Peckham.

Dr. Henry du R. Phelan. Photographs of the old adobe adjoining the house of Thomas O. Larkin, and the statue of Junipero Serra at Monterey.

Senator James D. Phelan. Poem, "To the California Pioneers," by Joaquin Miller, 1894.

Mrs. A. B. Pray and Mrs. Gray. Three portraits of Rev. Samuel Hopkins Willey. Lithograph of twenty-six of the First Steamship Pioneers, 1874. Copies of letters written by Rev. S. H. Willey in 1848 and 1849, regarding his voyage to California, events in Monterey after his arrival, and the Bear Flag incident. Lithograph of the Howard Street Presbyterian Church.

Mr. B. H. Randolph. Oil portrait of Governor Washington Bartlett.

Mrs. A. E. Brooke Ridley. Fourteen photographs of street scenes during the fire in San Francisco, 1906.

Fred G. Russ. Lithograph cartoon of Chinese taunting Dennis Kearney.

Miss Tessa A. Rust. Oxen Yoke driven across plains from Wisconsin to Walnut Creek, Contra Costa County, by Benjamin Hodges in 1852. It was the property of Dwight David Jones.

Miss Ida Scooffy and Mr. L. J. Scooffy. Two hundred and thirty-six volumes of Briefs and Supreme Court Decisions; and scrap books compiled by Henry E. Highton. The clippings range in date from 1845 to about 1906, covering many of the most famous legal cases in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ernest A. Stent. Four oil portraits of Ferdinand and Christian Reis. Britton & Rey lithograph of Downieville in 1856. Photograph of "49 '49ers."

Mr. O. P. Stidger. Old English deed on parchment, dated March 22, 1739. Group photograph of twelve California Pioneers of North San Juan, Nevada County, California.

Mr. Winthrop Wetherbee. Pair of Mexican spurs, steel inlaid with silver, that belonged to Mr. Henry Wetherbee.

Mr. A. A. Wheeler. Invitation to Inaugural Levee, Pioneer Hall, Montgomery and Gold Streets, January 8, 1863.

Mr. Arthur Wheeler. List of members of the Committee of One Hundred.

Mr. William H. Williams, Jr. Copies of two maps: Northern Portion of San Francisco County, by Clement Humphreys, 1853; and the City of San Francisco, by William M. Eddy, 1851.

Miss Lulah Zabriskie. Colonel J. C. Zabriskie's narratives of the voyage of the Constellation in 1849, and of the explosion of the Peace Maker in 1844.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

(Donations are followed by the name of the giver)

Album of Oakland. Pacific Press Publishing Co. 1893. Gift of Mr. F. de P. Teller.

Ballantyne's Miscellany. Digging for Gold. Lond., 1873.

Bankers' Magazine. Articles on gold fields and gold mines. Gift of Miss Jane A. Paul.

Bartlett. A Breeze from the Woods. Oakland, 1880. Gift of Mr. H. G. Blankman.

Bartell. Report on the underground water supply of San Francisco County, S. F., 1913. Gift of Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy.

Blake. Description of silver ores and minerals. New Haven, 1861. Gift of Miss Jane A. Paul.

Blankman. First annual report of Receiver and Manager of the Canadian Klondyke Mining Company, Ltd., and the Canadian Klondyke Power Company, Ltd., 1918, and Return of Proceedings and Evidence taken at the trial in the case of The King vs. Rokuichi Hoshioka for murder. Dawson, 1917. Gifts of Mr. H. G. Blankman.

Bolton. Fray Juan Crespi. Berkeley, 1927.

Burton. The City of the Saints. Lond., 1862.

California: its past history; present position; future prospects. Lond., 1852.

California Historical Society. Papers, Vol. 1, Part 1. S. F., 1887.

California Historical Society. Quarterlies. S. F., 1927.

California Magazine, Illustrated, Vol. 1, 1891-92.

The Californian, 1880 volume, unbound.

California's Diamond Jubilee, 1850-1925. Gift of Mr. H. L. Van Winkle.

Catlin. North American Indians, 2 vols. Lond., 1857. Gift of Mr. Rudolf Jordan, Jr.

Clemens. Roughing It. Hartford, 1872.

Cook and King. A voyage to the Pacific Ocean, 4 vols. Lond., 1784.

Comstock. A history of precious metals. Hartford, 1849. Gift of Miss Jane A. Paul.

Coues. On the trail of a Spanish Pioneer, 1775-76, 2 vols. N. Y., 1900.

Coxe. An account of the Russian discoveries between Asia and America. Lond., 1780.

Dietz. For our boys. S. F., 1879.

Dixon. A voyage around the world, 1785-88. Lond., 1789.

Dods. The philosophy of electrical psychology. N. Y., 1852. Gift of Miss Jane A. Paul.

Farwell. The Chinese at home and abroad. S. F., 1885.

Frost. Pictorial history of Mexico and the Mexican War. Phila., 1871.

Gilliam. Travels in Mexico during 1843-44. Aberdeen, 1847.

Golden Jubilee Celebration, 1850-1900. S. F., 1900. Gift of Mr. Rudolf Jordan.

Glazier. From ocean to ocean on horseback. Phila., 1903.

Greater Oakland. Pacific Publishing Co., 1911. Gift of Mr. H. G. Blankman.

Gunn. Picturesque San Diego. Chicago, 1887.

Hafen. The overland mail, 1849-69. Cleveland, 1926.

Harpending. The great diamond hoax. S. F., 1913. Gift of Mrs. E. A. Stent.

Harte. The Luck of Roaring Camp. Boston, 1871.

Harte and Mark Twain. Sketches of the Sixties, being forgotten material from the Californian, 1864-67, collected and published by John Howell, S. F., 1927. Gift of Mr. John Howell.

Helps. The Spanish Conquest in America, 4 vols. Lond., 1855.

Heylin. Cosmography in foure books. Lond., 1669.

Hittell. Adventures of James Capen Adams. Boston, 1861.

Historical Atlas of Alameda County. Thompson & West. Oakland, 1878.

Historical Society of Southern California. Publications, Vol. 10, Part 3. L. A., 1917.

Howe & Mathews. American Clipper Ships, 2 vols. Salem, 1926-27.

Jones. Forty Years Among the Indians. Salt Lake City, 1890.

Kelley. History of the Diocese of California, 1849-1914. S. F., 1915. Gift of the Very Rev. J. Wilmer Gresham.

Kephart. History of the Hawken Rifle, American Riflemen, 1924. Gift of Mr. Frank M. Todd.

King. Speech on the Admission of California. Pamphlet. Wash., 1850.

King. Funeral service of the Free and Accepted Masons read at the burial of Thomas Starr King, March 6, 1864. Gift of Mr. H. G. Blankman.

Kip. Army life on the Pacific. Redfield, 1859.

Langley's Street and Avenue Guide. S. F., 1875.

Langsdorff. Voyages and travels. Lond., 1813.

Lloyd. Lights and shades in San Francisco. S. F., 1876.

Lockwood. Speeches. The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco. S. F., 1852.

Mansfield. The Mexican War. N. Y., 1850.

Martyr. De Orbe Novo. The eight decades of Peter Martyr D'Anghera. N. Y., 1912.

Muir. My first summer in the Sierra. Boston, 1911.

Nevada State Historical Society. Publications, 1927.

North Dakota Historical Society. Publications, 1927.

Oak. Family register of Nathaniel Oak, with sketch of the life of Henry L. Oak. L. A., 1906. Gift of Mr. Ora Oak.

Oliver. Monterey and its environs. Monterey, 1913. Gift of Mr. C. M. Baker.

O'Shaughnessy. History of Hetch Hetchy Water Supply. S. F., 1925. Gift of Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy.

The Pacific Club. Constitution and By-Laws and list of Officers and Members. S. F., 1884.

S. S. Panama. Reunion of the Pioneer Panama Passengers of the Fourth of June, 1874. S. F., 1874. Gift of Mr. H. Clay Miller.

Parkman. The California and Oregon Trail. 1st ed. Darley Plates. N. Y., 1849.

Phillips. A manual of metallurgy. Lond., 1859. Gift of Miss Jane A. Paul.

Read. A pioneer of 1850. Boston, 1927.

Resanov. Voyage to Nueva California in 1806. Russell Reprint. S. F., 1926.

San Francisco, its builders past and present. Clark Publishing Co. Chicago, 1913. Gift of Mrs. E. A. Stent.

San Francisco, City and County of. Bureau of Engineering Reports 1923-26, and Report on the Transbay Bridge, 1927. Gifts of Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy.

San Francisco Directory of 1854. Gift of Dr. Joseph A. Oliver.

San Francisco News Letter. Diamond Jubilee Edition, 1925.

San Francisco Telephone Directory of 1903. Gift of Mr. Grant Cordray.

San Francisco Water. Publications of the Spring Valley Water Company. 1927.

Shelvocke. A voyage around the world by way of the Great South Sea. Lond., 1726.

Shuck. Bench and Bar of California, Part II. S. F., 1888. Gift of Mr. Rudolf Jordan, Jr.

Shuck. Masterpieces of E. D. Baker. S. F., 1899.

Simonds. Starr King in California. S. F., 1917. Gift of J. H. P. Gedge.

Sitgreaves. Report of an expedition down the Zuni and Colorado Rivers. Wash., 1854.

Society of California Pioneers. Constitution and By-Laws. S. F., 1853. Gift of Mr. H. G. Blankman.

Soule, Gihon & Nisbet. Annals of San Francisco. N. Y., 1855. Gift of Mrs. E. A. Stent.

Steele. Old Californian Days. Chicago, 1892.

Stratton. Captivity of the Oatman girls. N. Y., 1860.

Sullivan. History of C. Brewer & Company, 1826-1926. Boston, 1926. Two copies. Gifts of C. Brewer & Co. and Mr. J. H. P. Gedge.

Thompson. Reminiscences of a Pioneer. S. F., 1912.

Thompson. Conquest of California. Santa Rosa, 1896. Gift of Mr. C. M. Baker.

Thompson. An outline of the sciences of heat and electricity. Lond., 1830. Gift of Miss Jane A. Paul.

Treat. History of the Olympic Club. S. F., 1893. Gift of Mr. H. G. Blankman.

University of California Publications in History. California: the name, by Putnam, 1917. Catalogue of materials in the Archivo General de Indias for the history of the Pacific Coast and the American Southwest, by Chapman, 1919. Official Explorations for Pacific Railroads, by Albright, 1921.

United States. House Documents. Reports of explorations for a railroad to the Pacific. Vols. 2, 5 and 12. Wash., 1853-56.

Victor. The River of the West. Hartford, 1870.

Wagstaff. Life of David S. Terry. S. F., 1892.

Western Reserve Historical Society. Publications, 1927.

Young. Journalism in California. S. F., 1915.

Young. San Francisco, a history of the Pacific Coast Metropolis. 2 vols. Chicago, 1912. Gift of Mrs. E. A. Stent.

OTHER ACCESSIONS

Spanish passport of R. S. Heyhboas, Neuva Orleans, Aug. 1, 1837.

First Mortgage Bond of the Nevada County Narrow Guage Railroad Co., 1876.

Membership certificate of George H. Baker in the California State Agricultural Society, 1859.

Ten 1875 newspapers relative to the Bank of California and William C. Ralston.

Scrap Book of George Wallace, Secretary to Flood, Mackey and O'Brien, containing press clippings, 1853-59, and rare lithograph letterheads.

Herman Moll map of North America, showing California as an island. Circa, 1727.

Presidential Elections Map, 1877, composed of twenty-three maps of the United States showing state and territory boundaries at the time of each Presidential Election, 1789-1876.

Map of Grass Valley and Nevada City, 1879, showing the mines of that locality.

Langley's Directory map of San Francisco, 1875.

Twelve maps of San Francisco lands sold at auction, 1859-71.

Photograph of Sutter's Mill.

Forty-seven views of Old San Francisco, and twenty-seven views of the City after the earthquake and fire of 1906.

Small etching of Monterey before the American occupation.

Three etchings of architectural details of California Missions, by Mary J. Coulter.

George H. Baker's original pencil sketches of San Francisco Bay in 1849, and of the old Spanish Spring. Seven lithographs of Yosemite Valley in 1873; one of the Presidio of San Francisco, 1876; and Birdseye View of Sacramento, 1857, all drawn and printed by G. H. Baker. Photograph of Lancissis, Mr. Baker's Indian guide.

Lithograph of Public Buildings in San Francisco. No date.

Britton & Rey colored lithographs: "Birdseye view of San Francisco, 1868," and "North San Juan, 1858."

Currier & Ives colored lithographs: "Burning of the S. S. Golden Gate," and "Seal Rocks and Point Lobos."

Colored lithographs of Clipper Ships Flying Cloud and Game Cock.

Five rare lithograph letterheads.

AUG 9 - 1939

QUARTERLY
of
The Society of California Pioneers

Volume V Number 1

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
MARCH, 1928.

QUARTERLY
of
The Society of California Pioneers

H. L. VAN WIN[illegible]
Historian

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Editor

Volume V Number 1

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
MARCH, 1928.

The Society of California Pioneers

Organized August 31, 1850

OFFICERS

From July, 1927 to July, 1928

President

OLIVER P. STIDGER

Vice-Presidents

Dr. JOSEPH A. OLIVER
JAMES K. MOFFITT
J. H. SKINNER
WILLIAM T. HALE
R. R. RUSS

Treasurer

CHARLES J. DEERING

Secretary

H. L. VAN WINKLE

Marshal

J. H. P. GEDGE

Directors

JAMES P. TAYLOR
E. A. DOUTHITT
JOHN J. LERMEN
H. L. VAN WINKLE
CHARLES S. CUSHING
FRED. G. RUSS
L. J. SCOOFFY
Dr. G. N. VAN ORDEN
F. de P. TELLER

CONTENTS

Page

Observations in California during 1855, Being Pages from the Journal of Rev. John Sessions, D. D. 9

The Story of the Museum 31

John A. Sutter 39

Rev. J. Session, D.D.

Observations in California During 1855

Being Pages From the Journal of the Rev. John Sessions, D. D.

"It seems a strange idea that I should, in my old age, venture upon a long sea voyage to the Islands in the heart of the Pacific. Can it be possible that I shall ever see the home of Cornelia? Shall I gaze upon the strange productions of tropical regions, and feel the warmth of perpetual summer? It cannot be that my monotonous life should run into such a strange adventure as to travel nine thousand miles on the sea! O, is it a dream? No, so possible is it, that I have today heard from Cornelia answering my inquiries about the necessary outfit, &c."

These were the thoughts of the Rev. John Sessions as he sat alone in his quiet school room. His desk had been cleared for several days. Now he solemnly closed it, for his work at the Academy in Albany was ended.

He was sixty, and for the moment was feeling very old and tired and ill. "An aged man" he called himself, thinking back over his forty-odd years in the Presbyterian ministry, long years of patient, thoughtful, useful teaching and preaching.

Half fearfully he faced the future. Never before had he traveled any great distance. He dreaded the prospect of seasickness. He couldn't be sure that he would ever return or see his wife and sons again. Yet he longed to see his daughter and her home and family in the Sandwich Islands. Deciding was difficult. However he sailed from New York, June 20, 1855, on the Steamship Illinois, and much to his surprise, every hour of the long trip was filled with the pleasant interests of new friendships and exciting new experiences, much of which he recorded in his Journal.

When granting our request to publish the portion of the Journal written during his three weeks stay in California,

his grandson, Mr. Edward C. Sessions, of Oakland, wrote to us as follows:

"My grandfather, the Rev. John Sessions, D. D., was born in the township of Putney, Windham County, Vermont, September, 29, 1795. He was a Presbyterian, and a graduate of Dartmouth College and of Princeton University. His Journal, which I have, consists of eight volumes, carefully indexed. He first visited in California in 1855, going there from New York by way of Panama on a visit to his daughter in the Sandwich Islands. In the summer of 1863 he returned to California and took up his residence in Oakland, where my father, the late E. C. Sessions, already resided. In 1884, he died in Honolulu."

While in San Francisco Dr. Sessions stayed with his cousins, the Clarks, in their home on Stockton and Pine Streets. "A pleasant and convenient house, though the streets, and the yard are sand banks and to get to it one must wade in sand at least midleg deep." By that time his health and enthusiasm had returned, and though his visit was very short, he managed to see a great deal of the surrounding country. This record of his impressions, written with care and accuracy, is a very pleasing account of the country as he saw it in 1855.

* * * * * *

San Francisco.

"July 14th, 1855. (Saturday) And now as to San Francisco. What shall I say? As we approached the harbor, or landing, the city hove in sight, on the southwest bank of the bay, & a strange city it is! Barren sand hills towering up in all directions, covered, as were the ravines between, with buildings, mostly of light materials, & very new. Scarcely any grading & fixing around them, but stuck down in the sand. No shade, shrubbery, or anything green about them.

The dock was black with people & carriages as we came up. Express Agents came off in little sail-boats—caught the news (to us 23 days old), & flew back to dock, where post riders put their horses to their speed, to reach printing offices, &c.

July 17th (Tuesday). A first view on coming does not begin to do justice to San Francisco. I surveyed the city from several high points, wading midleg deep through sands. The winds blow pretty hard every day here, & the sand drifts high. Mr. Pendle-

ton is at work today with a horse & scraper, scraping the banks, 6 feet deep, away from his fence, lest it break down. The suburbs of the city are exceeding wild. A few chaparral shrubs, a little tansy, & some life everlasting, were all I saw growing, except 2 little flower gardens which are irrigated. The rainy season, Dec. & Jan., is the season for beauty in Cal. This is the dry season and all is withered & dry.

I have found my way over a considerable portion of the city, & have been in a state of perfect amazement all the time. Every step in its exploration reveals new beauties, & objects of wonder! The streets begin to be paved with planks, bricks, and stones. There are many buildings which would not compare unfavorably with the best class in N. Y. Churches & Hotels, in particular. The stores & shops of every kind, in number & animated appearance, astonish me! And to think that all this work of founding a mighty city has been done in so few years—most of it in 3 years—since the city was burnt. It looks like magic! There is nothing in my knowledge of history to compare with it. The only thing that makes an unfavorable impression is the want of shade trees, which gives the whole city a naked appearance. It is doubtful whether this can ever be remedied, on account of the dry season. The number of inhabitants is about 60,000.

A Trip up the Bay.

July 21. (Saturday). On Wednesday Mr. Pendleton kindly offered to accompany me to San Jose and the New Almaden Quicksilver Mines. San Jose is a town in the agricultural region, at the head of this Bay, about 54 miles from here, and the Mines are some 14 miles beyond, in the mountains, & already beginning to be a place of fashionable resort from this city, & destined to be far more so, from the whole country.

We started at 9 a. m. in the steamer Union, with a pleasant company of perhaps 30 passengers, among whom was Rev. Mr. Clark, an Episcopalian, who has been in this country some years, &, of course, able to give much information upon matters of interest to me. Mr. Pendleton is a gentleman from Gorham in Maine who spent 4 years here, at an early day, in the Custom House, after which he returned to his family in Maine. He owns considerable real estate in the city, among which is the house

that Mr. Clark lives in, and is now here attending to the title of his property, which is most unjustly disputed. Difficulties about titles are now very common in California, & doing much injury.

We had a pleasant time on the boat, & Mr. Clark informed me, when too late to avail myself of it, that on all steam boats, & stages in this vicinity, it was customary to allow all Clergymen to pass free. The Capt. afterward informed me that the practice was beginning to be given up, as they found the number of Clergymen was too great, filling up their tables, &c. I have since learned that to a considerable extent all really acting Clergymen are carried free.

Mountains of Wild Oats.

The scenery on each side of the Bay was very strange to me. This is nature's winter season, i.e., the time when she lies comparatively dormant. The mountains, seen at a distance, appear to be immense claybanks, thousands of feet high, but are, in reality, fertile soil to the very top, & covered with a growth of wild oats, now ripe & dry. It is one of the most striking characteristics of Cal. that the mountains, for hundreds of miles, in all directions, & many other uncultivated places, are vast oat-fields. The growth is very thick, and about the height of oat-fields in the east. The grain is light, but with the straw makes excellent fodder. For this purpose it is mowed, & pressed in bales like pressed hay. In these vast fields, & mountain ranges, cattle, hogs, fowl, & wild animals fatten and need no other fodder, the year round. These oat-mountains we saw burning in several places, which is very liable to happen in this, the dry season. In the wet season, which begins in Nov. & lasts about 6 months, all is beautifully green, and gorgeous with flowers.

Oakland and Pulgas Ranch.

On the left side of the bay is a long range of large oak trees, & behind them is a village called Oakland, & an Episcopal College is building there. On the right hand, half-way up, is Pulgas Ranch. In Spanish, *Ranch* is the name of *farm*, and *Pueblo* is the word of *village*, and *Pulgas* (pronounced poolgus) means a *flea;* & as fleas are very thick there (as they are everywhere in Cal.) it is called Pulgas Ranch or flea farm.

Santa Clara—Vast Country Seats and Pleasure Grounds—Plowing by Steam.

At the head of the Bay the water grows gradually shallow, & terminates in a vast marsh with narrow, winding channels, through which steamboats sail exactly as they do on the Raritan between N. York and Trenton. Pelicans & other wild birds are numerous, covering the island-rocks and leaving their lime in the form of guano. On the seashore there are rocky islands, so deeply covered with guano that cargoes of it have been shipped to the eastern states.

On landing at Santa Visa (Alviso), we took stages & rode several miles over a level unmade road, to pueblo "Santa Clara," through wheat fields, extending for miles and miles, and containing thousands of acres of stout grain, now in process of harvesting by reaping and threshing machines. We stopped for the night at the "American House," kept on the temperance principle, by Mr. Ottason. Here we enjoyed all the comforts of a private family & very savory meals. All the members of the family were unusually interesting, especially a deformed young lady, and a little girl 7 years old, who could wait on the table, & do things about the house like one of mature age. Mr. Ottason has a farm, and gave us much information about crops, &c.

The wheat crop this year is somewhat injured by rust & smut. In good seasons the yield is 60 or 70 bushels to the acre, and sometimes reaches 100. Soil is very rich, & averages 5 feet deep. The valley between the mountains is about 18 miles wide —level & without a stone, or any such thing to impede plowing, which is expected e'er long to be done by steam, driving gangs of plows fastened together. Here there are farms consisting of thousands of acres each. Large country seats are built and building, with large pleasure grounds laid out tastefully by professional gardeners. We went over the grounds of one gentleman, who is just building his house. He has 20 acres of garden, lawn, &c. with young shade and fruit trees—10,000 peach trees —10,000 pear trees, & 10,000 apple trees. There are two artesian wells, 260 feet deep, sending large streams of water through long troughs, which are connected with hose, and spout in all directions over the grounds, to irrigate them. Very many farms have these artesian wells, some of which afford water sufficient to turn a mill; but flour-mills are generally operated by steam. There

San Jose About 1860 From an Original Sepia Sketch in the Museum of the Society

are also many large vineyards of delicious grapes, but not yet ripe. The whole region is destined to abound in fruits of every kind. There are already pear orchards of many thousand bearing trees, *literally loaded* with as fine fruit as I ever saw.

Adobe Buildings.

Here is a Methodist College with over 200 students, male & female. Also a Jesuit College at the old Santa Clara Mission. This last I visited, & was shown all through the premises. The buildings are what is called *adobe*, i. e. built of sun-dried cakes of mud mixed with straw. Each cake is about 2 feet long, 1 foot wide, and 6 inches thick. These are laid up like bricks in a coarse kind of mortar, & then plastered over with a kind of mastic. The walls around the premises are of the same material. The old Church is roofed with tiles of clay, burnt just like the old Dutch tiles of Albany. Outside & inside it is covered with figures painted by the Indians who used to be here in large numbers but are now all gone. The grounds about these buildings are tasteful & full of flowers & fruit trees. Pear trees were loaded with large nice pears, Fig trees with figs, of which I ate several —the first I ever tasted fresh from the tree. They were very delicious, & are said to be very healthful. There were also peach trees and almond trees with unripe almonds, & a fine vineyard loaded with grapes, but unripe.

Shipmates and the Willow Ride.

The next morning after leaving Mr. Ottason's we called at the Union Hotel, & found there my old shipmates, Capt. & Mrs. Cameron from Boston, two old people who came out to live with their sons, who are the proprietors of this hotel in Santa Clara. They were very glad to see me. Ship acquaintances, I find, are very cordial friends wherever they meet. After an hour's pleasant chat about our voyage, & the dangers we had escaped by not being on the Cholera ship, we went to San Jose—3 miles through the most delightful drive I ever saw. The road is level, & there are two rows of old willow trees on the sides of it all the way. They were planted by the old Spanish Priests, perhaps 100 years ago, & form a beautiful colonade of shade. There were also patches of the cactus, or prickly pear, from 10 to 15 feet high, and with stems 2 feet in circumference.

San Jose (pronounced San Hoza) is a large village with 4 churches —a Pbn. (Presbyterian)—and a North and a South Methodist and a Baptist. Here I hoped to find my old Norwich friend, Capt. Kimball H. Dimick, but learned that in his absence, his agent here had neglected his business, by which means he had lost all his property here; and on his return from the east, had gone to Los Angeles.

Climate—Riding & Saddles.

Here the charm of this climate appeared to the greatest advantage. The sun was shining in full force, yet the sea breeze, which comes over the mountain, was modified, & made just a soft cool breathing, so that no inconvenience from the heat was felt when the thermometer stood at 90°. It has stood at 104° within a week. We walked all over the place, viewing scenery and farms, similar to those at Santa Clara, yet were not incommoded by the heat. Everybody here rides upon the full "lope," as they say; i. e., much as men race horses, and yet you will never see a horse or a man in much of a sweat. It is a curiosity to see men ride on horseback here for another reason. Their gear is very odd. Saddles are of Mexican make—high before and behind, with very clumsy looking stirrups having a roll of thick leather around them; & the rider has a kind of leather leggings that come up to the knees. These contrivances are to protect the legs when riding through the chaparral, and other brush which are thorny and sometimes wet. There are nice, & common wagons and carriages here also, but not among the natives, or Mexicans.

Gophers—Mustard—Cattle.

The ground is everywhere perforated with holes made by ground squirrels & gophers, which are a great annoyance to farmers & gardeners. But the greatest annoyance of all to the farmers is the immense growth of mustard which covers the ground everywhere. It is very thick & often 10 feet high or more, literally fulfilling the Scripture, which speaks of it as a large tree furnishing shelter to the birds. It is said to have been brought here by an old lady, & planted in her garden for greens. Neighbors followed her example, & planted it, until finally it has overrun the whole land. Drovers have even lost their cattle in

it. And by the way, the number of cattle and horses is amazing. Frequently an old farmer will have several thousand horned cattle, & as many horses! They are easily raised by reason of the abundance of wild oats, & there being no winter to require foddering. The weather here is never cold enough to freeze the ground. Thin ice is sometimes seen, but never thicker than window glass.

Flour shipped to N. Y.—Labor high.

The production of wheat is now so great in Cal. that they are shipping it to N. Y. & elsewhere. It is worth here about half the price in N. Y., i. e. $6 or $7 a barrel for flour. All vegetables are monstrous, but potatoes are the most remarkable for size & excellent quality. Nothing like them can be seen in the east. They are of a dark color—monstrous large—and very dry & mealy.

Here at San Jose we met Mr. Rand, & Mr. Munroe, ship companions, who were exploring the country with as much amazement as myself. They had visited one farmer who had already shipped 20 tons of flour to N. Y. this season, & had not harvested half his crop, which extended for miles. They can harvest here for 3 or 4 months together, as it does not shell out, and there is no rain or bad weather to interrupt. But farm labor & all other labor is high. $50. a month for a man is a low price. A good hired girl gets $50. a month, and a seamstress gets $4. a day.

The Ride to the New Almaden Mines—Big Trees.

Here we called on Rev. Mr. Corwin, a Pbn. Minister, & then took stage for the New Almaden Quicksilver Mines, 14 miles, & a charming ride. Sycamore trees & oaks are scattered here & there & are of monstrous growth. I am confident I saw some that were 20 feet in circumference. But the Red Wood is the most remarkable timber. It is used for rails, boards, shingles, house timbers, &c. &c. &c. It splits so straight & smooth as to have the appearance of being sawed and planed. Its color is as dark as mahogany, & at a distance, looks like it, so that the houses built of it seem to be mahogany, & have a fine appearance. It is a soft wood much like red cedar. It grows abundantly on the mountains, & one man told me he had measured a tree of it that was 48 feet in circumference, & one quarter of it, split into rails,

sold for $400. But this is nothing compared with the trees in a certain locality 200 miles in the interior, which I shall not be able to visit. There is no room to question the marvelous statements about their size, for the bark of one of them, 14 inches thick, & 92 feet in circumference, has been carried to N. Y. and is to be shipped to London. A still larger one lies upon the ground. It is hollow, & 2 men on horses have ridden through it side by side. Many such trees are growing there. I believe they have no botanical name as yet.

Natural Soda Fountain.

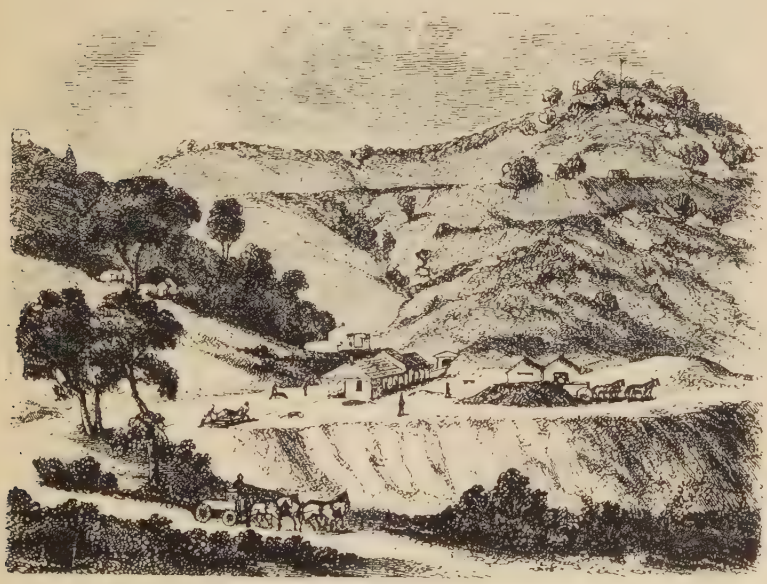
As we approached the quicksilver mines, the valley narrowed till the mountains, covered with wild oats, came down on each side to the road. At the mines is a new hotel, not inferior in style, neatness, and fine table, to the hotels at Saratoga Springs. Charges $5. a day, & is crowded with company, & is to be enlarged. Here we put up for one night having supper and lodging. The scenery around is sublime. A little distance from the hotel is a soda spring. I went and drank of the water & found it as fine soda water as I ever tasted. It boils up just like the springs at Saratoga. Large quantities are bottled and carried for use.

Quicksilver Mines.

Visited the furnaces where the cinnabar, or ore, from which the quicksilver is obtained, is worked. There are long rooms of furnaces into which the ore is put, & heated, but not melted. The liquid is produced by a process similar to distillation. It evaporates from the ore, and condenses, and runs into a long trough, & thence into a tub; whence it is piped, weighed, & put into iron bottles which are stopped with a screw stopper. The mine is about a mile from the works, up a steep mountain. A wagon road is made that distance. There the mountain is entered about 400 feet by a railroad, on which the cinnabar is brought out to the wagons. At the end of the R. R. a shaft is sunk, & descended upon a log ladder, i. e., a log with notches cut in it for steps. These ladders descend in winding directions many hundred feet. Some of the way steps are cut in the earth or rock. Up these steps and ladders the ore is brought on men's backs, each bringing a hundred pounds. A person descending has a guide, & carries a torch in his hand. If he should make a misstep in some places, he would fall hundreds of feet. The workmen in

the furnaces have to be changed every few days, to the mine & then back, by reason of the effects produced upon them in the works. It salivates them, & after a while makes them deranged.

The company owning this mine live mostly in England and Mexico. About two millions of dollars were expended on the works before they began to produce quicksilver, but they are now producing great profits. There is another mine, not far from this, which is not opened. We looked about the works, & went up the mountain road a piece. As it was near night I did not care to go down into the mine, so we obtained some specimens, & returned to the hotel.



Metal Yard and Entrance to Almaden Mine.

Return to San Francisco.

After tea, retired, & at half-past four in the morning took the stage back to San Jose. We intended to return to San Francisco by stage on the Oakland shore of the Bay, but were a little late, so we took a steamboat, and arrived here about 1 o'clk yesterday, having been absent a little over three days. My expenses were $7. On the boat home we met two Methodist Ministers, & Senator Gwin, who represents this State in Congress. From a little conversation I had with him, and what I heard of

his conversation with others, I take him to be a man of good talents, but his sympathies are Southern, and his moral habits are not good. He is not likely to be re-elected. He said that if the Know Nothings made a good nomination for Governor, they would carry the State next election. He is a Democrat himself.

Hot Springs at Napa.

In recording, yesterday, my trip to San Jose, I forgot to mention that not only are there soda springs in Cal. but Tar Springs at Los Angeles; where real tar oozes from the ground, & forms a crust over large spaces. This, of course, I did not see; but I saw men of veracity who have seen it; and on returning here I find that very tar is made use of for manufacturing gas. They talk of substituting it for coal, out of which to make gas to light the city. It is used in Los Angeles, for covering the roofs of houses; and elsewhere for all purposes for which tar is used. I am also credibly informed (Dr. Scott has lately been there) that in Napa Valley, not many miles from here, there are hot springs, & there for a square mile, sulphur water at all degrees of temperature, from cold to boiling point, spouts up in jets, making a noise like the whistle of R. R. engines. Dr. Scott brought home a piece of sulphur stone, which when he broke it off, was so hot he could not hold it in his hand. The springs there are in vast numbers; but it is a terrible place to get to—no accomodations there, & danger from the Indians.

Trip to Sacramento.

August 1st.—Last week on Monday, July 23rd, I took the Steamboat "Hunt" for Sacramento. Passage & Stateroom free: such is the generosity to Clergymen. The sail up through 3 bays and the river is a beautiful one, & the scenery beautiful. The mountains are covered with wild oats, & the plains are vast, & some of the way sprinkled with trees. About half way is Benicia —a military station where Gen. Wool (Maj. Gen. John E. Wool) now is. The Barracks are in full view from the river, & make a good appearance. Here, also, the Pacific Mail Steam Ship Co. have their station where their ships lie, & are repaired. There is also a business place, making Benicia to consist of three distinct villages, near to each other. Nearly opposite on the other side of the river, or bay, is Martinez, a smart little village at the head

of a small bay of the same name. On this route I saw the vast marshes, covered with tall grass called tule grass. We passed the mouth of the San Joaquin River, which leads up to Stockton, and to which place a steamer, just behind us, was going. Another steamer behind us was going past Sacramento to Marysville.

Sacramento City.

At Sacramento I stayed at the home of Mr. Hill, who is Dr. Clark's partner in business, their store being there. Here they have little, if any, of the sea breezes. The nights, however, are very cool. Leisurely I strolled through the principal streets of the city, & to the river-bank or the Levee, made to keep the water from again flooding the city. Then to the Chinese Chapel, and to Mr. Benton's Chh. (1st Congregational). His Chh. is a large brick building, with a suite of rooms in the rear for the Pastor's study, library, & two lodging rooms in the second story—all neatly carpeted, & furnished with mahogany. His library is large. He is a single man, & makes these rooms his home, & entertains his friends and visitors there.

Sacramento, like S. F., is a city which has been several times destroyed by fire, & once by water, & sprung again as by magic. Three years ago it was both burnt & flooded; yet it now shows no signs of such a calamity. While the fires were burning, men were on their horses, going up to the mountains to purchase lumber to rebuild; & before they were out, & the stones and bricks were still hot, they were at work laying new foundations. One man told me that in 24 hours after the burning of his store, he was doing business again on the same spot. The great business here is to sell goods & groceries to be taken into the mountain mining region. Cousin's store seemed to be doing a large wholesale business—employing 5 or 6 clerks, who were loading trains for the mountains all day & much hurried.

Trip to the Mines.

Saw a fine fruit & flower garden—immense piles of melons and other fruits. Among the trees was one kind called the "tree of heaven," the gardener told me. The stately buildings, among them the Capitol of the State, & splendid & very numerous drinking saloons were among things that attracted my atten-

tion. But I have purchased a pamphlet, giving views & historical sketches of Sacramento, which renders further description unnecessary.

Wednesday morning I took the stage for the mining region. Crossed the American River (a branch of the Sacramento), & rode over the Spanish Ranch, a vast level country, sprinkled with live oaks, looking, at a distance, as if in a long row on a river-bank; but as we advanced, they were seen to be scattered widely. This appearance is produced by the vast distance at which they are seen over the plain. On this Ranch I saw two Kiotas (coyotes), or prairie wolves. They are about as big as a fox, but somewhat longer, & long legged. One of the two was lame, probably having been shot at. They seemed not to be frightened, & trotted slowly away. They are harmless to man, but kill sheep, pigs, & chickens, &c. Saw also many fine Rabbits.

Auburn.

About 20 miles from Sacramento the mining region begins, and grows more & more productive as we advance. About 35 miles from Sacramento is the village of Auburn, containing about 1000 inhabitants. On the 4th of June last, it was burnt down clean—not a building of any kind left. But we found it built up again! Long rows of frame stores were occupied, and there were several large and substantial brick buildings also! Here we dined and staid 2 hours. On starting, a large rough man got my seat on the outside of the stage; though the agent at Sacramento and here told him it was pledged to me as an old man & an invalid; & he refused to get off unless taken off by force. It was of no use for me to try to get my right; for the passengers were all of the same sort—miners armed with revolvers & knives, & would have taken his part; and the Agent of the Stage Co. dared not interfere. So I had to get inside, where the heat & dust were awful. I never rode more uncomfortably than I did from that time till 11 o'clk at night.

Nevada—Modes of Mining—Mine a little.

The country now began to grow hilly, & even mountainous, & mining operations increased. The pine trees are giants, 5 or 6 ft. in diameter, with burrs lying on the ground, full as large as cocoanuts. There are also monstrous oaks & other trees. We

reached Nevada tired & buried in dust. I put up at the U. S. Hotel, & was put into a small dirty room, with pillows filled with straw on the bed, & bundles of old dirty miner's clothes under the bed. But I slept well, rose early, & found the Mr. Davis, to whom I had letters of introduction from Cousin Dr. Clark & Rev. Dr. Scott. He is a Banker, i. e. buyer of gold dust, a fine man, & one of the most interested in sustaining the Congregational Chh. But he has just failed in business, & of course, was low spirited. However, he conducted me through several of the mines, & made me acquainted with the modes of work. The cradle, or rocker, formerly used, is now laid aside, & sluice mining adopted in its stead. A long trough or flume is used, into which water is let from another flume, where it is running; & dirt & gravel dug from the side & bottom of the mine, or brought out through a tunnel running hundreds of ft. into the mountain, is thrown into this trough, & the water washes it along for a great distance, over little cleats, which catch the particles of gold, they being heavier than the dirt & gravel. The water runs into this trough through a hole of certain dimensions, & the miner pays 50 cents a day for what will run through a hole 1 inch square. After several days work in this way, they "clean up," i. e. take out the gold from the trough, clean it, &c. I washed a few shovels full of dirt, & picked out the gold that I could see in the water, & got $2.50 worth; for which I paid the miner.

Called at Rev. Mr. Warren's. He was not at home, but had a very pleasant chat with Mrs. W. a very intelligent & agreeable lady. She was the only female in Chh. for one year after they went to Nevada. Now they have a population of 5000 or 6000 with many respectable families. Their house was burnt & all in it, but the people put up a better one for him, & furnished it throughout, gratis. They give him $2000 a year. Went into the Chh. It is a frame, with cloth walls and ceiling; but in this warm country it is very comfortable. Mrs. W. was acquainted with Rev. Mr. Gale of Galesburg, Illinois; Rev. Messrs. Boardman, formerly of Watertown, & Halbrook of Chicago.

Another mode of mining here is called the hydraulic, in which they dash the water through a hose, against the side of the mine, & thus wash out the gold. At Nevada they take out about $2,000,000 a year. The people in the street were mostly

miners, & looked rather ferocious, & all armed. There were also Digger Indians there—a dirty, lazy race, who catch grasshoppers & craunch them down with great gusto.

Grass Valley—Quartz Mining.

From Nevada I went 5 miles to Grass Valley. Here are the principal Quartz Mines. Called on Rev. Mr. Hale where I took tea. He took me to Gold Hill Mill, the best quartz mill in the State, & to the mine where the quartz is dug. I went all through the mill—saw the stamping, which breaks the quartz as fine as sand. This is accomplished by a long row of heavy stampers, placed upright, & lifted by pins which are caught by other pins, or cogs in the axle of a wheel turned by steam power, & let fall upon the quartz placed in a trough with an iron bed or bottom. Through this, water runs, washing the sand over an inclined plane covered with a shaggy cloth, which catches the heavy particles of gold, & lets the sand pass off. This muddy sediment is put into a trough with one end elevated, & cleats in it, & quicksilver against the cleats, & water runs over it carrying the sand along over the quicksilver which catches the gold. The quicksilver is then evaporated by heat, leaving the gold. As the hands are used to stir up the sediment & quicksilver, it often paralyzes the workman, for it gets through the pores of the skin, & affects the whole system.

I got some fine specimens of quartz, & one of the sediment taken from the cloth, in which the particles of gold can be seen. When they have done their best to get all the gold, the sand still shows particles of gold in it, & is worth 25c a pound. They hope to find some way to get it out clean. I went into the tunnel a long distance, but it being cold & dripping dared not risk my health to go down the shaft. A windmill is constantly at work, pumping water from the mine; & a railroad for hand cars runs far into Gold Hill. Here I got some fine specimens of iron pyrites.

Churches.

There are several neat churches in Grass Valley as well as in Nevada, Congregational, Episcopal, Baptist, and two Methodist, called Methodist North, and Methodist South. The only difference is that one is anti-slavery, the other is not. All through this country there are these two kinds of Methodist churches

in the same towns. Saw here also the house in which Lola Montez lately lived, and the stump on which her Grizzly Bear sat.

Went to a hotel for lodging, as I wished to take the stage at 2½ o'clk. a. m. Had first rate accomodations here, but paid $1 for a bed. Nearly everything in this country is as much as $1. You pay that for a meal of victuals—for a melon—for a pamphlet or a peach—even if not a good one. But I like Grass Valley better than Nevada. It is more pleasant, having many of the trees left standing. These trees are so large that I saw log houses made 2 logs high, & they seemed to be high enough.

The Return Route.

At 2½ a. m. took stage on return to Sacramento through Rough and Ready, Bear River, &c., a different route from the one I came, & had an outside seat all the way, as I engaged it, but came near losing it again to another claimant, who finally concluded to get inside because there was a female there. She proved to be a boisterous, bad character, with her brandy bottle in her pocket, treating the company &, sticking it out, even offered it to me.

Rough & Ready is not much of a place, & we passed none of importance all day. But the route is more pleasant than the one through Auburn. Saw teamsters encamped for the night. They have strong teams, sometimes of 5 yoke of oxen—or 3 span of large mules, with very large wagons loaded with goods, &c., for the mountains. We crossed Johnson's Ranch, much like Spanish, but some parts of it cultivated, as Spanish is not, as the title is in dispute. Both of these ranches, & indeed the whole country, in the rainy or winter seaon, are covered with flowers, & look like a vast flower garden. The live oak is good for nothing but firewood, it is so clumped. There grows here a kind of small tree called Mansenilla (manzanita). The color of the wood is very dark, & it makes walking canes as handsome as Ebony. The rivers are all muddy & yellow all the way to San Francisco Bay. This is produced by the washings at the mines in the mountains; for previously they were pure & clear. The main branch of the Sacramento is yet clear, its head waters coming from a region not yet occupied by miners.

Change of Climate.

On reaching Sacramento found Dr. Clark there. Staid over night, & came down with him on Saturday. The heat at Sac-

ramento, & all the way to Nevada, troubled me. It seemed as though a man walking in the sun must drop down. I used my umbrella as I did on the stage. But an hour after getting on the steamboat, it became cool. The moon rose over the hills & shone beautifully all the way. It is customary on this passage to change your dress as you pass from the chilly air of San Francisco to the hot air of the country, & vice versa; but I managed to keep comfortable by wrapping my cloak about me, turning up the collar about my ears, & keeping out of the wind. Dr. Clark left his thick clothing at Sacramento, & was obliged to keep inside. After the week's jaunt in the dust & heat it was delightful to get into the bracing atmosphere of San Francisco. I am more than ever convinced that in the climate of S. F. the physical system must develope itself in perfection. To a stranger it seems very uncomfortable & unpleasant; but a little experience brings it all right. I dread the idea of going to the warm climate of the Islands, & fear it will not agree with me after a residence of 3 weeks here. I was perfectly satisfied with my visit to the mines; a place where many who have lived here for years, have not been. In fact, I have seen more of California than many of the men of S. F. I have been to the very center of mining operations; also to the most flourishing agricultural region in the State.

Before I took this trip I dined with Esq. Taylor and wife (Kate Horten). Found there a pleasant young man by the name of Walbridge, also Judge Chambers, recently the head of the great Banking & Express house of Page, Bacon & Co. which failed. He had closed his partnership the day before the failure by reason of intelligence of the failure of the Branch in St. Louis, & taken $250,000 as his share. On the assurance of the failure, he put all his money back into the concern, even his private property, & went back himself to try to meet liabilities & settle up. He is a very intelligent & agreeable man. Mr. Taylor appears to be doing well in business as a lawyer & a Broker. Mrs. Taylor appears to be happy & contented, & they have a very interesting little son, Willie, 18 months old. The dinner was excellent, & I had a pleasant time. She promises to write to Cornelia.

I will here mention, too, the funeral of Capt. Folsom, a very distinguished man here. He came here in Col. Stevenson's Regiment in 1847, having been educated at West Point, & afterward

a teacher there. On the disbanding of the Regiment, he settled here, & became interested in large landed estates, & was one of the richest men in California. But of late years, his health has been poor. He took a voyage to Europe, but was not benefited. On his return, difficulties arose respecting the title to his estates, & his perplexities of mind aggravated his disease. These difficulties had just been settled, & his title established, when he died. At his funeral the streets were crowded. Military & other companies & processions were out, & made a grand display. Gen. Wool, & his staff, were down from Benicia. I viewed the whole from the head of Pine Street.

Wind-Mills—Charcoal.

Here I will mention a few miscellaneous items. There are windmills whirling in every direction, in city & country. They are used to turn machinery—raise water from wells, & many other things; & as there seems to be wind here most of the time, they answer a good purpose. Charcoal is carried about the streets for sale, in sacks on mules, instead of in wagons as in the east.

On my return to S. F. I found the Steamer Golden Gate was in, bringing two letters for me. No bad news; but all getting along well. I have called on Mrs. Gary Bell, & find her discontented here. She thinks she cannot like California, yet has to stay three years, for which time her husband is engaged to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The Yankee, a small Bark in the line of G. B. Post & Co., came in last Sabbath from the Islands—a long voyage in 25 days. She is to sail next Saturday on her return, Aug. 4th, & expects to make the passage in 12 or 14 days. Fare $75. I had partly engaged a passage in her when I saw a notice that the large Clipper, Valparaiso, was up for the Islands. Shall try tomorrow to get a passage in her. Today I have walked through Washington & Pacific Markets. They are splendid affairs & have many things in them of which I know not even the name.

Aug. 3d. (Friday). The wonders continue! Yesterday morning I learned that the Valparaiso would not go to the Islands, as advertised, but to Sitka for a cargo of ice. So Mr. Pendleton & self mounted each a horse & started for the sea-beach & Lake House—the noted ride from San Francisco of about 20 miles circuit. I expected a hard job of it, as I have not been on a horse

for many years; & it always made me sick. We struck off by way of Telegraph Hill & the Presidio, cantering our horses most of the way (loping as they call it). The road lay over mountains and through valleys till we came to the vast sand hills where we struck the Beach. There we saw the Sea Lions climbing up the rocks of the little islands, but did not hear them roar as they often do. On the Beach, close by the edge of the water, as the surf rolled in with mighty roar, we rode several miles. I picked up a few shells, & had I had time should have gathered other curiosities. There is a beautiful Lake over a Bluff, & not more than a mile from the sea shore; or rather two Lakes. There being an outlet to the sea, & the tide setting in, the Lake was salt till they built an embankment across it in a narrow place and made two Lakes—the one next to the sea being salt; the

The Ocean House

other, into which the sea cannot flow by reason of the embankment, fresh. Here "Lake House" is built, a large & good-looking hotel. We did not go quite to it, but took a road by several other public houses, one called the "Ocean House," & so came home by the Mission Dolores which I had visited before. There are several old adobe buildings, & the old Mission Church of the same material, with its chime of bells, hung low down; & its queer old burying ground, through which I walked. We turned off between the Mission and S. F. to see the old Burial Ground of S. F. called "Yerba Buena" (the ancient name of San Francisco). Here we saw many graves, & some pretty monuments. The modern Burial Ground or Cemetery, lately laid out, & not much improved yet, lies in another direction, & is called "Lone Mountain Cemetery." Before we got home I found I could equal, at least, Mr. Pendleton in "loping," & enjoyed greatly the ride, & splendid scenery we had seen. I expected to feel very

sore & stiff today, but find, to my surprise, that I feel all the better for the ride; & as this first lesson in California horsemanship has proved so successful, I shall take another if I have the chance.

Departure.

Seven Clippers came in yesterday. Dr. Clark advises me not to sail in the Yankee, but to wait & see if some of these fine Clippers do not go to the Islands. Today it is too soon after their arrival for much to be known. The Yankee will not sail till Monday, 6th Aug.

Aug. 5th. Yesterday Dr. & I inquired among the Captains, and Consignees of the Clippers now in port, about the prospect of their going to the Islands. We found none that positively expected to touch at Honolulu, though 2 will go to China. Others have no destination after leaving here. Some of them may go to the Islands, & load home with Oil and Bone, but there is no certainty; & if they do it may be a long time before they go. Their accommodations are splendid, at least those of the "Cour De Lion" were, on which I went on board. In these uncertainties, I am still at a loss what to do.

Another fire occurred last night. It was a dwelling house near us, down south in the hollow, where there was no water. Fires here are very lurid, being reflected in the dense fogs that lie low over the city in the night; & often in the day time, too. Yesterday, about 6 p. m. the fog came rolling over the mountains from the west, as they have not before since I have been here, i. e., not so thick and heavy. This morning all is bright and pleasant. In a few weeks, these winds will cease, & it will be still, *pleasant* & *cool* for three or four months, they say. They always know here just what the weather will be. No danger of rain in the summer; or of a want of it in the winter. Truly this is a strange climate, & it appears stranger to me every day; & I like it better and better, as healthy & bracing to me.

I have now made up my mind to sail tomorrow in the Yankee. So farewell to this strange & wonderful land, destined to exert a mighty influence on the whole world."

So he went his way, a more or less eventful, though by no means so comfortable trip as the voyage on the Atlantic had been. After a time he returned to New York, but the West still fascinated him, and in 1863 Dr. Sessions came back to live in California.

Reproductions of wood cuts in this article are taken from Hutchings' "Scenes in California."

The Library Looking Into the Museum, Pioneer Hall

The Story of the Museum

Longfellow has said, "Art is long and time is fleeting," and the ever-present desire to paraphrase makes one cast about to find how to apply such simple words to the endless patience needed in gathering a historical collection.

The year 1851 seems a long way back to some of us Californians who had not then arrived upon the scene to lend our counsel to shaping the destiny of the infant state, but in searching through the archives of this Society recently, the years of our beginning were suddenly brought close. A huge old tome stirred, stretched its fine old bindings as though it had slept enough, shook out its leaves in a cloud of dust, and opened to a fair white page covered sparsely with the dignified copper-plate handwriting of the day, showing entries from 1851—gifts to the cabinet of the young Society of young Pioneers that were to carry their names and those of their peers down the long aisles of history.

A thrilling record was disclosed—the record of acquisitions to the library and museum that reached its zenith in the easy days when calamity was undreamed of. Here was the Sutter Gun, cast in St. Petersburg in 1804, presented by the Tzar of Russia to the Russians occupying Fort Ross, and by them to Captain Sutter. The entry reads: "It was mounted on the walls of Sutter's Fort and took part in the salute fired at the hoisting of the U. S. Flag over the Fort, July 12, 1846, was afterwards used by Commodore Stockton at San Pasqual and Los Angeles in 1846, then transferred to Col. Mason of the U. S. Dragoons, who returned it to Captain Sutter."

There was the Monumental Bell, the first fire alarm bell erected in San Francisco, which was used by the Vigilance Committee in 1856; the Flags of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers, which were first unfurled at the Presidio of San Francisco, March 8, 1847; the Bear Flag, and "Fremont's Flag";

the Mexican Flag that was taken from the Custom House Staff in Yerba Buena when the United States took possession in 1846. And one entry reads: "Public Documents, gift of Eugene Casserly." How one's imagination leaps to fill the blank space that follows where the description of each one might have been! Newspapers, books, maps and relics from all over the world were entered—such an array as would arouse the cupidity of the most unimaginative collector—and all these were to be seen in the old museum.

Then came the wrath of the high gods, with their scorn of the vanities of mortal ambition, and swept away all the treasures of the old city; but in their fury they forgot that material things may be bent, broken, or reduced to cinders, but the great things of the spirit live on, and courage springs yet more valiantly from the hot ashes of old treasures. Here and there small corners were left untouched by disaster, and one of these was the vault in Pioneer Hall where a few of the rarer documents had fortunately been kept with old records. These old manuscripts and early printed material were the germ from which the new museum was to grow, but not until much later.

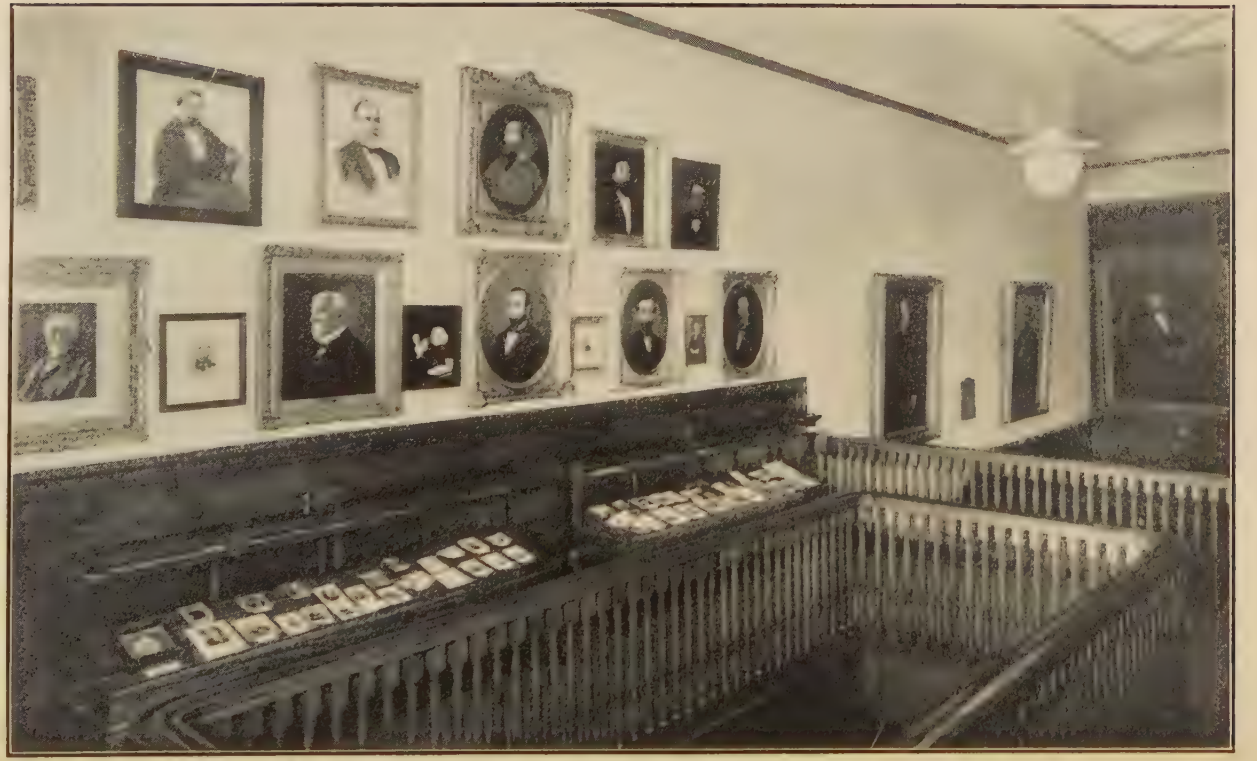
First a suitable building to house the activities of the Society had to be arranged, and when it was completed and the members saw large bare wall-spaces with nothing to cover them, they chose seven outstanding figures in California's history and had their portraits painted life-size, in an effort to bring back some part of the pioneer atmosphere that was their heritage. Members were generous and gave largely of their few remaining treasures, so that gradually old views of California towns, interesting maps and quaint portraits filled the walls, and rare books found their way onto the library shelves.

All this covered a period of several years, and meantime the material in the vault was growing more valuable. At last the time seemed ripe to begin the museum, the rooms were rearranged, all the portraits and framed prints were rehung, cases were placed in what had been the Meeting Room, and the buried material was at last brought out for exhibit. Old shipping lists, printed and in manuscript form, were grouped with the manuscript list of ships that arrived in San Francisco Harbor in 1849 and '50, the original list of Edward A. King, the first Harbor Master, worn and discolored with time and much handling.

With this was the case of the assault upon Capt. Elliott Libbey, captain of the American Barque Tasso, who was fallen upon by a band of Californians and beaten almost to death in an effort to exterminate the "foreigner" in 1845. This manuscript was written by James Alexander Forbes, H. B. M. Vice-Consul to California, and is a series of depositions taken before him and signed by Capt. William Richardson, Francis Mellus, Robert T. Ridley, Miguel Pedrorena, Nathan Spear and others, and witnessed by Thomas O. Larkin, U. S. Consul to California, the whole bound together with a faded green ribbon and stamped with the seal of the British Vice-Consul.

It would take more space than is here available to tell the story that weaves itself around the friendly letters, official documents and old bills of lading hidden in the Scrap Book of Jacob P. Leese, that genial gentleman of the old school whose interests were wide-spread and whose accomplishments are writ large on the pages of our early history. The documents date from 1837 and refer to government and personal matters up to 1851—formal Spanish papers dealing with land, registry of cattle brands, and hand written bills for merchandise; long letters from Thomas O. Larkin, and a group of shipping papers and invoices that tell the story of the partnership of Mr. Leese and Mr. Larkin in a most successful expedition to Hong Kong to purchase a rich cargo of Chinese shawls, silks and furniture, which Mr. Leese brought home in the hold of the "Eveline" and sold at auction in San Francisco in 1849.

Some shabby old pamphlets came to light, printed at the Alta Office by Theo Messerve in 1849 and '50, among them the first printing of the Constitution of California, and Halleck & Hartnell's "Translation and Digest of such portions of the Mexican Laws of March 20th and May 23rd, 1837, as are supposed to be still in force." Here, too, was the funny little old booklet of the Hartford Union Mining and Trading Company that was printed on board the Henry Lee by L. J. Hall on the voyage round the Horn in 1849. This was given to the Society by Capt. W. E. Bushnell, who was Second Mate during the latter part of the voyage, and on the flyleaf he has written, "Under the waters of the Bay three days in a trunk on board the Steamer El Capitan after collision with the Steamer Ala-



THE GALLERY, PIONEER HALL

meda, February 19, 1879, will account for the dilapidated condition of this little souvenir of by-gone days."

The most valuable record among the old papers is the Sutter Diary—the day by day chronicle of events that occurred at New Helvetia from September 9, 1845 to May 25, 1848, with the exception of a short time from December 10, 1846 to May 19, 1847, when no entries were made. This curious old chronicle was given to the Society by John Bidwell in 1886. The binding was made of stiff paper reinforced with folded newspapers, the whole covered neatly with a thinner brown paper, and the leaves stitched together with heavy thread. The pages are stained and discolored with much thumbing, and from the certificate at the end, written by John Bidwell and William F. Swasey, who were clerks at Sutter's Fort, one reads that the diary was kept by John Bidwell from September 9th to 27th, 1845; by William F. Swasey from September 27th to October 25th, 1845; by Bidwell and Swasey from October 26th to December 10th, 1845; by Bidwell and William N. Loker from December 11th, 1845 to December 9th, 1846; and by Capt. John A. Sutter exclusively from May 20th, 1847 to May 25th, 1848.

Stirring events took place at the little Fort during the period, but the entries are made with the calm dispassion of a Sphinx—no comment whatsoever as to the mental reactions of the writer, save when Captain Sutter was making the entries and had to punish some Indian. The great emigrant trains that began to push over the mountains in increasing numbers during this time were met and given the assistance they needed without comment in the Diary; the news of the Bear Flag Revolt and what it meant to the country is met by the simple entry on Tuesday, June 16, 1846, "Arrived E. Merritt & Carson from Fremont's Camp, with news of Sonoma being occupied by the Americans. Arrived in the evening as prisoners General Vallejo, Salvador Vallejo, Prudong & Lease. Mr. Hensley went below to hunt for a few days." And two days later, "Arrived express from Sonoma with letter from Capt. Montgomery. Commenced cutting wheat."

The whole temper of the Diary is tranquil and pastoral. Arrivals and departures are carefully entered, the weather noted each day, and sometimes mention of what crops were being garnered, and of the difficulty of winnowing the wheat in the

Sutter's Diary

A record of events
kept by
John A. Sutter and his clerks
at New Helvetia, California
from September 9th 1845
Till May 25th 1848

aeras on the days when no wind blew. During July and August, 1847, sickness raged among the Indians in the Rancherias and the whites who were working for Capt. Sutter, taking a heavy toll of the lives in that small community and holding back the work on the wheat at the busiest season, but only a monumental patience is shown in the daily entries.

As you turn page after page of the old Diary and read the names of the men who came and went from Sutter's Fort on their daily affairs, you long for the advent of the genius who will some day paint the picture of the old life in glowing words, and will create from this terse record the real romance of that life which is so tantalizingly withheld.

Since these precious old papers have been brought to light the collection has grown slowly, but with increasing interest to the members and their old and new friends, and the day seems not so far distant when the Pioneer Museum and Library will again take its place in the sun.

JOHN A. SUTTER

From the Mezzotint by J. Sartain After Osgood

John A. Sutter

The one point on which all of John A. Sutter's biographers seem to agree is that he was born at Kandern, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in 1802, February 15th to be exact; that his parents were Swiss; and that he was christened Johann August Suter. Of his childhood we know rather little, though he must have had a fairly good education. When he was sixteen his parents moved to Switzerland, and he entered school at Neuchatel. It is recorded in his "Personal Reminiscences" that a little later he "embarked in commerce, in the book and newspaper publishing business," after which he served for a time in the Swiss Army. He is often reported to have been an officer in the Swiss guard at the French court, and though he doubtless encouraged this belief in his younger days, when he was an old man he stated quite bluntly, "I never served the French Government."

Many and conflicting stories are told concerning his departure to America in 1834, the most likely being that he went to recoup a vanished fortune, for he had suffered severe financial losses. His wife remained in Burgdorf, Bern, with their three little sons and daughter until he should send for them.

From New York he went directly to Missouri with two German and two French friends, who had made a queer compact with each other not to learn English so long as they stayed together. Most of the winter of 1834-5, he passed in St. Louis, becoming acquainted there with some of the Santa Fe traders.

Although he had applied for American citizenship and had already purchased lands in Missouri, for he had brought some money with him from Switzerland, he was not thoroughly pleased with his prospects. The cold winter climate of the middle west irked him, and he felt quite dubious of making a fortune there, for on more thorough investigation, he decided the population was too small and scattered and the market for the produce of the farm he had planned much too uncertain.

However, before giving up he decided to go with a party of traders to Santa Fe in the spring. At Taos he met the Alcalde, a well educated man named Popian. Popian had studied for the priesthood, though he had never entered his Order, and had spent considerable time in Southern California, about which he talked with great enthusiasm, always calling it "the beautiful country of perpetual summer." So impressed was Sutter by Popian's stories that he decided then to go west as soon as possible.

At Wind River at the "Rendezvous" where the hunters of the American Fur Company gathered every summer, Sutter made further inquiries and later wrote: "I could find plenty here to accompany me to California, but I would not accept them. They wanted to go as a band of robbers, even promising to rob the mission churches and steal horses and cattle for me if I would take them."

After a while Sutter returned to St. Louis, sold his lands, and engaged six experienced mountaineers (three Germans, two Americans, and one Belgian) to accompany him, and together they started overland early in 1838. He had thought to go through Sonora, but following the advice of Sir William Drummond Stewart, a Scotchman, who had done a lot of buffalo hunting in the Rockies, he altered his plans and went by way of Fort Hall on the Oregon Route. Stewart was sure that he could find more men at Fort Hall to accompany him, and he knew the route to be easier and shorter.

At Fort Hall, Commander Ermatinger provided him with an Indian guide who led them over the trail through Boise, Walla Walla, the Dalles, and on to the Willamette Valley. They rested there for a while with the missionaries, for it had been a long, tedious journey, full of hardship and suffering, and then proceeded to Fort Vancouver.

Sutter knew well the value of proper introductions, and his letters from Stewart made Governor Douglas of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was also Commander of the Fort, doubly cordial in his reception. By now it was too late in the season to risk going overland to California, and though the Commander urged him to remain at the Fort for the winter, Sutter was impatient to be on his way. "At the Fort," he said, "They

smoked a great deal of tobacco, and for this purpose had a hall in which I could scarcely remain without suffocation."

As there was a vessel about to sail for the Sandwich Islands, he took passage on her, confidently expecting to reach California sooner that way, for ships frequently passed from there to the coast of California. The ship was the Hudson's Bay Company bark Columbia, carrying lumber for the Islands and furs for England. He sold his horses and mules to the settlers before sailing, and took only one man with him, and an Indian boy "whom I had bought from Bill Borrows who had bought him from Kit Carson at the Rendezvous for a hundred dollar beaver order on the Hudson's Bay Company, worth, at the Rendezvous, one hundred and thirty dollars. This was a large price, but the boy could speak English."

It was maddening to find on his arrival at the Islands that the Bolivar, Captain Nye's ship, had just sailed for the coast. "Five months passed and there was yet no opportunity" and then in May, 1839, the brig Clementine, sailing under the British flag, lay at anchor and for sale, in the Bay of Honolulu. Mr. French, an American merchant with whom Sutter had been staying, suggested that he buy it and carry freight to the Russian colony at Sitka, guarranteeing enough freight to pay for its purchase.

Sutter needed very little urging,and at Sitka he spent a month in pleasant association with the Governor, Admiral Kauprianoff. "I met his wife and had the honor to dance with her. There were many feast days and I had more use for my knowledge of languages. With the chief clerk I had to speak Spanish; with the storekeeper, German, and with the Governor and his lady and officers, French. I was obliged even to dance Russian dances which I had never seen before."

Having sold his cargo for a worth while profit, Sutter now headed the Clementine toward California. His passage down the coast was very rough, and had it not been for a copy of Belcher's survey, which Governor Kauprianoff had thoughtfully ordered made for him, it is quite possible that Sutter might not have found the entrance to San Francisco Bay.

On July 1, 1839, he anchored at Yerba Buena, only to be met by fifteen Mexican soldiers who somewhat belligerently demanded to know his errand. Sutter knew Yerba Buena was

not a port of entry, and that he should have to go to Monterey, but his ship was in such distress, and he was so short of provisions he dared not risk going farther. They allowed him forty-eight hours in which to land, secure provisions and make repairs.

As soon as everything was ready he went on to Monterey, somewhat regretfully, for several of his new-found friends at Yerba Buena wanted him to stay for the Fourth of July celebration which the few Americans there were to have. However, the port authorities gave him no encouragement.

Mr. Spence, to whom Sutter presented himself first in Monterey, accompanied him when he called on Governor Alvarado to announce his scheme of colonization. Sutter was well received, his letters opening all doors, and his pleasing manners confirming the impressions created by his recommendations. Alvarado, particularly, liked this man who had come to settle in the wilderness where the Indians were "wild and bad." Sutter was about five feet, nine inches tall, and rather heavy set. His head was over large, his skin was hardened and bronzed from his life in the open, his hair was light, and he wore a short stubby mustache. His expression was frank and open, though his cold blue eyes seemed to look you through and through and read your every thought. Certainly he was a man of culture and education. In later years, Bayard Taylor wrote, "He is a man of excellent common sense and amiable qualities of heart. A little more activity and enterprise might have made him the first man in California in point of wealth and influence."

A Captain Meigs, who had ascended the Sacramento River in earlier times had told Sutter of the beauty and fertility of the Sacramento Valley. So when Alvarado answered his plea for a grant of land, by suggesting he make his choice of any unoccupied lands, and after a year return to Monterey to become a Mexican citizen so that he would be eligible to receive the grant, Sutter at once decided to go to the Sacramento Valley.

As soon as possible he returned to Yerba Buena and anchored "where is now the corner of Clay and Montgomery Streets. The nearest house to my anchorage was the store of Spear and Hinckley. There was a large one-story building at the upper side of the plaza, the property of Mr. Richardson, an Englishman, and captain of the port. There were a few other small houses, one a little frame belonging to Mr. Fuller, also a little

adobe belonging to Mr. Prudon, a Frenchman who did some trading and sold a little liquor by the drink. He was a good Spanish scholar and often drew up papers for the Governor and others. There was no wharf. Where the Presidio now is was the Fort, and a small garrison of Mexican soldiers."

Sutter had no freight when he arrived at Yerba Buena, and the Clementine being much too large for use in the Sacramento River, he supplied her with the necessary provisions, made out his papers, closed his accounts with the Russians and Mr. French, and sent her back to the Islands to be sold for him. For his present purpose he needed smaller boats. A twenty-ton schooner, the Isabella, and a yacht, the Nicholas, which had once been the pleasure boat of the King of the Sandwich Islands, suited him perfectly, so he bought them, and to complete his fleet, he added an eight-oared pinnace.

Before buying his new boats, he went to Sonoma in a row boat with Captains Richardson and Wilson, to pay his respects to the Commandante General, Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo. Probably from the very start these two men felt an antipathy each for the other. Vallejo welcomed Sutter graciously enough and urged him to settle nearby, sensing, no doubt, the danger of letting him go too far from the authority of the Province. "He suggested Suisun, Monte Diablo, Napa Valley, and many other places," said Sutter, "But I preferred to be on a navigable river. That was my excuse, though in reality my real object was to get farther away from the Spaniards. I had had information that the people of that valley had a way of marking other people's calves, and that I did not like. I noticed also that the hat must come off before the military, the flag staff, and the church, and I preferred a country where I could keep mine on, where I should be absolute master." Even Captain Wilson who had a farm in the Sonoma Valley, which he offered to sell very low, couldn't believe that Sutter would refuse such favorable neighbors, and exclaimed, "Well, My God, I would like to know what you do want!"

While his two escorts waited for him at the Vallejo Ranch, Sutter and a vaquero rode on to Fort Ross stopping overnight at the "first Russian station" midway between Ross and Bodega. It was "a sort of farm with two wooden houses, in one of which was a room set apart for travellers, and where one could

receive a good bed for the night, and food and fresh horses the next morning, without charge."

At Fort Ross, Baron Alexander Rotcheff read his letter from the Governor of Sitka, and showed him every courtesy. The place consisted of about fifty wooden houses, mostly one-story, and occupied by laborers and mechanics in the Colonial service. There was a tannery, and blacksmith, tailor, and shoemaker shops. Often the Californians went there to buy articles which were sold to them only as a favor by the officers of the Russian Government. This settlement was first established by the Russians in 1813, a year or two after their first landing at Bodega, where they had erected a few small huts for salting their beef, and within a few years had become too strong to be removed by Spanish force. They had also done extensive seal and sea-otter hunting, but by 1839 were chiefly interested in agricultural developments. Mostly they raised wheat, barley and vegetables to supply the Russians at Sitka. Even the hay for the Governor's two horses had to be sent to Sitka from Fort Ross. There was also a Greek church there, and the whole settlement was surrounded by a wooden wall about eighteen feet high and a foot or two thick. It was made of redwood split and hewn. The Fort was beautifully situated on a rock overlooking the ocean, and in stormy weather the waves dashed high against the walls and buildings.

The day after his return to Yerba Buena, Sutter's preparations for the ascent of the Sacramento were in full swing. Provisions, agricultural implements, blacksmith and carpenter tools, ammunition, rifles, and muskets, even three cannon, were loaded into his ships, which were manned by four white men from the Islands, four or five white sailors picked up in Yerba Buena, and the eight Kanakas. These latter men had been given to Sutter by the King of the Sandwich Islands. They were all experienced seamen, and Sutter was to keep them for three years, paying them ten dollars a month. At the end of that time, if they wished, he was to return them to the Islands at his own expense. Two of them were married and had brought their wives. "I could not have settled the country without these Kanakas," Sutter often reiterated, "They were always faithful and true to me."

About August first all was ready, and that day Sutter accepted an invitation to a dinner on board an American trading ship in the harbor, to which also came other captains in the harbor, and many of the principal men on shore. They came, as Sutter said, "To bid goodbye as to one whom they never expected to see again." When the party was over, Sutter stepped dramatically into his smallest boat and set forth, rowed by his Kanakas and followed by the Isabella and the Nicholas under command of William Heath Davis and Jack Rainsforth.

At the Martinez Rancho they stopped to bargain for a supply of horses and cattle, planning to return for them later. After that they spent eight days searching for the mouth of the Sacramento River, finding it only after they had explored dozens of little sloughs and gone a long distance up the San Joaquin. From then on the trip was easier. Sutter still preceded the others in the pinnace. "Here and there," he states, "stopping and fastening notes or written papers to the branches of the trees to guide my men who came after me."

He was in no particular hurry. The beauty of the country, the luxuriant shrubbery, the overhanging masses of grapevines that hung far out over the water from the sycamores and oaks, gave a depth of shade and delightful seclusion to his pathway. At night they stopped to camp, and frequently he went inland on scouting trips, studying the country carefully and watching for a permanent site. Deceived by the width of the Feather River, Sutter lead his party up it for some miles before he realized he had turned from the Sacramento. That error brought to a climax the first trouble he had with his men, now threatening mutiny, unless he land them soon.

Very calmly he promised them an answer in the morning, then went to his sleeping quarters for the night. Next morning his orders were to drop back to the mouth of the American River, ascend that stream as far as the boats could go, and land. No time was lost in obeying. The cargoes were unloaded, the tents pitched, and the cannon mounted—the three brass pieces from Honolulu—and thus was laid the foundation of the city of Sacramento. That accomplished, he paid off the six men who wished to leave, and sent them back to Yerba Buena in the schooner.

"As we moved away," wrote Davis in his "Sixty Years in California," "Captain Sutter gave us a parting salute of nine guns, the first ever fired at that place. As the heavy report of the guns and the echos died away, the camp was surrounded by hundreds of Indians who were excited and astonished at the unusual sound—the first echo of civilization in the primitive wilderness so soon to become populated." The deer and the elk ran in wild confusion, the wolves and coyotes howled in fear, and the water fowl flew wildly over the camp.

The party now included the ten Kanakas, two of them women, three white men, one Indian boy and a bull dog from Oahu. About a quarter of a mile from the river bank the Kanakas erected several grass and tule houses, and before the rains set in, a one-story adobe building was completed containing a room each for the blacksmith shop, for the kitchen, and for Sutter himself.

By spring time quantities of adobe brick were made and ready for other buildings, and for the wall Sutter deemed necessary protection against the Indians. This was two and a half feet thick and eighteen feet high, and finally enclosed about five acres. Under the five foot bastions were the prisons. Four years elapsed before it was completed, but by that time there were many other buildings, barracks for soldiers, work shops, a bakery, a mill, a blanket factory, even a tannery and distillery and many houses for the vaqueros, the houses that were later used by the emigrants.

During the winter of 1839-40 gardens were made, wheat sown, timber cut, and the rancho stocked with horses and cattle. Before the end of the year adventurers of every sort, runaway sailors, mountaineers, hunters and trappers, came asking for employment, and Sutter set them all to work either in the field or at their trades within the fort. Thus the name and fame of New Helvetia spread (he called it Nueva Helvecia), and Sutter became stronger and stronger.

Throughout his sail up the river, Sutter knew he was being watched closely, but he did not encounter any Indians until they were within about twelve miles from his final landing place. Then suddenly about two hundred of them in brightest yellow and red and blue war paint appeared, armed for battle. At the moment the two larger boats were quite some distance behind.

Ordering his companions to maintain strictest silence, but to stand ready to fire if need be, Sutter had them row him to shore, and then, alone and unarmed, he landed. Believing that some of them might know Spanish, he called loudly, "A Dios Amigos!" Nor was he disappointed for two of them came forward. A friendly parley ensued and he invited them all to return when his whole party had arrived, to receive the gifts he had brought for them.

Often the Indians were troublesome, but Sutter was very successful in his dealings with them. He kept a vigilant watch over them, punishing every offense with severity and promptness, though he is generally credited with being kind and just to them. Commodore Wilkes visited Sutter in 1841, and in his "United States Exploring Expedition, 1839-42," it is recorded: "When Sutter first settled here in 1839, he was surrounded by some of the most hostile tribes on the river; but by his energy and management, with the aid of a small party of trappers, has thus far prevented opposition to his plans. He has even succeeded in winning the good will of the Indians, who are now laboring for him in building houses, and a line of wall to protect him against the inroads or attacks that he apprehends, more from the present authorities of the land, than from the tribes about him, who are now in his employ. He has, according to his own belief, supreme power in his own district, condemning, acquitting and punishing, as well as marrying and burying those who are under him. He treats the Indians very kindly, and pays them well for their services in trapping and working for him. His object is to attach them, as much as possible, to his interests, that in case of need he may rely upon their Chiefs for assistance. Although Captain Suter is, in general, in the habit of treating the Indians with kindness, yet he related to our gentlemen instances in which he had been obliged to fusilade nine of them; indeed, he does not seem to stand upon much ceremony with those who oppose him in any way."

Wilkes' observations are corroborated by these several terse entries in Sutter's own Diary:

"Tuesday 16th (September 1845) Rufino chief of the Moquelumnes, was tried for murder found guilty, and executed—started D. Martin for lumber."

"Wednesday 29th (October 1845) Wagons were hauling wheat to the landing for the Russians—arr'd Kayser from Bear Creek—arr'd an Indian and for misconduct was put in the Calaboose—Started a wagon with plows for Hock—also started Mr. Kinney for Hock—started also Mr. Bolon to work at Hock—arr'd P. Lassen & Merritt & Moon with grindstones."

Several attempts were made on his life, but Sutter was always a match for any would-be assassin. Once in the stillness of the night, a shriek was heard, and an Indian boy was found in the clutches of Sutter's bull dog. Sutter himself released the bleeding savage, sewed up his wounds and cautioned him against any further attempt on the white men.

Sutter had them taught various handicrafts and trades, and their work was paid for with tin money made by the Fort blacksmith. With it they could purchase various things from the stores in the fort, and for their protection Sutter refused to honor this money when presented by a white man. At that time polygamy was a common practice among the Indians, Sutter tells us in his Personal Reminiscences. Even the younger Indians complained that because the Chiefs had so many wives, they had none. To put an end to this problem, Sutter deliberately lined up all the men in one row, the women in another, and ordered the women each to select the husband she wanted. Nor would he allow the chiefs more than two wives each. There were several rancherias, or Indian villages, near the Fort, which usually, according to Wilkes, "consisted of five or six huts, built around a larger one which appeared somewhat like the temascals or sweating houses. They were all built around a pit three or four feet deep and from ten to twenty feet in diameter, over which a frame work of sticks was raised for grass and reeds to be laid on, the whole then being covered with earth. There was one small opening through which they entered on their hands and feet, and another at the top to serve as a sort of chimney."

The Indian boys were taught Spanish and required to appear well washed and neatly clad every Sunday morning to drill. Their uniforms, of which they were inordinately proud, consisted of blue drill pantaloons, white cotton shirts, and red handkerchiefs round their necks. The older Indians also had

regular uniforms of blue and green with red trimmings. They were, in fact, old Russian uniforms. Strict military discipline was kept for all at the Fort. The guard consisted of about fourteen Indians with a native sergeant. There was troop of cavalry, too. Sutter's own room was near the guard room and he was always alert and ready for action should need arise. He had a half-hour glass, and every half-hour during the night, as the sand ran out, the guard struck the bell and cried out, "All is well." In spite of complaints, a bell called all to work at day break.

Jean J. Vioget was employed in 1841 to make the survey and map of the region to be used in Sutter's application for the grant of land that had been promised him; and in August, Sutter went to Monterey to receive his naturalization papers. As soon as the proper steps could be taken, he was given eleven square leagues of land (48,825 acres), and he was appointed "Commissioner of Justice and Representative of the Government on the Frontier of the Rio del Sacramento." He was now commissioned to perform all civil functions connected with local administration of justice; to prevent robberies by adventurers from the United States; to repress hostile Indians; and to check illegal trapping and fishing, for which purposes he might even resort to arms if necessary.

Sutter had intended from the first to develop the fur trade himself, but he met such determined competition from the transient Hudson's Bay Company trappers, who were taking out from five to ten thousand pelts annually, that he had not made much headway in that business. Now he was only too delighted with his new power, and peremptorily ordered these trappers to stop their visits to the Sacramento Valley. Not recognizing his authority, they ignored his orders, and Chief Factor, James Douglas, once Sutter's friend at Fort Vancouver, came to Monterey and arranged with the Governor for permission to employ thirty hunters, agreeing to pay a duty on each skin taken. So about five years passed before they entirely ceased operations in Sutter's territory, and by that time he had found it more profitable to buy the pelts from their hunters with whiskey, than to maintain his own hunters and trappers.

It seems quite likely that some, at least, of the damaging tales about Sutter, may have originated out of his quarrel with

FORT ROSS IN 1843, FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH IN THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE "KING'S ORPHAN"

the Hudson's Bay Company. Look, for instance, at Sir George Simpson's book, "Narrative of a Journey Round the World, 1841-2." Simpson was Governor-in-Chief of the Hudson's Bay Company territories in North America, and had been spending some time with Vallejo at Sonoma. "It had been our intention," he wrote, "to have visited Capt. Sutter on the banks of the Sacramento; but as the prolongation of our excursion would have occupied us at least eight or ten days, we were reluctantly obliged to return without beating up to the Captain's quarters. Besides having thus lost the opportunity of seeing a little of the interior, we had reasons of a less romantic character for regretting our disappointment; as Sutter, a man of speculative turn and good address, had given the Hudson's Bay Company, in common with many others less able to pay for the compliment, particular grounds for taking an interest in his welfare and asperity.

"He was understood to have served in the bodyguard of Charles the Tenth, and to have emigrated after the three glorious days of 1830 to the United States. He had successively tried his fortune in St. Louis, among the Shawnee Indians, in the Snake Country, on the Columbia River, at the Sandwich Islands, at Sitka, and at San Francisco, uniformly illustrating the proverb of the rolling stone, but yet generally contriving to leave anxious and inquisitive friends behind him."

One day in December, 1841, while Lt. Commander Ringgold of the Wilkes Expedition was still at the Fort, Governor Rotcheff came from Ross with an offer to sell Sutter the Russian post. Others, it seems, were ready to buy it (Vallejo and Jacob P. Leese), but the authorities at Sitka wished Sutter to have the first chance. Negotiations were continued at Bodega and Sutter finally agreed to buy all the Russian properties, houses, mills, live stock, implements, arms and schooner, for thirty thousand dollars, two thousand in cash, the balance to be paid in four yearly installments chiefly in wheat, at two dollars the fanega (approximately 1.6 bushels). The agent also gave him a certificate of transfer of the lands occupied by them, but as the Russians had had no title they could convey none. The transaction was recorded in French and had to be acknowledged before a notary in Yerba Buena. Sutter says, "They required no note of me, nor any paper of any kind, and later when their

ships came for grain, they brought me iron, steel and ammunition. At one time I had more ammunition than the government. When the gold discovery came I yet owed them a balance, and the miners destroying my crops, I was obliged to pay the balance in gold."

The Governor was informed of his purchase when Sutter asked for a title to the land. It wasn't given to him and he didn't really press the matter, though in later years he bemoaned the fact that he had not abandoned Fort Sutter and moved to Fort Ross. "Land was good there, and timber plenty, there would have been no gold hunters to rob me; indeed gold might never have been discovered to this day!" he declared.

During the next two years, everything that could be moved was carried from Ross and Bodega to Fort Sutter. The fort was dismantled and the buildings taken down and shipped in the Russian schooner Constantine, now rechristened the Sacramento. In a short time the land fell into the hands of settlers, who did procure titles from the Government. "I did not sell the walls of the Fort," says Sutter, "Nor, in fact, anything there. No one paid me for what they found and took after I left. Even so it was a good purchase as payment was easy."

That the Russians also had reason to be pleased with the bargain, and treat Sutter with leniency when pressing for payment, is evidenced by Wilke's statement, "From what I understood from the officers who had been in charge of it (Fort Ross); it had been a very considerable expense to the Russian American Company to fortify it; and the disposal of the whole, on almost any terms, must have been advantageous."

Never-the-less, with the ever increasing population at the Fort, one serious flood, and a season of drouth, the annual shipments of wheat were increasingly hard to spare, and in time Sutter came to dread the season when the Russians were due from Sitka to collect. In the "Diary" are a good many entries like the following:

New Helvetia Nov. 1845.

"Friday 7th. Started the boat for Feather river—Launch is freighted and ready for sailing—weather pleasant and warm—quite a bustle in Ft. today measuring out wheat for the Russians.

"Tuesday 18th. Measured 95 Fanagas wheat for the Russians—arrived Williams from Mr. Ide's and also some other Young men. Jas. Smith wiped (whipped) one of the Baquero's this morning.

"Saturday 22nd. Arrived Baquero who went with Mr. Prudon to Sonoma, left one Horse, commenced loading Launch with Wheat, for the Russians, 250 Fanegas—and also 584 lbs. of Ship Bread. Started Launch about 6 oclk P. M."

To be concluded.

QUARTERLY
of
The Society of California Pioneers

H. L. VAN WINKLE
Historian

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Editor

VOLUME V NUMBER 2

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
JUNE, 1928.

The Society of California Pioneers

Organized August 31, 1850

OFFICERS

From July, 1927 to July, 1928

President

OLIVER P. STIDGER

Vice-Presidents

DR. JOSEPH A. OLIVER
JAMES K. MOFFITT
J. H. SKINNER
WILLIAM T. HALE
R. R. RUSS

Treasurer

CHARLES J. DEERING

Secretary

H. L. VAN WINKLE*

Marshal

J. H. P. GEDGE

Directors

JAMES P. TAYLOR
E. A. DOUTHITT
JOHN J. LERMEN
CHARLES C. MOORE†
CHARLES S. CUSHING
FRED. G. RUSS
L. J. SCOOFFY
DR. G. N. VAN ORDEN
F. de P. TELLER

*Vice Henry L. Byrne, resigned
†Vice H. L. Van Winkle, resigned

CONTENTS

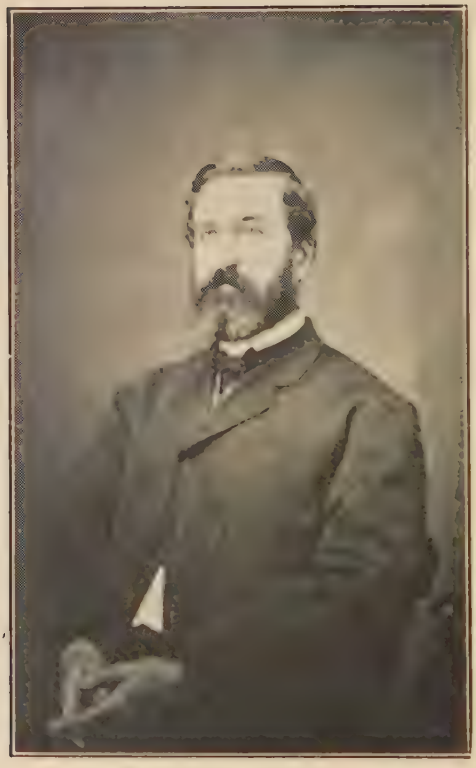
Page

The First State Election in California 65
By Elisha O. Crosby.

"The Code Duello" 77
Judge O. P. Stidger meets Col. Richard Rust

John A. Sutter 85
Continued from March Issue.

Announcements and Reports 103
Letter from the President.
Report of the Secretary.
Report of the Curator.



ELISHA O. CROSBY

The First State Election in California

By Elisha O. Crosby*

Like all other Pioneers, my connection with the early history of California and my association with the men and the events that followed with great rapidity during the memorable year of 1849, is to me replete with interest.

When the report of Colonel Mason was published among the accompanying documents to the President's Message to Congress on the first of December 1848, it gave the first authentic news of the gold discovery at Sutter's Saw Mill by Marshall in January of that year, and this report was verified by two hundred and thirty ounces of gold brought from the mines and sent to Washington by Colonel Mason as a substantial witness for the truth of his report as to the discovery of gold in California. We have all heard of the excitement that followed this official announcement and the public exhibition of the gold he had sent to prove it.

At the time the report was published, I was engaged in the practice of law at 27 Wall Street, New York, with Abner Benedict, an able Admiralty Lawyer. He was the attorney for Howland and Aspinwall, the great shipping merchants who had just completed the three steamers, California, Panama, and Oregon, which were to run from Panama to Oregon, stopping at the ports of California and Mexico.

I had been working very hard and my health had begun to fail, my lungs not being strong, so I had arranged to go to Cuba to spend the winter of '48 and '49. But when word of the gold discovery reached us Mr. Benedict, as well as Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall, said to me, "You can just as well go to California and let us know about this; see whether those fellows out there are humbugging us."

*A manuscript written for The Society of California Pioneers supplemented with material in the Bancroft Library.

Finally I consented to go, and left New York on December 25, 1848, for Chagres, expecting to cross the Isthmus to Panama and meet the Steamer California, which was the first one sent around Cape Horn to run from Panama to California. I reached Panama in time to meet the steamer, and arrived in the Bay of San Francisco on the 28th of February, 1849.

We found San Francisco with about three hundred people. Dr. T. M. Leavenworth, who had come to California with Stevenson's Regiment, was then acting Alcalde, and had his office in a room in a little one story building at the corner of Clay and Kearny Streets. I had known him in New York and he received me in a friendly way and extended the hospitality of his office. He had a little bunk built in one corner of his office where he slept, and told me I was welcome to lay my blankets in another corner of the floor. I slept there the first nights I was in San Francisco, and it was a great privilege, equal to extending the hospitality of the Palace Hotel now!

In the meantime the assistant carpenter of the California discovered a battered old whale boat at Mission Creek. I bought it, and we made a quick passage to Sutter's Fort, taking six men at fifty dollars apiece. They agreed to do the rowing if we would carry them and their small packs of clothing and provisions. With vigorous pulling we reached Sutter's embarcadero in three days.

At Sacramento I met Frank Bates, the Alcalde, and Captain Sutter, who gave me a hearty welcome to California and to his home. Several times I attended law suits in Frank Bates' court at the Fort. Daley had some trouble there, and I was his counsel. As the result was satisfactory to him he handed me a purse of gold, containing about a thousand dollars. I objected to taking so much, but Frank thought I should as the man had enough more. That was the first fee I received in California. A few days later Daley sent me a very fine saddle horse nicely equipped with a complete outfit.

It was wonderful how rapidly I recuperated. The climate agreed with me, and fees like this were so attractive I didn't even think of returning home.

Brigadier-General Bennett Riley, then Military Governor, had been corresponding with men in different parts of the State as to the propriety of calling a State Convention and forming

a State Government. He was powerless, he said, to enforce any law because all except a few of his officers had disappeared. He could not put a sentinel outside the gate for fifteen minutes, for he would be gone, musket and all. His suggestions were favorably received, and he issued a proclamation on the third of June, 1849, calling the Convention. The delegates were to meet at Monterey on the first of September, and the election of delegates by the people at large was to take place about the first of August. Most of those from the northern departments met at San Francisco just before the first of September, and the Pacific Mail Company volunteered to take them down to Monterey.

In his proclamation, General Riley had named four delegates for Sacramento and four for the San Joaquin District, but when the delegates came together, they found there was a great disparity in representation, those districts having grown so very rapidly that they embraced pretty much all of the mining country. They insisted on a larger representation, and very justly, larger delegations were allowed to the Sacramento, San Joaquin and San Francisco Districts. In fact a resolution was proposed admitting all delegates elected from these large districts, who had received a hundred votes. The broad ground was taken that where there had been a fair expression of opinion by a respectable neighborhood, it should be represented. An important step was to be taken.

Governor Riley repeatedly said, "I am powerless to enforce any laws. I have only a few officers on my staff. It is very important for you, Gentlemen, to form a Constitution that the people will feel confidence in, and that can be enforced. It is the people alone who can enforce law and order here, not any military power the Government may send."

When we arrived at Monterey, it was understood that Gwin had a copy (in fact we knew he had) of a State Constitution all printed and ready with lines and blanks to be filled in. It was modeled on the Constitutions of Ohio and Iowa. Gwin and I are still good friends, but when he went to the Convention he assumed a haughty and dictatorial attitude, an affected air of superiority which to the average American is offensive. It was especially offensive to the men who had come out here at that time and under the circumstances which had brought them.

When the Convention met, Jacob R. Snyder from Philadelphia, a surveyor who had been here some four years, a bold outspoken man as tall as Gwin and of rather imposing presence, got up and said that he understood that Mr. Gwin had not only come down there for the purpose of being President of the Convention, but had also brought with him a prepared copy of a Constitution that he expected to have adopted; that he was, in fact, the embodiment of the Convention and that the rest of the delegates were merely dummies to represent numbers and sections and to sanction whatever he proposed! No one but Snyder could have done it without giving personal offence. He blurted it out in his plain way, and caused much merriment and laughter. It brought Gwin to his feet at once. He could do no less that disclaim possession of his Constitution.

Then Snyder said, "If that is the case I will nominate Dr. Semple as President of the Convention," and with a sort of laugh, Semple was elected. After that Gwin subsided completely and took a back seat on the floor, but from that time to the end of the Convention he was exceedingly conciliatory, presenting his proposition with much tact and skill. The change in his bearing was often remarked among the members, for he showed a consummate skill in making friends, which aided a great deal in his later success.

Robert Semple next appointed the various committees. Although pretty young in those days I was made Chairman of the Finance Committee, which consisted of Thomas O. Larkin, Elam Brown, Joel P. Walker, and Joseph Aram. It is not necessary to say to those who knew these sturdy men, that they gave yeomen's support when seventy thousand dollars had to be raised to pay the expenses and save the life of the Convention at the time when there was not a dollar in sight to which the Convention had a claim. Walker said, "We'd better get a dozen more stout members on the Committee and take our camping blankets and go back to the mines. By the time the other members get the Constitution ready to sign, we could have the gold ready to pay all the expenses!" However this Committee finally reported to the Convention that General Riley would advance the expense moneys out of the money held by the Military Authorities. This was money collected on imports of goods since the United States occupation, and was called

the "civil fund." It had been collected without authority of Congress and at that time amounted to over six hundred thousand dollars. This expenditure was finally ratified by the United States Government. It let us out of a trip to the mines, and overcame a great difficulty the Convention was in at the time.

There was a good deal of talent assembled there. I don't believe any deliberative body of men ever collected with more patriotic sentiments or purposes than prevailed in that Convention, or one that went to work with more zeal to form a good substantial constitution, which would be really serviceable, conservative, and protective of the interests of the people. The brief time during which they engaged in their work, and the result of their labors showed that they applied themselves with energy and determination.

There was a great deal of work done outside the Convention in consultation. The time was so short that most of the determinations were made by discussion in Committees outside the public sittings and debates. A great many of the men most active and influential in the making of the Constitution hardly appeared as debaters on the floor. Myron Norton, the Chairman of the Committee which prepared the draft of the Constitution, was one of the hardest workers there, and yet you see very little of him in the Debates of the Convention. He was a lawyer by profession, and he did much of the selecting and digesting of the different reports that were submitted for the public action of the Convention.

Don Miguel Pedrorena from San Diego, a very elegantly educated Spaniard, was my room-mate. He had been a resident here for twelve years and was strongly American in his sentiments. He appreciated the proposition, and the fitness of the new order of things, so he had a very great influence in conciliating the Spanish element. When the Spaniards spoke it was generally in their own language. Dr. Hartnell was translator. Carrillo was from one of the lower counties. He was a man of decided character, had a good deal of force and common sense, but was prejudiced against the Americans. Pablo de la Guerra was probably the most accomplished man in the Spanish delegation. General Vallejo applied himself to the work in hand with considerable energy, too. His greatest anxiety seemed to be to prevent too liberal Americanizing of the country, and he

Portion of the Map of the Gold Regions, 1851, Published by B. F. Butler.

frequently suggested many of those regulations peculiar to the Spanish Government. They all served in the Convention and submitted with what grace they could, because they saw the necessity for doing so, recognizing the fact that the American occupation was inevitable.

L. W. Hastings came here from Ohio. He seemed to have a considerable knowledge of the geography of the country and took a prominent part in devising and fixing the boundary of the State. In fact he prepared a map by which the Convention was considerably governed in adjusting the boundary line. Thomas O. Larkin had been United States Consul at Monterey. He was an efficient member and very hospitable. Every day he would entertain a certain number at his dinner table, and he kept open house all the time. His suggestions in the Convention all related to commercial affairs. J. M. Jones was an extreme Southern man, about the only one who was persistent for the incorporation of a slave clause in the Constitution. What surprised us, perhaps more than anything else, was the unanimity with which the clause prohibiting slavery was passed. We expected considerable opposition from the Southern element, but if you will look at the membership of the Convention, you will see that New England, New York and Pennsylvania largely predominated, though almost every state in the Union was represented.

Capt. John Sutter was a sort of ornamental appendage to the Convention and had very little influence. He had a great taste for military affairs, and the discharge of arms seemed to create an enthusiasm in him. The last day we met, when we signed the Constitution and adjourned, General Riley ordered a salute to be fired from the Fort while the signing was going on. It was with greatest difficulty that Sutter restrained himself on this occasion. He would get up and shout, "This is the proudest day I ever saw. It does my heart good to hear these cannon."

It was during the memorable election a few weeks later, that I constantly met Captain Sutter ministering to the necessities of the belated and famished immigrants, who were arriving in the Sacramento Valley with only the remnants of the ample outfits with which that great line of forty thousand left the Missouri River in the Spring of 1849. Poor, famished men were

plentiful in and about Sutter's Fort that winter, and no one was denied any shelter or provision that the Captain could provide. Many a life was saved by his supreme hospitality. I greatly admired his noble traits and felt that no amount of wealth which he might possess could be equal to his kind benevolence to all comers.

M. M. McCarver was a character. Originally from Madison County, Kentucky, he went to Oregon and lived there many years. The gold discovery brought him down here and he was a delegate to the Convention. By his good natured blunders, he would raise a laugh in the body more frequently than anyone else. His interests being in Oregon, he could not forget that he belonged there, and though he was in California and a delegate from the Sacramento District, he would often speak of his constituents in Oregon, of his neighbors and what they would say, as though it was all one State.

William M. Steuart, who was connected with the Navy, was a delegate from San Francisco, and to him belongs the credit for writing the address to the people of the State of California, asking them to ratify the Constitution. It was printed and distributed with the Constitution.

At the request of the Sacramento delegation General Riley appointed me Prefect of the Sacramento District, embracing all the country east of the Sacramento River and north of the Cosumne River, taking in nearly all the mining district and the terminus of the overland emigrant trail that came down Bear River to Sutter's Fort.

The power and jurisdiction of Prefect under the Civil Law is very great. During my law studies in Buffalo, New York, I had had the benefit of a course of lectures on the Civil Law, delivered and illustrated by Millard Fillmore, afterward President of the United States. It was this training that enabled me to discharge the duties of the office in conformity to law, and to aid in the transition incident to a change of our judicial system from a Civil Law rule to a Common Law rule.

As Prefect, my first duty was to submit the Constitution for the action of the people in that District. A large population was there already and they were swarming in by thousands. The Convention adjourned on the thirteenth of October; and the election to ratify the Constitution, to elect Congressmen, and

a full set of State Officers, was to be held on the thirteenth of November. There was so little time to be wasted that I immediately set out from Monterey to San Francisco. A courier had been dispatched as soon as the Address was signed, to have it and the Constitution printed at the Alta Office. When I arrived in San Francisco they were pretty nearly ready. I took my quota of the copies, and went up to Sacramento, I think in the old steamer McKim, concerning which one old fellow remarked "that she rolled terribly." Then another one joined in and said, "I know she did, for she went over and when she came up, I saw the mud on the top of the mast!"

The apportionment of population required for each member of Congress was fixed at thirty thousand, allowing five to each voter. We had provided for two members of Congress, so it was necessary to have at least twelve thousand votes which would represent sixty thousand population, and we could not show our population in any other way than by the votes we could poll at this first election. In fact everything depended upon the result of this election; whether first, the Constitution would be ratified by the people; second, would it show by the number of votes that California had a population sufficient to entitle it to admission as a State; and, were we entitled to two members of Congress?

Almost all the mines which had been found up to that time were located in the Sacramento district along the American River and its North and South branches, and the Yuba and Bear Rivers. As everybody went to the mines as soon as they arrived in California, half the population was in the district over which I had been appointed Prefect.

We had no money to pay the expenses of calling this election, for General Riley declined to make another advance from the "civil fund" in his custody. I was appealed to, in God's name and in language both sacred and profane, to advance the money to carry out this election in the Sacramento District, which I did. I took three thousand dollars in the gold dust and the coin I had in the vault of Dunbar and Gibbs in San Francisco. Long afterward I suggested to the Legislature that there ought to be some provision to reimburse me. They laughed at me, and said I was better able to stand it than the State was. Everybody seemed to be flush with money, and I didn't care

much. We made rather a joke of it. Said that the State revenues were nothing, consequently the State couldn't pay, and that was the end of the matter.

On account of the great size of the Sacramento District and the short time we had for the work, money and horseflesh had to go freely, and not much red tape was allowed to intervene to delay us. Notwithstanding the constant rains that prevailed during this period we established fifty-two precincts north of the Cosumne and east of the Sacramento Rivers between the time I arrived in Sacramento and the thirteenth of November. To do this, I appointed Colonel A. M. Winn, Sub-Prefect at a salary of five hundred dollars a month; and sent one of my couriers up the Sacramento, another along the Bear River, another up the Yuba to all the camps there, and to meet the immigrants coming in. Everybody who had arrived in the country by the day of the election and who was over twenty-one years old, was entitled to vote. We rode day and night. I sent another man over on the Consumne, and I took the American River myself. First I went as far as Sutter's Fort and along the river to Mormon Island. Then I made a circuit of the South Fork of the American, of the Middle Fork, and the North Fork, and came down to Sacramento, reaching there on the day of the election. I would ride into a camp or wherever I found a collection of people sufficient to warrant the establishment of a precinct, and appoint any three who might be suggested as the proper parties to hold the election; administer the oath; and leave them copies of the Constitution to be examined and voted on. The cold and rains of that November made it very difficult, and the hardships of horse and mule-back riding through the darkness and the mud were very trying to my light bodily make-up, and in sharp contrast to my previous New York mode of life.

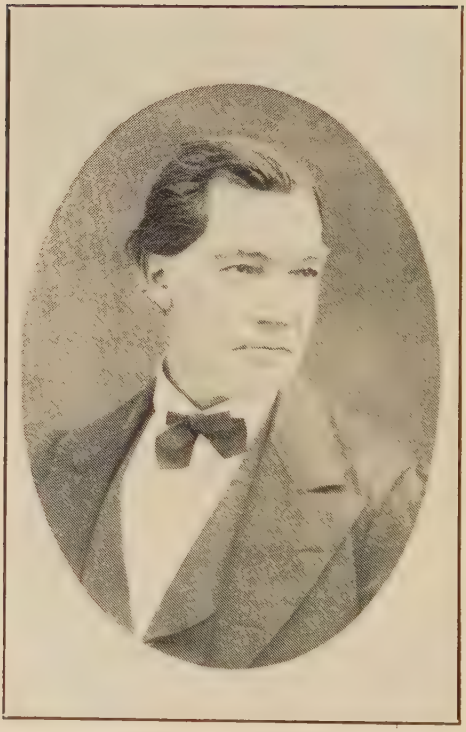
I had made arrangements to have the votes sent to me at Sacramento where I remained until after the election. Those from fifty precincts reached me at Sacramento and the others followed me to Monterey in plenty of time.

The Sacramento District aggregated close to six thousand votes, almost half the number required to seat our two Congressmen, and to show a population sufficient to entitle California to Admission as a State in the Union. The entire vote

cast throughout the whole of California at the first election on November 13, 1849, adopting the first Constitution and electing two Members of Congress, Governor, and State Officials, were polled in ten Districts as follows:

	For the Constitution	*Against*	*Total*
San Diego	242	1	243
Los Angeles	315	17	332
Santa Barbara	184	0	184
San Luis Obispo	44	0	44
Monterey	357	3	360
San Jose	567	10	577
San Francisco	2051	5	2056
Sonoma	602	5	607
San Joaquin	2403	137	2540
Sacramento	5296	633	5929
	12061	811	12872

It was a close margin which might have been lost by a little less hard riding on the part of the Prefect of the Sacramento District and his messengers. If we had failed of Statehood then, it is probable that California would have received a Territorial form of Government and have remained a Territory for many, many years.



JUDGE O. P STIDGER

"The Code Duello"

Judge O. P. Stidger meets Col. Richard Rust.*

In the early days of California I lived in the then bustling and since beautiful city of Marysville in Yuba County. Of course I witnessed many exciting scenes. There was a vast mixture of the tragic, comic, and melodramatic, which could be woven by a master-hand into a volume of absorbing interest. The meeting for mortal combat between Judge Stephen J. Field and Judge W. T. Barbour, which, with the farcical incidents, is described by Judge Field in his valuable little book of reminiscences; the latter Judge's long and vexatious controversy with Judge Turner; the beating of Dr. Winters by Plummer Thurston; the attempt to kill Judge O. P. Stidger by Plummer Thurston, just named, and Judge Barbour—these are but a few of this class of occurrences which agitated Marysville from 1850 to 1855. It is only the writer's intention now to narrate the circumstances of a duel between Judge Stidger and Colonel Richard Rust, which took place in June, 1853, in Sutter County.

Judge Stidger was then one of the editors of the Marysville Herald, a Whig paper, while Colonel Rust edited the Democratic organ in that city, the California Express. The two gentlemen had engaged for several days in a violent newspaper war, during which each had called the other anything but tender names. Judge Stidger's friends claimed that he was victor in the war of words, because he could say more mean things of his adversary in a minute than the latter could think of in a day. The Judge had a peculiar way of driving the steel home at every thrust, and his antagonist was not able to return

*Note: This account of the Stidger-Rust duel in June, 1853, reprinted here from Truman's "Field of Honor," was written by an eye-witness whose name is not now known.

like for like. The consequence was that the Judge was invited to transfer the quarrel to a field of a different kind, that it might be settled in actual physical encounter by the arbitrament of the bullet. He owned his printing material, but was in debt, and John C. Fall was his endorser. Fall was approached and asked to withdraw from Stidger his sustaining arms, and let the Herald pass into other hands. Fall declining to do this, the fight went on. Finally, Colonel Rust's friends prevailed upon him to send the Judge a challenge to repair to the bloody and historic field of honor. It will not be doing him any injustice, perhaps, to say that they reasoned in this way: "Judge Stidger was born in Ohio, and was raised to look upon duelling as a crime. He won't accept a challenge, and if he does not he will be disgraced and compelled to leave the country."

The challenge was sent, the bearers being Lee Martin and Charles S. Fairfax, the party of the second part receiving it on Friday, at the Herald office. It was promptly accepted, Judge Stidger's reply being delivered by Judge Gordon N. Mott, now a resident of San Francisco. Subsequently Judge T. B. Reardon (who presided at the second trial of Mrs. Fair) came into the affair as a friend to the challenged party, and performed an important part. On the day the hostile missives passed, with commendable dispatch pistols for two and coffee for six were provided. Being the challenged party, Judge Stidger was, under the code, entitled to dictate the kind of weapons to be used, and the distance. He was a crack shot with the rifle so he chose Buckeye rifles with set triggers, and fixed the distance at sixty paces. Judge Mott and Colonel Fairfax sallied forth in search of the needful instruments of death. They could not find any "Buckeyes" in the city, and the only two weapons of the kind to be had were Mississippi yagers. These would suffice, of course, if they were of equal merit. The opposing seconds took them out and "tried" them. One proved to be more reliable than the other. Another could not be had. What was to be done? The seconds determined the choice by lot, and Fairfax won the best gun for his principal. Judge Mott felt badly, but said nothing. It was agreed that the meeting should take place at sunrise on Sunday (it was then late on Friday) at any place in Sutter County selected by the seconds, over five hundred yards from

the Yuba County line. On Saturday night the seconds of Colonel Rust reported that he was severely ill, and asked a postponement of the battle for one week, which was granted. One week from the time first appointed the parties met, the spot selected being a pretty grove of native oaks about two miles south of Yuba City, near the public road between that city and the celebrated Hock Farm, then occupied by General Sutter.

In addition to their seconds before named, Judge Stidger was accompanied by Dr. McDaniel, and Colonel Rust by his brother, Dr. Rust, as physicians. The week's postponement had had the effect to let out the secret, and several hundred citizens of Marysville were anxious spectators of the solemn scene. The distance being paced off, the choice of position and the giving of the word were, by chance, won by the seconds of Colonel Rust. It then looked bad for Judge Stidger. Judge Mott said to himself, "My man is going to get killed; Rust has the best gun and the best standpoint."

Such was the fact, enough to inspire the foreboding of evil. Rust stood within the shade of a large oak tree, his back to the rising sun, which shone full in the face of Stidger. He seemed to be familiar with his weapon, while Judge Stidger had never seen a Mississippi yager until he was handed one on that portentous morning. I recall the Judge's remark upon taking up his gun. He was standing at the spot marked out for him, Dr. McDaniel was about twenty feet to his left. I stood near the Doctor. Judge Stidger examined his gun carefully, and said to McDaniel: "Doc, what kind of a gun do you call this? I never saw one like it before."

McDaniel gave the weapon's name.

"Well," continued the Judge, "the bore can carry a half pound ball; if I get hit there wont be a grease-spot left of me."

Just then Judge Mott approached and told his principal to keep cool. The reply was: "Oh, I'm as cool as a cucumber. I chose Buckeye rifles. I never saw a gun like this before, and I don't know how to handle it."

Judge Mott said that Buckeyes of equal calibre could not be found, that he had done the best possible, and he explained the circumstances. Immediately after this the parties were instructed to hold their guns until the word was given; how the

word would be given; and at what time to shoot, thus: "Gentlemen, are you ready?" On both principals responding "Aye," or "Yes," these words would follow: "Fire! one—two—three—stop!" A momentary pause would follow each word, and the principals were to fire at any time between the words "fire" and "stop!" Fairfax gave the instructions, after which the combatants were placed in position. The seconds took their proper places, and the surgeons were within conversational distance.

It was a scene that left an indelible impress on the mind of the beholder. The harmony of nature and the antagonism of men presented a striking contrast. The eight comprising the two groups were fine specimens of manly strength and symmetry of form. Their average age was about thirty years. The Rust party were all Southern men; the Stidger party comprised two southerners — Reardon and McDaniel — while Judges Stidger and Mott were from Ohio. They stood beneath the tattered banner of a code which was hoary with age and had reached the last decade of its sway in the American States. *Cui Bono?* Being near to Judge Stidger's position and some sixty yards from Colonel Rust, I saw more of the former and necessarily write more concerning his action. I can say of Colonel Rust, however, that his bearing was brave and resolute. The word came, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Judge Stidger responded in a loud tone, "Aye." Immediately afterward followed (I did not catch Colonel Rust's response) "Fire!—one—two—three—stop!"

At the word "two," slang-bang went both guns. Stidger's shot passed high over the head of Rust; the latter's lodged in Stidger's coat-tail pocket, riddling a handkerchief. It was a happy circumstance that the handkerchief caused the tail of the coat to bulge out, as it enabled a punster to exclaim with delight that the pocket was "rifled."

"Are you hurt?" inquired Dr. McDaniel, approaching his principal, desiring to know if his services were needed.

"Hurt? No," was the answer.

"Examine your pockets," said the Doctor.

The Judge did so, and remarked "That was a pretty clever shot."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "and now there must be no more foolishness. You must kill him or he will kill you."

To this the Judge answered, "I do not want to kill him. I don't want his blood on my hands. He has a family to maintain, and I don't want to rob them of their support."

"That may be all very fine in theory," said the Doctor, "but the fact is before you that *he* is trying to kill *you*, and, to prevent it, you must kill *him*. You can do it, if you will."

Judges Mott and Reardon now came up, and said that Rust demanded another shot. "Very well, I am willing," said Judge Stidger. The latter was then told by Judge Reardon that he (Reardon) would leave the field unless he (Stidger) promised to shoot *at* Rust. The Judge promised. Judge Mott then informed him that his position at the first fire was awkward, and he must stand erect; that if he continued to present so many angles to the enemy he was liable to get hurt. This admonition had good and immediate effect. Stidger thereafter stood straight as an arrow, and at the same time bore himself with perfect ease. The seconds having retired to load the guns for the second fire, Judge Stidger said to Dr. McDaniel, "I promised to shoot *at* Colonel Rust, but I did not promise to kill him, and I won't."

The Doctor said, "You *must* kill him, or he will kill you. Your gun carries up. Shoot for his legs and you will hit him in the body. The gun is good for three hundred yards, but at short range it carries up."

Finally Judge Stidger said, "Well, Doc, I'll wing him. I will shoot for his arm. I'll cripple him, and then he can't shoot again."

"Yes," answered the Doctor, "That would do if you had a guaranty of your own life. Supposing, while you are shooting for his arm, his ball should hit you in a vital place, what then?"

"Oh," said the Judge, "if he should kill me, that would be the end of it."

The Judge was now handed his gun, and placed in a position for the second fire, with directions to "keep cool and shoot him." The word was given. As before, both guns went off simultaneously. My eyes were intently directed to Judge Stidger, for I expected to see him fall. After the word "stop!" he held his gun to his shoulder, and earnestly eyed his adversary as though

about to shoot. This action was so interpreted by Colonel Rust's seconds, who called out, "Stop! Stop!"

The fact was that owing to both guns being fired at the same instant, the seconds of Rust did not know if Stidger had fired or not. On hearing the words "Stop! stop!" Stidger threw his gun upon the ground and said, "Doc, this gun ain't worth a damn. I don't believe a man could hit a barn-door with it at a distance of six feet. I had a splendid shot at his arm, and I got a pretty good sight along the barrel. If the gun had been worth a damn I would have struck his elbow."

The Doctor asked, "Why didn't you shoot at his body? I told you the gun carried up."

"If I had done that," said the Judge, "I would have killed him, and I didn't want to do that."

"Well," said the Doctor, "if he demands another shot, what will you do?"

"I will kill him," was the answer. "I have now given him two fair shots at me. I could have killed him if I had desired to do so. I spared his life because of his family, and because I did not want his blood on my hands. Now, if he isn't satisfied I'll kill him. I don't want to do it, but if I must shoot again I will end it."

To this the Doctor replied, "Now you are talking right."

The seconds again came up and reported that Colonel Rust demanded another shot, and wanted the distance reduced before the next fire. Judge Stidger replied that his gun was no account at sixty paces; he thought if the distance was doubled he would fire better.

"Gentlemen," said he to his seconds, "I am in your hands. Whatever you say I must do, I will do. I only ask you to protect my honor."

Judges Mott and Reardon then took the gun and left, and met the opposing seconds on neutral ground. The four men, after guns were again loaded, appeared to be in earnest consultation. The Judge, by now warmed to his task, was pacing back and forth, talking with his physician. McDaniel advised him to keep cool.

"Oh, don't you fear, Doc," said the Judge. "I will be cool enough to kill that fellow, if he forces me to do it."

Several minutes passed—it seemed to me a vast half-hour—when one of the seconds fired off a gun, which was a signal that some arrangement had been made putting an end to the affair. Judge Stidger's seconds coming back and verifying the "report" of the gun, he asked, "How? On what terms?"

Judge Reardon answered, "Honorably to you. I drew up the stipulations and saw to it that you are not compromised. The terms are honorable to both parties, and I am to hold the documents." All the parties then left for the city.

Some time after the duel it was stated that Judge Stidger's second shot cut Colonel Rust's hair just above his ear, and that this it was that caused the Colonel's seconds to make peace. Whether true or not I could not learn to my satisfaction. I have often talked with Colonel Fairfax about this duel. He witnessed many meetings of the kind in the South, where he was born and reared, but said he had never seen two men stand up more manfully to their work than those engaged in this affair. He spoke in glowing terms of Judge Stidger on that occasion, for, he said, he expected to see him wilt, being a Northern man and unacquainted with the "*code duello*." "People needn't tell me," he said, "that men born in the North are cowards, I know better. It wont do to fool with such men. They have pluck and die game."

JOHN A. SUTTER

John A. Sutter

(Continued from last Issue)

By the time Sutter returned to New Helvetia (December 1841), after concluding the purchase of the Russian properties, "immigration had set in from the States, and the largest company so far (the Bartleson Company) was at the Fort. Most of them stayed to work through the winter. John Bidwell, Charles M. Weber, later prominent in San Jose, and Hoover, an educated scientific agriculturalist from Germany, were in the company; and in the spring I sent Bidwell to succeed Robert Ridley, then in charge of affairs at Ross and Bodega, while Hoover remained at the Fort to superintend my farming."

"When I first came to the valley my nearest neighbors were Dr. John Marsh at Monte Diablo and Mr. George C. Yount at Napa Valley. There was not a single settler in the valleys of the Sacramento or San Joaquin."* Dr. Marsh was a Harvard man, a physician who had begun his practice in Los Angeles in 1836, but had wandered north and come into possession of the Los Medanos Rancho, where he lived in a crude log hut like a hermit, and gradually accumulated considerable wealth in live stock. Mr. Yount had come from New Mexico as a trapper in Wolfskill's party, and had received his grant, the Caymus Rancho, in 1836. Next to arrive was "John Sinclair in 1840, probably come to represent Mr. Grimes, a man of wealth in the Sandwich Islands." He had a grant of three leagues adjoining Sutter on the north. "There was also Nicholas Allgeier at a place called Nicolaus on the Feather River. He came about two years after Sinclair. I gave him his land, two or three miles, and did not charge him anything for it. When John Smith, an English Canadian, settled on the Yuba River near Marysville (1842), I gave him his land also. Likewise to Pablo Gutierrez, a

*Note: Quoted through the courtesy of the Bancroft Library from Sutter's "Personal Reminiscences," which were dictated to Hubert Howe Bancroft only a few years before Sutter's death.

Mexican on Bear Creek above Nicolaus." A little later two former employees of Sutter's, Theodore Sicard and Claude Chana, established homes on Bear Creek, while Jared Sheldon, Taylor, Chamberlain, and Martin Murphy, Jr., settled on the Cosumne River, and Leidesdorff obtained a grant on the American River.

Already preparations for migration on a large scale had been widely announced in the United States and certain newspapers had even spoken plainly of the movement as a step toward the inevitable acquisition of the country, creating some alarm on the part of the Mexican Government. The incentive for much of this California publicity had come from California herself. In the province were several Americans, eager for various reasons, to hasten the tide of immigration. Nearly all of them carried on a regular correspondence with friends still resident in the States, writing in such vein that their letters found ready publication in local newspapers. Of these the most sought after were Thomas O. Larkin's letters, which when public attention first began to turn to California, were frequently published in the New York Sun, the New York Herald, the Journal of Commerce, and the Boston Advertiser.

Bancroft writes "On the very day that Bartleson's Company was organised in Kansas, orders were sent to California from Mexico that no foreign immigrant should be permitted to remain in the country who was not provided with a legal passport, and that even old settlers must be required to depart unless they procured the *cartas de seguridad* required by law. Meanwhile in California there had been no special antipathy toward the foreigners. As a rule the people were well disposed toward new comers, and treated them much more leniently than the spirit or letter of the law permitted. Strangers had no difficulty in obtaining the necessary passports either to reside or to travel in California, and there was little change despite the strict orders from Mexico, and the apparent danger of American encroachment. And, notwithstanding the feeling in Mexico against the Americans, all foreigners were welcomed and treated with uniform kindness by both the authorities and the people."

Be that as it may, Sutter said, "Vallejo and others of the Californians, against whom rather than the Indians, I kept my

fort and guns in order, were jealous of my settlement. I gave passports to those entering the country, and this they did not like. I was friendly with the immigrants, of whom they were jealous. I encouraged immigration, while they discouraged it. I sympathized with the Americans. They hated them."

At the Fort these immigrants, exhausted and half starved, as many of them were, found shelter, food, and clothing; an opportunity to learn of the new country and of the people; a place, even, where they could obtain temporary employment. "Few people today realize how large a part this hospitable, visionary, improvident land baron of the Sacramento played in the American advance to California. His fort occupied the most strategic position in all northern California, so far as the overland trails were concerned, and became the natural objective for parties crossing the Sierras by the central and northern routes, or coming into the province by way of Oregon." (Cleland)

Immigration was profitable to Sutter. Naturally he encouraged it. "He needed men, for, to care for the evergrowing needs of his colony, and especially to meet the pressing demands of his Russian debt, he had launched out into a great variety of pursuits and tried all sorts of experiments, most of which impoverished rather than enriched him. He planted large areas to wheat; built a flour mill; diverted water from the American River for irrigation purposes; grazed large herds of cattle and horses; sent hunters into the mountains and along the rivers for furs and elk skins; set up a distillery; began the weaving of coarse woolen blankets; ran a launch regularly for freight and passengers between the Fort and San Francisco Bay; trained the Indians to useful occupations; disciplined war inclined tribes; administered justice as an official of the provincial government; and, in short, made his colony the nucleus of all activity, whether political or economic, in what was the only settled portion of interior California." (Cleland)

His boundless generosity is well known. No appeal was made to him in vain. Mountaineers, trappers, vagabonds, immigrants, he welcomed them all, "shaking hands with them, though always commanding respect. But with the Mexicans and native Californians I was more particular, requiring of them that deference with which they were accustomed to treat their own

officers. Officers and all bared their heads when they entered the Fort. Sometimes my houses were full of immigrants, so much so that I could scarcely find a place to sleep myself. My farm houses and out houses were filled every winter during the immigrant times with poor, wet, hungry immigrants—men, women and children. Often I went with my men to draw them out of the snow. They usually arrived in a destitute condition with little left but their teams."

In October, 1844, John H. Brown reached the Fort with the Murphy party. He could not find work in San Francisco "except at ten dollars a month and board and washing, and then only if business improved." So he returned to Sutter. This account of activities at the fort is quoted from his "Reminiscences and Incidents of Early Days in San Francisco."

"Sutter offered me the position as Mandador or overseer of the cook house and butcher shop. I was to receive fifty dollars a month for my services, and had two Indians to do the work in the kitchen, also two boys who acted as stewards. I found I had a difficult task to perform as the persons around the fort had been in the habit of doing pretty much as they pleased, and helped themselves freely to anything that they wished. The first thing I did upon taking charge of affairs was to post the following notice on the door, "Nobody allowed to take anything from here without permission." One person in particular, named Kennedy, caused me considerable annoyance. He came into the kitchen one day when I was busily engaged in preparing dinner, and was in the act of helping himself to some of the good things intended especially for the Captain's table, when I called upon him to desist, threatening to punish him if he did not. He persisted however, and had just made a grab at the things, when I struck him over the head with the frying pan with such force as to break the bottom out of the pan, and he ran off with the rim of it around his neck, shouting, "Murder! Murder!"

"Nearly all the trades were represented at the Fort, and I will here give a short account of the business of the place. The bakery in connection with the Fort was in charge of George Davis. My friend, Grove Cook, ran the distillery, and a man named Montgomery did good work as a gunsmith, while Tom and Jim Smith served respectively as shoemaker and farm

overseer. The tannery was in charge of a German whose name I do not recollect. Stevens and Neil attended to the blacksmithing, which was carried on in all its branches. One man named Bonner, who in company with his wife and children had arrived at the Fort in 1845, professed to be a cooper by trade, and on the strength of his assertions, Capt. Sutter purchased a large quantity of oak wood for the manufacture of tubs, casks, buckets, etc. Bonner, however, proved to be thoroughly dishonest, for after getting in debt to the Captain for provisions alone amounting to two hundred dollars, he suddenly made up his mind that his family would be benefited by a change of climate and one day in spring, they quietly took their departure for Oregon, leaving the Captain to whistle for his money. Capt. Sutter had many such persons to deal with, and I will here give one more instance to illustrate the manner in which some unscrupulous people get ahead and acquire property. There lived quite close to the Fort a man named Perry McCoon whom Capt. Sutter employed to attend to the stock, paying him for his labor by giving him a few head of cattle. Unbeknown to the Captain, McCoon branded a lot of the calves with his own mark, so that in two years time his cattle showed an increase of threefold. To obviate this difficulty and do away with all chance for dishonesty the Captain on the following year made a bargain with McCoon, in which he agreed to find the necessary horses, herdsmen, and pasture and give McCoon one quarter of the increase at the time of branding the cattle, provided he would promise not to steal any of the calves. Upon reaching home and informing Major Bidwell of the contract, the latter told him he must have been crazy to make such a bargain. But Captain Sutter replied that he had come to the conclusion that it was the best thing he could do, as last year McCoon had taken one third of the calves, while now he could only claim one quarter, and as far as he could see, he thought he would be a gainer by this arrangement.

"In the latter part of November, 1845, Major Bidwell one day informed me that he expected General Castro with his escort to dine at the Fort and wished me to prepare the best meal the Fort could produce, as he and Captain Sutter wished to receive the General with all honors due him. Orders were issued to ring the bell and have the cannon fired in salute the

moment Castro and his party appeared. The only man at the Fort who would agree to fire the salute was "Old Jimmie," who had served his time aboard a Man of War. The firing of the cannon was accompanied by strange results, the cannon going clear through the adobe wall as if impelled by some force over which it had no control, while "Old Jimmie" found himself, in some unaccountable manner, on the opposite side of the wall from where he had been, declaring he would never fire another salute with Captain Sutter's cannon if all the Generals in Mexico should come to the Fort.

"In December I had an opportunity to return to Yerba Buena. Capt. Sutter raised my wages and offered me the deed to a small farm. But I had determined to leave. Bidwell was called in and the accounts settled. The amount due me was sixty dollars, but all I received was a passage to Yerba Buena, a plug of tobacco, and a bottle of the Fort whiskey. Major Bidwell was at that time trying to raise sufficient money to build a schoolhouse and he asked me to contribute something toward the school fund, so I gave him the balance of my wages.

"There was considerable work to do about that time. All the men employed at the Fort were furnished with three meals a day, and in addition to this, provision had to be made for the transient visitors, of whom there were many. Then there were thirty or forty Indians, who were fed upon the refuse of bread, etc., which was prepared like mush and poured into large troughs where they ate it like hogs, making two fingers serve the purpose of a spoon, and in this manner they would eat until the trough was entirely empty."

All this time Sutter's family still remained in Switzerland. In fact nearly two years passed before he had letters from them. "I had first to write my wife where and how to send letters. My letters to her were through the Hudson's Bay Company over the Rocky Mountains to Canada. Their express comprised about fifty armed men, and it went at regular intervals. Then I sent some letters to Sitka to go by the Russian express to Kamchatka, to Siberia, to St. Petersburg. In either way it took about a year to reach Europe from California. My children received good educations in Switzerland, and were brought safely to California by Mrs. Sutter. I sent an agent to accompany them."

So much has been written, both severely critical and otherwise, about Sutter's much discussed part in the march against Alvarado and Castro in 1844, of his part in the Bear Flag Revolt and the conquest of California by the Americans, and of the discovery of gold at Coloma, that it seems more interesting to give Sutter's own version of these episodes as told to Mr. Bancroft. Though full of historical inaccuracies, the "Personal Reminiscences" is a very human document, picturing the man as he saw himself.

"When Micheltorena came as Governor to California, he invited me to Monterey, for he had been informed that the nucleus of a dangerous band of foreigners was at my Fort, and that I had threatened to make a second Texas of California if the Mexican Government attempted interference with my settlement. Vallejo had solicited troops from Mexico to put me down, and in answer Micheltorena had come with Prudon and about a thousand troops."

Believing he was prejudiced, Sutter sent William Flugge, an able lawyer and diplomat, whom he had known in St. Louis, to meet Micheltorena in Los Angeles and to explain that Sutter had no intentions against the Mexican Government, but merely against the encroachment of the Californians who were constantly interfering with his business. General Vallejo, for instance, required a passport for Sutter's men when going through Sonoma either to Fort Ross or to Fort Sutter, and insisted that Sutter's cattle, when they were being driven to New Helvetia from Ross, should be brought through Sonoma that he might inspect them, every one, to see if any bore his brand!

Micheltorena and Flugge met pleasantly, and later Sutter himself went to Monterey to meet the new Governor. He stopped at San Jose and learned there of a prospective attack on Micheltorena by native Californians. Micheltorena had also heard of it, and the two men entered into a compact, Sutter to assist Micheltorena in time of need, and Micheltorena agreeing to secure for Sutter and other settlers in the valley titles for still more land.

The day after this meeting Sutter went to Yerba Buena on the "Don Quixote." His schooner was waiting for him there. "I hastened to the Custom House to salute the Mexican Of-

ficers, fearful lest news should reach them of my friendly relations with the Governor, with whom they were on the point of declaring war. Scarcely had I set sail before orders from Castro reached Yerba Buena to secure my arrest. But I escaped them, and reached home in safety."

Sutter at once made preparations to respond to any call. He says all the settlers in the valley were enthusiastic! On the first of January, 1845, he received orders from the Governor to march, and he set out with music and flying colors for Dr. Marsh's farm near Mt. Diablo. "My force consisted of four hundred men, one hundred riflemen under Capt. Gantt, and forty cavalry soldiers who had deserted General Vallejo. The balance were artillery and infantry. A small garrison was left with Major Reading at the Fort. The cavalry and artillery went by land, and with the infantry I embarked in my schooner. We all met at Dr. Marsh's farm."

Dr. Marsh really opposed the plan, but marched in Sutter's ranks fearful of arrest should he refuse, "though all the way he was a traitor." They pushed on to Sunol's farm, and halted five miles from San Jose. "Before marching next morning, I sent orders to the Alcalde to close all places where liquors were sold, as I had some bad customers among my riflemen. At San Jose I found that nearly all the men had fled, and that Castro and his men had probably left Santa Clara and joined the main force near Monterey. Before I reached Monterey, Castro and the native Californians had fled south."

The story is too well known to follow Sutter's movements in detail during the march southward. The force was divided into two divisions, the Governor commanding one; Sutter, now a Colonel, the other. To San Luis Obispo, to Santa Barbara, they marched, and on to San Buena Ventura where Sutter was taken prisoner by the Alvarado and Castro forces, when his men refused to fight! After a few days he was sent to Los Angeles to be held in the home of Don Abel Stearns.

Various arguments were used in urging him to write to Micheltorena "that resistance was imprudent, and though I knew they were right, I did not wish to advise Micheltorena. I did write, though, in French and in such a manner that he could understand my position, and that I was forced to write. He was then entirely surrounded by the enemy. He had not provisions

to last more than a day or two. He might have retired and fought a little longer, but his men were deserting him and there was no hope. He surrendered next day."

Sutter's position was for the moment dangerous. "Some were for fusillading me; others for transporting me and confiscating my property. Micheltorena was allowed to pass through Los Angeles with arms and music and flying colors, but their music was like a dead march to me. I was really the greatest sufferer. His men finally had to deliver up their arms, and he was permitted to return to Monterey. In the capitulation my Indians had to lay down arms, too, and had every advantage given them that the Mexican soldiers had; but while I was prisoner, they were badly treated, and, like pack animals, made to carry burdens to San Pedro, provisions to supply the vessels of the Mexican soldiers. For this they received no pay and scarcely enough food to live on. I embarked solely on my own expense, and in order to secure the deed for the grant which Micheltorena had promised me."

In the night while Sutter was confined in the Stearns home, "Bidwell, always faithful, came and brought me oranges." The next day Bandini came to question him regarding his cooperation with Micheltorena, and finding that Sutter was acting "under orders" from the Governor, and could show them, he was found to have done nothing more than to support the then legal government, and on his promise to support the new as he had the old, he was permitted to retain all his properties and offices with the Government.

The return to the Fort was slow and fraught with difficulties, for Sutter had no supplies, or arms, or money, or horses for his Kanakas and servants and Indians. He had also Bidwell, Dr. Townsend, and others to provide for. After some bargaining, orders on the Padre of San Fernando Mission were finally given him for pinole for his Indians. Similar arrangements were made at other places along the way, and by the first of April, 1845, weary and footsore, they were back inside the gates of the Fort at New Helvetia.

Sutter says that John C. Fremont had visited the Fort shortly before he went on this expedition, having come down the American River with Kit Carson in great distress. Fremont explained that he was an officer of the United States, come to

explore the mountains and country around and spent the night at the Fort, while Carson took supplies to their men in camp. "I provided all manner of things for Fremont, even sending the schooner to the Bay for added necessities, clothing, provisions, horses, cattle, mules, saddles, and so forth. I took "orders" on the Topographical Bureau for materials sold to him at cost, and had to discount them twenty per cent. I thought to do the Government a favor, but to avoid taking advantage of their distress, I did myself an injury."

In the autumn of 1845 (November 11th to be exact) unexpected visitors arrived one day, apologizing for coming unannounced. They were General Jose Castro, Colonel Prudon, Mr. Leese, and Don Andres Castillero, Senator from Mexico, and were accompanied by thirty or more men. While they were riding from the boat landing to the Fort (Sutter had sent his boat for them to cross the river) he raised the Mexican flag and ordered a salute of twenty-one guns. Castillero had been sent from Mexico to look over conditions, and if possible, to effect the purchase of Sutter's Fort. "I used to give passports to any I pleased, and those passports every official, both in California and in Mexico, was obliged to recognize." These men at once entered into the purpose of their coming, and said that they were authorized by the Mexican Government to offer one hundred thousand dollars for the Fort with all its appurtenances.

"The thought of selling, or of moving, had never entered my head," and though surprised, Sutter decided to think it over. However, after consultation with Bidwell, Hensley, and Loker, and reflecting on his own obligation to them and to the settlers in the valley, he refused to sell, even when they further offered, "in addition to the one hundred thousand dollars, all the lands belonging to the Mission San Jose."

The next spring while riding with Capt. Leidesdorff, Vice-Consul of the United States, and Capt. Hinckley, Sutter again met Fremont, whom he did not know was in the vicinity. Immediately on his return to the Fort, the proper salute was given and a sumptuous dinner prepared, and not until much later did Sutter learn that Fremont had been to Monterey to see Larkin, but had been driven back by the Californians, who were always jealous of the presence of a United States officer. "Fremont

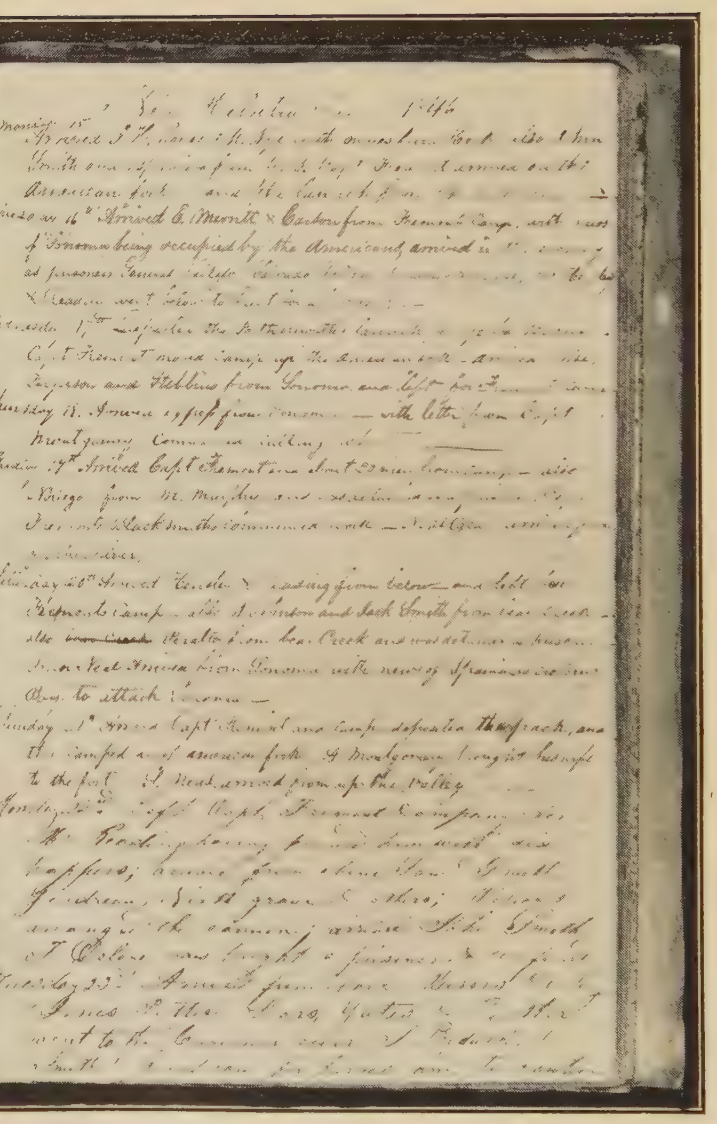
acted strangely to me, as if guilty of some crime. Every few days he would move his camp farther and farther up the valley. When he was with me the first time, Micheltorena sent a commission of thirty men to inquire what Fremont was doing there. I expected them, and hurried Fremont off before they came. It was my wish to befriend him in every way, and it never occurred to me that he was after the country for the United States. True, during his first visit to me, I told him that before Micheltorena came and was my friend, I was so troubled by the Californians, that as soon as I was strong enough I was determined to declare my independence of both Mexico and California; and I asked him, in case I should succeed, if his government would annex me to the United States."

"Shortly after this Commodore Sloat arrived at Monterey, and took formal possession of the country. Mexico owed England a large sum of money, and England had an eye on California as possible payment. Senor Arce was a Lieutenant in the California Government, and it was as he said, 'California is like a pretty girl, everybody wants her!'"

"One night Senor Arce came to the Fort with a band of horses from Sonoma. He was sent by General Vallejo to recruit the California cavalry at Monterey. Merritt, a mountaineer, formerly with me, came the same day Arce left. He was recruiting for Fremont and told me he was going to seize three of Arce's horses for Fremont, which he did. No resistance was made by Arce." Very soon Fremont and his entire force of about a hundred men appeared before Sutter's gates, and were permitted to come and go as they chose.

"Fremont regarded me as an ally. By the simple act of throwing open my gates, I renounced my allegiance to the Mexican Government, and was henceforth for the United States."

Eight or ten of Fremont's men were left at the Fort to assist Sutter ("In reality they were spies," says Sutter), while Fremont took Sutter's best Indians and workmen with him to Sonoma. There he found General Vallejo, Victor Prudon, Jacob P. Leese, Salvadore Vallejo, and Julio Carrillo, and seized them all. "He sent them to me as prisoners, for I was now regarded as a United States officer. I, not approving of their arrest, gave the prisoners my best rooms. They ate at my table and went about unguarded, though closely watched by Fremont's men."



PAGE FROM SUTTER'S DIARY, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, ENTRY OF TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1846, REFERRING TO THE ARRIVAL AT THE FORT OF THE PRISONERS TAKEN IN THE BEAR FLAG REVOLT.

When Fremont grew impatient and demanded, "Do you not know how to treat prisoners?" Sutter replied, "I do. I have been a prisoner myself. I have treated them with kindness and so good as I could. If it is not right how I treat them, give them in charge of some one else. I will have nothing further to do with it."

Ultimately they fell into Bidwell's care, with whom they were as much at liberty, for Bidwell taught Prudon English, while Prudon taught Bidwell Spanish. Sutter visited them frequently until warned that unless he stopped he, too, would become a prisoner in his own home. So he saw no more of them "until we were all under the American flag. Fremont then went below."

The morning that the American flag was raised over the Fort, guns were fired until nearly all the glass in the Fort was broken, the Sonoma prisoners not knowing what to make of it until told, "We are under the protection of this great flag, and henceforth will not be afraid to talk to one another. Fremont is a tyrant."

Commodore Montgomery next ordered the Fort to be garrisoned, and it was done with about a hundred men, half Indians, half white men. After about two months Commodore Stockton ordered the prisoners released which "I was glad to do. They thanked me for my kindness, and thenceforth Vallejo and I were friends, who were enemies before."

In addition to garrisoning and holding the Fort, Sutter, at Fremont's solicitation, sent Fremont all the help he could. He organized a large company of Walla Walla Indians under a Canadian named Gendreau. From the natives on the Stanislaus and Mokelumne he formed another company, and also sent about twenty white men. "I kept this post for the Government until the arrival of the New York Volunteers. One half of that company stayed at Sonoma, the other half came to the Fort where I gave them quarters." And here Sutter reminds us that he never received any pay for his services, nor for the services of his men.

There was now more immigration than ever, often accompanied by great distress, but Sutter's aid was never failing. Until the gold discovery he had very little trouble with the

immigrants. Some complained that the best lands were occupied, but those who came in the dry season, gladly went on to the coast country. "Things went prosperously after the war. People came to buy leather, shoes, saddles, hats, spurs, bridle-bits, etc. Mechanics were plenty, and my manufactories increased," as did also his vast fields of grain, his great herds of cattle, horses, and sheep.

But mills were needed. "Before the war I had a man named Marshall, a native of New Jersey, a mechanic who made looms and plows and spinning wheels; who quarreled often with others, though we were good friends. He was a spiritualist; dressed in buckskin and wore a serape. In talking with him about a saw-mill, he thought he could build one and determined on the site of the mill on the American River, a few miles above the Fort, where we got a good fall of water by going back and making a dam and digging a race four miles long."

"One rainy day in January, 1848, Marshall, dripping with water entered my office in a hurried and excited manner, and asked to see me in my private office." Surprised though Sutter was, for only the day before he had sent Marshall all the supplies he needed, he went to talk with him. "The private office was furnished with very ancient furniture made by the Russians at Fort Ross, maybe the first made in California. It was of laurel and very clumsy, yet better than chairs in many rich men's homes in those days. Often have I, in a well-to-do home been offered a bullock's head to sit on."

After Marshall had been assured that they were quite alone, he called for two bowls of water, a stick of redwood, some twine, and some sheet copper, of which he made a scale while Sutter waited, puzzled and "protesting that we had scales enough in the apothecary's shop. Marshall in the meantime, pulled a white cotton rag from his pocket, and just as he was unrolling it to show me the contents, the door was opened and Marshall exclaimed,"There! Did I not tell you we had listeners?" I locked the door. Then Marshall brought out and held in his hand what might have been about one and a half ounces of gold, flakey and in grains! It was the gold he had found four days previously!"

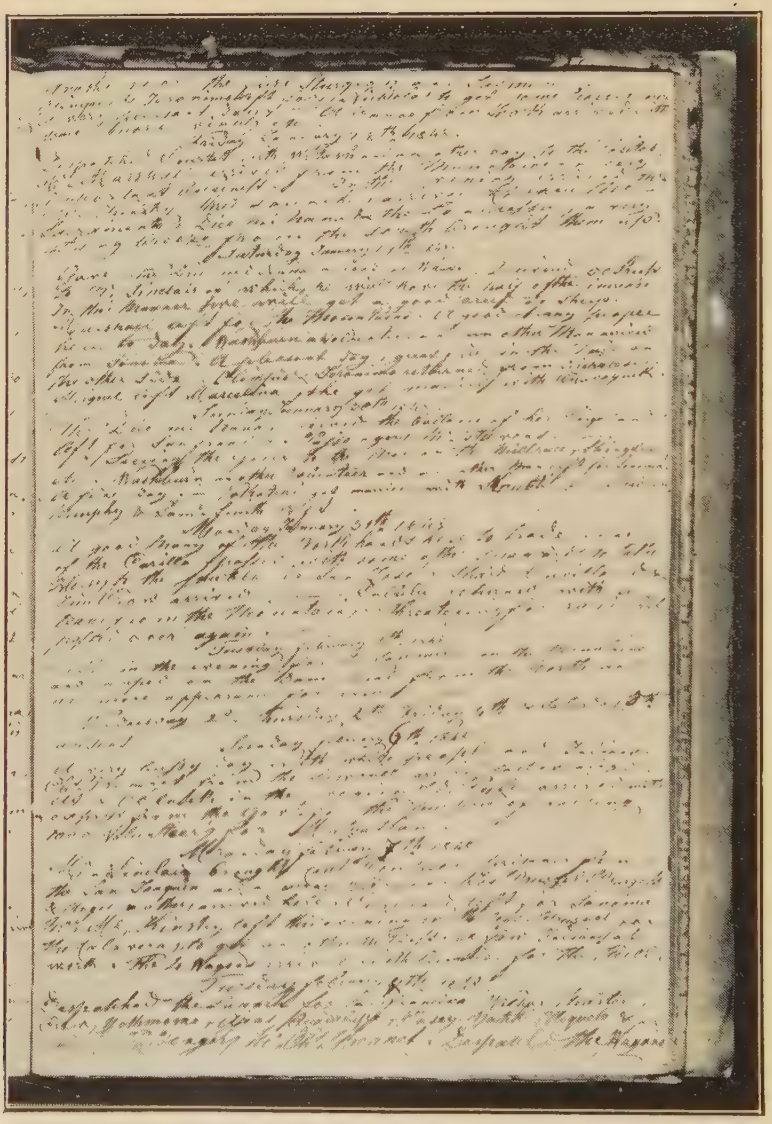
By this time everything was ready for the mill that was never completed; four pairs of stones, wheels, and a large building erected. All would have been in working order in another six weeks, had the secret of the discovery been kept that much longer. From the beginning Sutter feared what would happen, and the next day had a "melancholy ride of it to the saw-mill. Of course I knew nothing of the extent of the discovery, but I was satisfied whether it amounted to much or little, it would greatly interfere with my plans."

Too soon the promise he had exacted from his workmen of secrecy till the mill be completed, was broken. Post haste, from every direction came the gold seekers, and in no time his own laborers had gone with shovels and pans, and Sutter was practically alone at the Fort.

"My tan yards were then flourishing finely. The vats were full of leather, all of which dried up and rotted. And so it was in all the shops—shoe, saddle, hat, blacksmith. They were instantly vacated. Then began the stealing—land, cattle, horses. The miners would not buy what they could more easily take. I was then living at Hock Farm. The large house at the Fort became a hotel, and I wanted a quieter place for myself and family, for whose reception I was now preparing. The settlers paid little attention to my vaqueros and drove off my cattle by the hundreds; and the floods of 1849-52 came and the cattle were obliged to take refuge on the knolls where the vaqueros could not guard them, and they were butchered in great numbers. One outfit alone cleared sixty thousand dollars butchering my cattle!"

Eldredge says, "With the conquest of California Sutter was in a position to become the richest and most influential man in the country. Popular, with a magnificent address and fine presence, he had the dignity and military bearing of an old officer. But though full of energy and audacity, he was without strength to hold what he had. His kindly nature and courtesy drew most men to him. He knew well the art of making friends, but he failed to realize his opportunity and lacked the ability to manage and conserve his great resources."

Loss followed upon loss. After much litigation the United States Supreme Court confirmed his title to the eleven leagues at New Helvetia which Alvarado had granted to him, but the



PAGE FROM THE DIARY, IN SUTTER'S HANDWRITING, CONTAINING THE ENTRY OF JANUARY 28, 1848, "MR. MARSHALL ARRIVED FROM THE MOUNTAINS ON VERY IMPORTANT BUSINESS," THE ONLY REFERENCE HE MAKES TO THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

case involving title to the twenty-two leagues of the Sobrante Grant, with which Micheltorena had rewarded him, was decided against him and in favor of the squatter interests. To make matters worse Sutter had given titles to much of the land of the Sobrante Grant under deeds of general warranty, and was obliged to make them good out of the New Helvetia Grant. Thus he lost all his landed estate. Hock Farm was by now a very valuable estate on the Feather River, and he had hoped to spend his last years there, but that, too, he lost.

"I was so foolish," he wrote, "I understood so little about business. I gave men power of attorney to sign deeds, and they swindled me on every side. One of my agents borrowed a very large sum at ten per cent interest per month, and one day I was stunned to find there was an attachment on Hock Farm, where I had been resting tranquilly with my family, not knowing I owed a dollar in the world."

Then to add to his misery, his home was totally destroyed by fire in 1865, and with it most of the valuable records of his pioneer days. In this forlorn state, he made appeal to the State of California for aid. Finally in 1870, and again in 1874 the State Legislature passed a Bill appropriating two hundred and fifty dollars a month for his support. It was this money that enabled him to keep his claim before Congress, for he was a petitioner almost continuously from 1871 until the time of his death in 1881. In his petition he begged Congress to guarantee to him as much of the unsold public lands as "the Supreme Court had caused to be taken away from him, or its equivalent in money"—an acreage estimated at close to ninety-eight thousand acres.

When there seemed no longer to be a place for him in California he moved to Lititz, Pennsylvania, partly because of the beneficial mineral waters and partly that his little granddaughters might attend the Moravian Linden Hall Seminary there. In contrast to the stirring adventures and misfortunes of earlier years, life in the quaint and quiet little town appealed to this rugged man of the frontier. Intimate old friends came regularly to see him. He read assiduously, and was held in great esteem by his townsmen, one of whom pronounced him "the most interesting conversationalist Lititz ever had."

Year after year he went to Washington to press his claim, or

had friends there to represent him, and year after year he was doomed to disappointment. Finally on June 18, 1880, on the evening of the day Congress once more adjourned without granting his petition, alone in a Washington hotel, he died, literally of a broken heart.

Announcements and Reports

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

It is but an act of wisdom on the part of every man, especially one holding the honored position of President of this great Society, to pause for a moment, and in the midst of the blessings and prosperity which have attended us for the past year, reflect on our various resources and render grateful acknowledgment to those benign influences which have contributed to and made possible the satisfactory condition in which we find ourselves today. It is therefore fitting and proper to express my appreciation to the Directors and the Members of the Society who have given their time and their attention without stint to the many and varied problems that have confronted us.

In selecting the names of the members proposed for the Board of Directors for the ensuing year, the Nominating Committee no doubt felt confident that their choice would meet with the unanimous approval of the members of this Society, whom they directly represented. They have chosen men of long experience, many of whom have served on the Board in varying capacities and in trying situations, and to whose devoted work is due the enviable position in which the Society finds itself today. They deserve the approbation and votes of the entire membership, and should be unanimously elected.

The great need in this, as in other societies, is not only for leaders to guide the various ramifications of our business and the new undertakings which loom in the not far distant future, but for the united co-operation of every one of us, because the work of the faithful members who actively put their shoulders to the wheel is of the greatest value, and by the strength of their united efforts, they assure the permanency and tranquillity of our fraternal and business life. There should be no escape for the individual member from personal responsibility for the char-

acter of the Directorate, for its legislative measures, and for the execution of its sharply defined policies.

Very sincerely yours,

OLIVER P. STIDGER,
President.

June 1928.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Since January 1, 1928, the following have been elected to membership in the Society:

Mr. Edgar Earl Barker
Mr. Fisher A. Buckingham
Mr. George L. Buckingham
Dr. Henry P. Buckingham
Mr. Thomas E. Dobbie
Mr. Decker G. McAllister
Mr. David Leith McKay
Mr. I. Newton Rosekrans
Mr. Selim E. Woodworth

Following the regular Members' Meetings of the Society on the first Tuesday of each month, the members have enjoyed delightful luncheons, and have been addressed by the following gentlemen, who gave most interesting talks on various subjects. Capt. Wm. S. Stewart talked on Military Air Forces of the Chilean Government; Mr. Frederick H. Coon, on Two trips around the world; Mr. Frank B. Todd, on Guns; Mr. Lewis F. Byington, on Pioneers of early California; Mr. Philip Schuyler, on Mokelumne water supply project in the East Bay Cities; Mr. Charles S. Cushing, on Forest preservation and State Parks; Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy, on Hetch Hetchy; and Mr. George H. Barron, on The Pioneers.

Respectfully yours,

H. L. VAN WINKLE,
Secretary.

REPORT OF THE CURATOR

In submitting this final report of gifts to the Library and Museum for the year 1927-28, the Curator wishes gratefully to acknowledge the many suggestions and bits of old history that have been given by members and friends of the Society, which have helped materially toward perfecting the exhibits and furthering the interest of the collection.

The following gifts have been received since January 1, 1928.

HISTORICAL COLLECTION

Miss Edith Allyne. Group of 100 prints from the San Francisco News letter, 1887 to 1890, Buildings of California. View from Holladay Hill looking north, 1875, taken from two old Watkins photographs.

Mr. C. M. Baker. Leather envelope used for Overland Mail, 1857.

Mr. Anson S. Blake. Photograph of the Orphan Asylum and St. Patrick's Church, 1856.

Col. Wm. H. Corbusier. Manuscript Memoir and portrait of his father, William Morrison Corbusier, by Col. Wm. H. Corbusier.

Mr. O. K. Cushing and Mr. Charles S. Cushing. Memoir of John M. Cushing, being an excerpt from his diary describing his voyage to California on the Niantic in 1849.

Mr. Charles S. Cushing. Engraved portrait of the Rev. John Sessions.

Miss Caroline Day. Large group of photographs of San Francisco Bay, Chinatown, Oakland and Sonoma. Union Pacific time tables, 1870 and 1876. Central Pacific time table for 1871. Oakland Daily Tribune, 1874. The Sunday Chronicle, Aug. 9, 1885. Facsimile of the Wallpaper Edition of the Vicksburg Daily Citizen, issued as supplement to the San Francisco Bulletin, Aug. 8, 1885, the day of General Grant's funeral.

Mr. M. Feintuch. Pass signed by Chief of Police J. F. Dinan, April 20, 1906. Three printed passes issued by the Mayor, 1906. Printed requisition slip used by the Relief Committee during April 1906.

Mr. S. H. Goldstein. Lithograph of the S. S. China, China Mail Steamship Company.

Mr. J. Lawrence Hawks. Diary of his father, J. D. Hawks, giving the list of passengers on board the Schooner San Juan, Panama to San Francisco, 1849. Portrait of J. D. Hawks.

Mrs. Ida E. Hermes. Portrait of her father, Albrecht Kuner. Minature made by him soon after his arrival in California, 1849.

Mr. John Howell. Photostat copies of advertisements for the Clippers Hornet and Panama, framed together.

Mr. G. R. Kline. Oxen shoe used on the lumber teams, which was found near the old mill at Peter's Creek.

Miss Kuner. Wax impressions of coins engraved by her father, Albrecht Kuner, in 1849 and 1851.

Mr. William C. Latham. Letter from J. Mora Moss, San Francisco, 1865, to Wm. B. Latham, Jr. Lease, May 8, 1866, from Wm. B. Latham, Jr., to Charles E. Filkins, covering property at 210 D Street, Marysville.

Dr. A. T. Leonard, Jr. Miner's Candlestick. Copy of old photograph of the Ocean House.

Mr. Walter Loewy and Mr. George Tourney. Membership certificate of Christian Strybing in The Society of California Pioneers.

Mr. Henry E. Mathews. Framed photograph of Washington Square, 1869.

Miss Margaret O'Callaghan. Silver watch that belonged to James O'Callaghan, with early steam engine engraved on case. Printed slip: San Francisco Tax Sale, 1858-9, covering "House on Fremont's lot on Jane St." Manuscript certificate signed by Wm. Coulahan and Wm. Hope, regarding property in San Jose, 1853.

Dr. Joseph A. Oliver. Sharp's Pepperbox, patent of 1859.

Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy. Photostat copies of correspondence regarding Government property on San Francisco Bay, July 3, 1858, to September 27, 1860. Refers chiefly to the building of Fort Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hood Palache. Brocade waistcoat worn by Gilbert Palache at his wedding in the early sixties.

Mr. William O. Patch. Group of deeds, letters and notes of Wells Fargo & Company, 1853 to 1860. Four songs with

portraits of Billy Emerson, Lingard and Vivian on the title pages, 1868, 1872, 1874.

Miss Jane A. Paul. Horn scoop used by Almarin B. Paul in the mines in 1849.

Dr. Henri du R. Phelan. Copy of fragment of a diary kept by Dr. Gregory J. Phelan in Sacramento, 1850. Extracts from the Weekly Californian, Monterey, Nov. 28, 1846, republished in the Monterey Herald, June 2, 1928.

Mr. Frederick G. Russ. Large photograph of the Russ House taken about 1869.

Mr. Niles Searles. Portrait of his father, Hon. Niles Searles.

Mr. O. P. Stidger. Three Clearing House certificates used as currency during the Roosevelt panic of 1907. Two old brass keys to combination locks in the Montgomery Block before the fire of 1906.

Mr. F. de P. Teller. Letter from Mrs. G. W. Lockwood, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, Sept. 4, 1854, to the Hon. Philip W. Shepheard, in regard to the death of her husband in San Francisco. Note of Page Beacon & Company of credit balance due J. D. P. Teller, 1855.

Mr. Charles S. Tripler. Gold cane handle given to his grandfather, Alexander G. Abell, by the Society of California Pioneers on his retirement from the Presidency in 1860.

Mr. H. Valdespino. Four fine old walnut picture frames.

Mr. Henry L. Van Winkle. Colored lithograph of Old Ironsides, U. S. Frigate Constitution, 1797-1927. Manuscript, "The Founding of San Francisco in 1776 by Col. Juan Bautista de Anza, of Tubac Mission, Mexico. Address delivered before La Puerta de Oro Chapter, D. A. R., San Francisco, April 10, 1928, by H. L. Van Winkle.

Mrs. Helen Walker. Portrait of her father, William Thomas Fonda at the age of 84, to which is attached a vignette of him at the age of 24.

Mr. Emile White. Two cards bearing the signature of James W. Marshall. Typed copy of "Program of the First Grand Celebration of the Admission of California into the Union, in San Francisco, October 29, 1850."

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

(Donations are followed by the name of the donor)

The Acquisition of California; its influence and development under American rule. Address of Charles S. Cushing, President California Bar Association, at its annual meeting at Pasadena, Oct. 23, 1919. Gift of Mr. Cushing.

Amador County History, published by the Federation of Women's Clubs, 1927. Gift of Mrs. Selim E. Woodworth.

Around the Horn in '49. Journal of the Hartford Union Mining and Trading Company, by J. L. Hall. Reprinted by the Book Club of California at the Grabhorn Press, 1928. Gift of The Book Club of California.

California Historical Society. Quarterlies.

The City, Vol. VIII, No. 2, issued by the San Francisco Bureau of Governmental Research. Gift of Dr. A. T. Leonard, Jr.

El Pueblo, or Los Angeles before the Railroad. One copy gift of the publishers, Security Trust & Savings Bank, Los Angeles. One copy gift of Mr. Adelbert F. Mead.

The Founding of San Francisco Presidio and Mission. Sesqui-Centennial address by J. F. Davis, delivered at Mission Park, October 10, 1926. Gift of Mr. Davis.

Hewes. Genealogy. Privately printed 1913.

History of Mendocino County. Alley Bowen & Co. San Francisco, 1880. Gift of Mr. H. L. Van Winkle.

Just California, and Songs along the Way, by James S. McGroarty. Gift of Mr. A. P. Wheelan.

Memories. Biographical sketch of the life of Rudolf Jordan, with additional notes by his son, Rudolf Jordan, Jr. San Francisco: 1928. Gift of Mr. Jordan.

The Mirror, Oakland, 1879. Vol. 2, No. 45. Gift of Miss Caroline Day.

Nevada State Historical Society. Publications.

North Dakota Historical Society. Publications.

Plain Talk, January, 1928, containing an article on Emperor Norton by D. W. Ryder. Gift of Mr. C. H. Connell.

Reports of Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. Vols. VIII, IX, and X. Gift of Dr. Joseph A. Oliver.

San Francisco Directory for 1859. Gift of Dr. Joseph A. Oliver.

San Francisco Water. Publication of the Spring Valley Water Company, 1928. Gift of Mr. Edward O'Day.

South of Market Journal, 1928. Gift of Mr. A. P. Wheelan.

Southern Pacific Bulletin, 1928. Gift of Mr. E. Holden.

Transactions of the Society of California Pioneers, January 1st to May 7th, 1863. Part I, Vol. 2. Gift of Mr. Robert E. Cowan.

MAPS AND LITHOGRAPHS

North America, 1704. Drawn by I. B. Nolin, published in Paris. Gift of Mr. H. S. Auerbach.

North America, 1859. Compiled by D. Griffing Johnson, published in Washington, D. C. Gift of Dr. Joseph A. Oliver.

Pacific & Atlantic Railroad, 1851. Photostat copy of the first survey for a railroad between San Francisco and San Jose, surveyed by Wm. J. Lewis, with article on the proposed railroad by Alice N. Hays. Gift of Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy.

San Francisco and San Jose Railroad, 1862. Photostat copy of the original survey for the present railroad to San Jose, drawn by Wm. J. Lewis. Gift of Mr. John Bain Griffith.

San Francisco, 1868. Bancroft's Mercantile Map of San Francisco, compiled by Hermann Nanitz. Gift of Dr. Joseph A. Oliver.

San Francisco, 1873. Bancroft's Official Guide Map of the City and County of San Francisco.

San Jose, 1856. Lithograph by Kuchel & Dresel.

LOANS

The Society is greatly indebted to the members and their friends for the following loan exhibits to the Museum:

Mr. J. H. P. Gedge. Gold watch given to his grandfather, Admiral John Gedge, R. N., by his fellow officers about 1815.

Mr. G. R. Kline. Oil painting of Santa Inez Mission, by Edwin Deakin.

Mr. William C. Latham. Large brass balances used in the mines.

Dr. A. T. Leonard, Jr. A most interesting collection of guns of the types most commonly used in the early days in the west. Two miner's candelsticks, and a tin box containing "Miners' Improved Gold Scales. Made expressly for California."

Miss Margaret O'Callaghan. Old flint lock pistol.

Dr. Henri du R. Phelan. Sample of quartz and two gold nuggets collected by his father, Dr. Gregory Phelan, during his early life in Sacramento. Two Brazilian coins received by Dr. Gregory Phelan, Surgeon of the Bark Eliza of New York, at Rio de Janeiro on his way to California in the spring of '49.

Mr. Edward C. Sessions. Volume V of the diary of his grandfather, the Rev. John Sessions, describing San Francisco and Central California in 1855.

Mr. O. P. Stidger. Gold watch that belonged to his grandfather, the Hon. O. P. Stidger, which chimed the hours and played "God save the King."

Mrs. Carrie W. Woodworth. Oil portraits of Selim E. Woodworth and Frederick A. Woodworth.

Respectfully submitted,

E. M. KLINE,
Curator.

814 - 556

Y0-BTL-105